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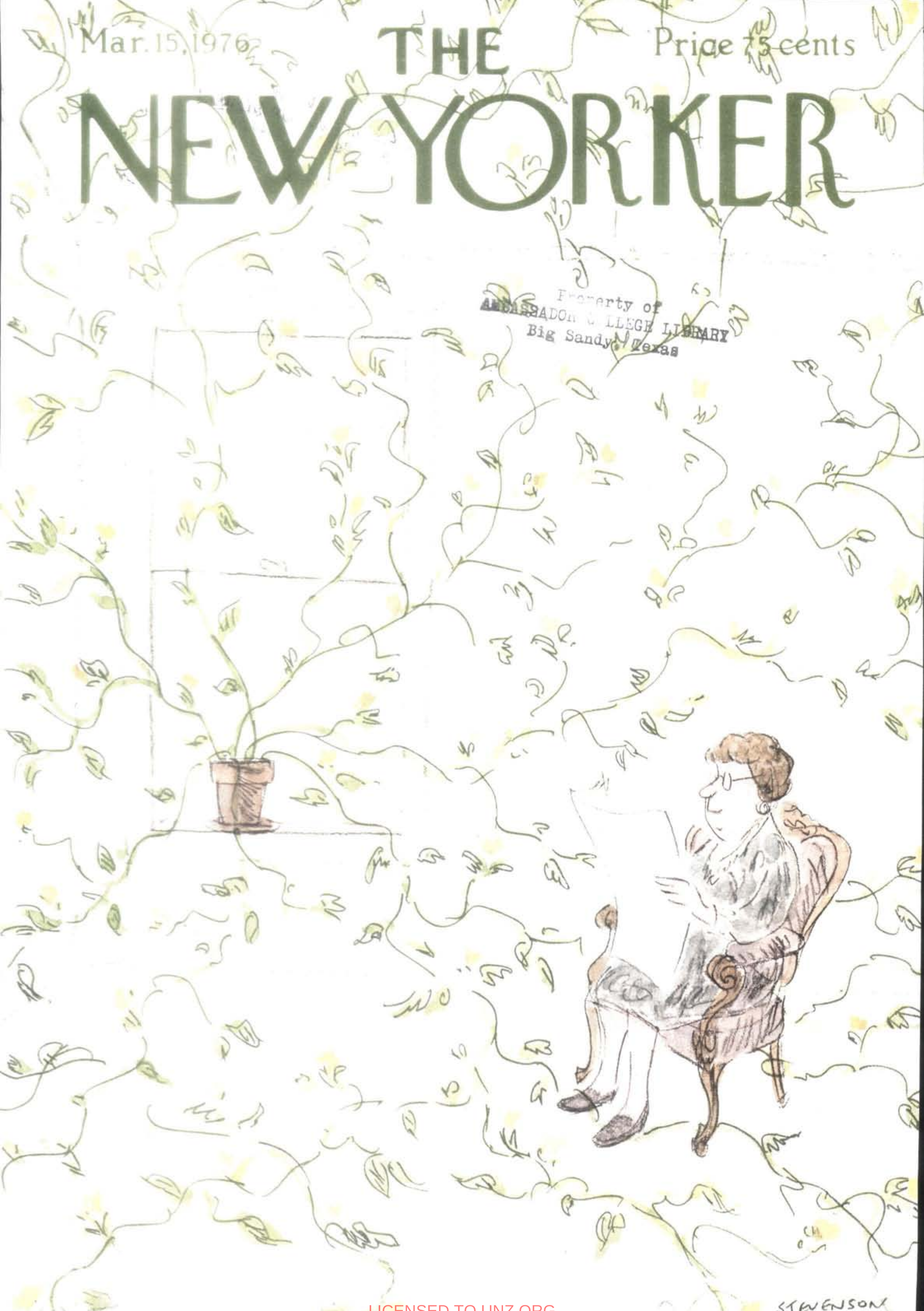

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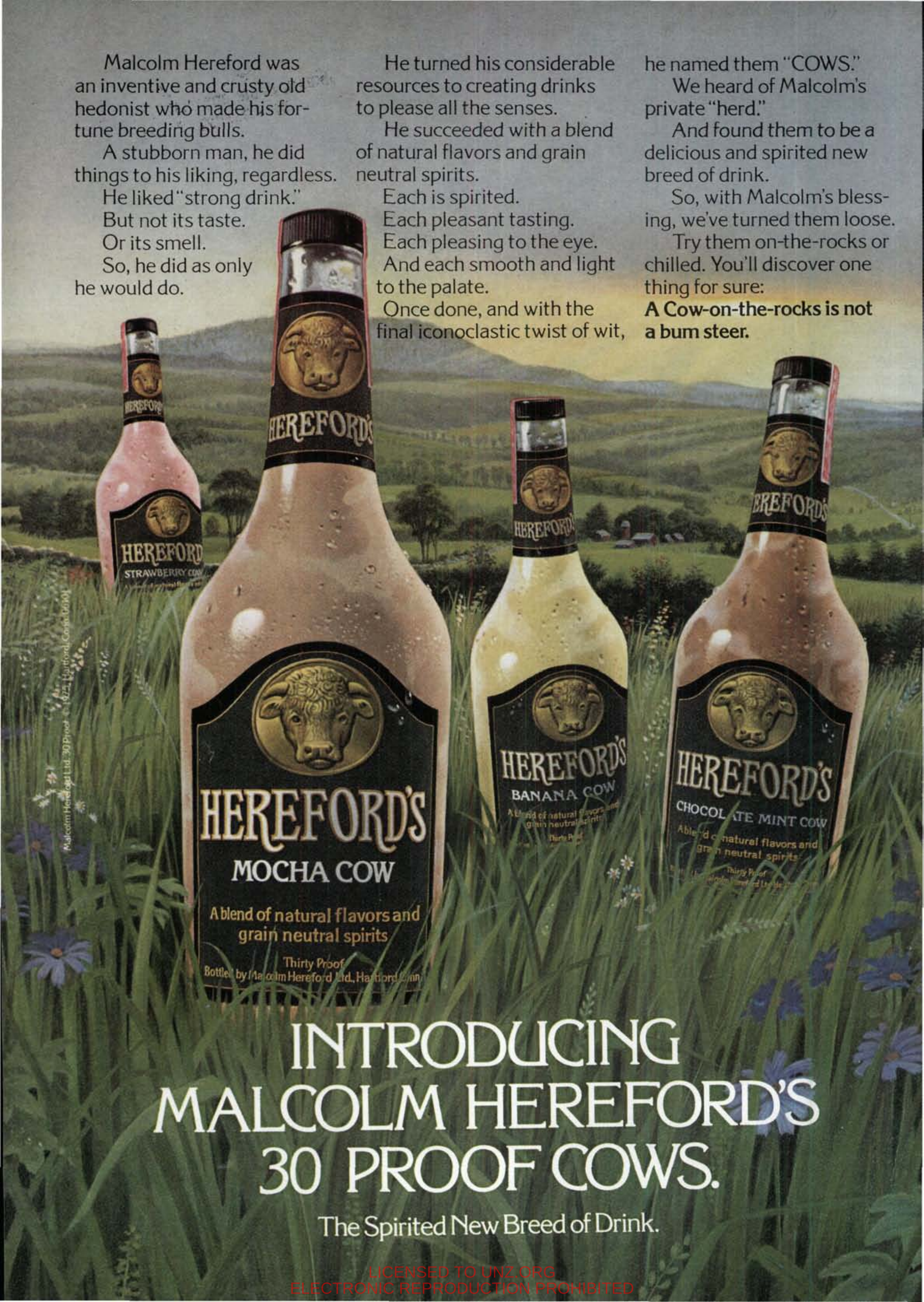
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Apple Pie—This work is billed as an opera, but Myrna Lamb's libretto is so much more obtrusive than Nicholas Meyers' score (appropriate though it is) that the show is more properly described as a musical play. It tells the story of an oppressed young woman, and although it often seems disjointed and muddled, and somehow out of date in point of view, it has its moments. Stephanie Cotsirilos does well as the heroine, and so do Lee Allen and Lucille Patton in other roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Boss—A revival of Edward Sheldon's 1911 melodrama. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 14.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff by a pair of Englishmen—Bill Solly, score and lyrics, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly, book—on foolish musicals of the thirties (British musicals, presumably; surely not those of our own Golden Age). The performances are no help, but Mr. Solly's songs are agreeable. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A hasty but sufficiently amusing survey of Harlem in its musical heyday. The cast includes Avon Long, Joseph Attles, and Josephine Premice. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—The fourth production of the season is **WHO KILLED RICHARD CORY?**, a dramatization, by A. R. Gurney, Jr., of the Edwin Arlington Robinson poem. Opens Wednesday, March 10. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

Eden—A play by Steve Carter, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **MAGGIE FLYNN** is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Greatest Man on Earth—A play by Val Coleman. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Final performances Thursday through Sunday, March 11-14. Free.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Lady from the Sea—Vanessa Redgrave, Pat Hingle, and John Heffernan in a revival of the Ibsen drama, translated by Michael Meyer. Tony Richardson directed. Previews through Wednesday, March 17. Opens officially on Thursday, March 18, and will run through Sunday, May 23. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Enid Bagnold's rueful comedy about old age, in which Katharine Hepburn demonstrates that in her sixties she is really in her twenties; she will be bringing down the house in something like this fashion at a hundred and two. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Me and Bessie—A vigorous, if eventually disappointing, attempt by the gospel-and-blues singer Linda Hopkins to re-create Bessie Smith by singing a batch of her songs (in the alternating voices of Bessie, Dinah Washington, and Mahalia Jackson), dressing up in cloche hats and feather boas that wear *her*, and giving an esoteric biographical patter. But there are moments, particularly in such numbers as "T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do" and "Kitchen Man," when Hopkins' singing and acting synchronize and the great Bessie materializes. The music is played by a capable small group led by Howlett Smith. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Me Jack, You Jill—A comedy by Robes Kossez, with Sylvia Sidney, Lisa Kirk, and Barbara Baxley. Directed by Harold J. Kennedy. Previews through Sunday, March 14. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 16. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Worth seeing for its glimpses of a still comparatively boyish Shaw and for a stunning performance by Lynn Redgrave. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, March 17, at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

The Norman Conquests—Three plays, each complete in itself and presented at succeeding performances, make up one great big play. The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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hero is a lascivious young man who pursues every woman he encounters, including, from time to time, his wife. The author is Alan Ayckbourn, and a very funny fellow he is. The schedule is complicated—**LIVING TOGETHER**: Wednesday, March 10, at 2; Friday, March 12, as well as Monday, March 15, and Wednesday, March 17, at 8; and Saturday, March 20, at 2. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN**: Wednesday, March 10, at 8; Saturday, March 13, at 2; and Tuesday, March 16, as well as Thursday, March 18, and Saturday, March 20, at 8. . . . **TABLE MANNERS**: Thursday, March 11, and Saturday, March 13, at 8; Wednesday, March 17, at 2; and Friday, March 19, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A Harold Prince-Stephen Sondheim musical, with lovely sets by Boris Aronson. An attempt to tell an unpleasant story—the exploitation of Japan by Western powers in the nineteenth century—from the Japanese point of view. With an all-Asian cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—Tennessee Williams' **27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON** and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS**, a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown, will play through Sunday, March 21, after which there will be a brief hiatus until previews of the season's final two plays, "Secret Service" and "Boy Meets Girl." (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Primary English Class—A one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rich and Famous—John Guare's imaginative and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Royal Family—This revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores, under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Travesties—An enchanting comedy by Tom Stoppard, with David Dukes starring as a dotty retired English consular officer, who thinks he remembers having known Joyce, Lenin, and Tzara in Zurich during the First World War. Directed by Peter Wood. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 13.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. Charles E. Hoefler designed the imaginative scenery, and the whole show moves with humor and style, under the direction of James Hammerstein and Gui Andrisano. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3 and Wednesday, March 17, at 2:30.)

Very Good Eddie—A revival of a musical first seen on Broadway in 1915. The music, by Jerome Kern, is worth hearing, and a couple of the songs have lyrics by the godlike Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Yentl—A play about Jews in the Old Country long ago, based on a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. Tovah Feldshuh plays the part of a bright and pretty girl masquerading successfully as a husband—but no way! (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zalmen; or, the Madness of God—Elie Wiesel's drama, starring Joseph Wiseman and Richard Bauer. Alan Schneider directed. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, March 11-16. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 17. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CHICAGO**: A musical that has nothing to do with its name and that intermittently comes to life, thanks to Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. Bob Fosse directed and choreographed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS**: Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Richard Burton and Keith McDermott, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 6,609 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL**: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE**: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW**: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN**: A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH**: Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ**: An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Milbourne Christopher—In "Magic vs. the Occult," the re-creation of a performance by Houdini fifty years ago. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a five-week season that will run through Sunday, April 11—Wednesday, March 10, at 7:30: "Face Dancers" (première), "Fanfarita," and "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Secret Places," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Viva Vivaldi!," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Secret Places," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 2: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Secret Places," "Pas des Déesses," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 7:30: "Face Dancers," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 8: "Remembrances," "The Big City," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 17, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Parade," "Five Dances," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8: "The Big City," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta" (company première), "A Ball in Old Vienna" (company première), and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8: "Remembrances," "Secret Places," "Fanfarita," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Face Dancers," "Pas des Déesses," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Deuce Coupe II." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Wednesday, March 10, at 8; Saturday, March 13, at 2; and Sunday, March 14, at 7:30: "Concerto Barocco," "Caravansarai," "Agon," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, March 11-13, at 8, and Sunday, March 14, at 2: "Design for Strings," "The Beloved," "Every Now and Then," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Rhythmetron." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 16-17, at 8, and Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Bugaku," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," and "Forces of Rhythm." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 18-19, at 8: "Concerto" (company première), "Carmen," and "Rhythmetron." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, March 28.)

Dance Umbrella at Roundabout Stage One—Final performances of a four-week season. **DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS**: Wednesday evening, March 10; Saturday evening, March 13; and Sunday matinée, March 14. . . . **FIVE BY TWO DANCE COMPANY**: Thursday and Friday evenings, March 11-12, and Sunday evening, March 14. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

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collard greens and ribs on the menu, and mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**MOSE ALLISON,** whose hair is now gray and frizzled, lets go with exuberant piano solos, which he often abruptly follows with placid, floating, lazybones vocals. He's here with his trio Thursday through Sunday, March 11-14, opposite **WILLIE DIXON,** composer, singer, bassist, and, word has it, perhaps the most sagacious mover and shaker on the Chicago-blues scene. Dixon, who is a large, hulking man—he physically resembles his acoustic bass—is a somewhat mild-mannered performer; he rests on a repertoire that comprises mostly his own compositions—influential urban-blues classics such as "Hootchie Cootchie Man," "The Seventh Son," and "Little Red Rooster." Monday through Wednesday, March 15-17, West Coast organist Merl Saunders will head up a rock-soul outfit opposite the **PERSUASIONS,** a remarkable street-corner a-cappella soul-and-gospel quintet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist, **BILL TAKAS,** play against the din Mondays through Saturdays. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS,** whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his loyal accomplices, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage, perform in the Café Carlyle. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** currently in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, backpedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weeknights from nine-fifteen.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN,** not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, and the same can now be said of the house instrument, which has finally been changed. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DOLLY DAWN,** who at the age of thirteen used to sing with George Hall and his orchestra at the Hotel Taft Grill, is back, and in splendid form. She has become a first-rate singer—a jazz singer, really. Marty Napoleon is on piano, and Bucky Calabrese on bass. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN,** an eclectic who goes all the way back, presides over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band, which begins after nine, is a traditional (what else?) sextet, headed by Red Balaban (a bassist and the owner of the club). On Tuesday, March 16, Carrie Smith will sing with the regulars. Red Richards mans the piano, starting most nights at five-thirty, and alternates with the sextet from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 14, **ZOOT SIMS** and **AL COHN** will perform with a quintet, beginning at eight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A breath of life on the upper East Side. From the outside, this tiny bar appears to be a quiet place, especially in comparison with its singles-bar neighbors, but genuine swing music prevails on the inside. Twenty-four-year-old stride stylist and Ellington fancier **BROOKS KERR** is the instigator of this swing revival, Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. The other members of the group are **SONNY GREER,** seventy-two and Ellington's drummer for decades, starting in 1919, and saxophonist and clarinettist **RUSSELL PROCOPE,** sixty-seven, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. It's fun to watch them goad each other on; the music is a delight. There's more good news on Mondays and Tuesdays: **AL HAIG,** one of the first and best bop pianists, darts all over the keyboard those nights. He's helped out by **ATTILA ZOLLER,** who gets one of the most beautiful tones in jazz-guitardom, and the fine bassist **WILBUR LITTLE.** On Sunday, March 14, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson will work with Little and Jaki Byard from five to nine.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and the neat staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now it's presenting **DR. BILLY TAYLOR** on piano, **FREDDIE WAITS** on drums, and **LARRY RIDLEY** on bass. Three sets, from ten to one-forty-five. Closed Sundays.

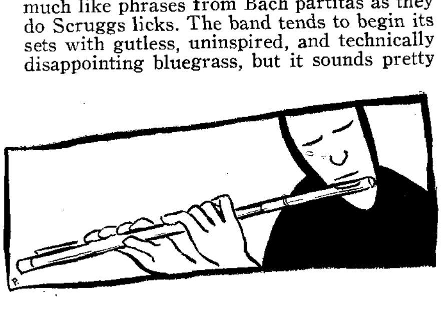
Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jim Smith's Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. Pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**DICK HYMAN** (piano, leader), **PEE WEE ERWIN** (trumpet), **BOB WILBER** (soprano saxophone, clarinet), **MILT HINTON** (bass), and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** (drums) have gathered together to play Scott Joplin, James P. Johnson, and Jelly Roll Morton, and it is an enlightening, and even exciting, event. On Tuesday, March 16, blues and boogie-woogie pianist **JAY MC SHANN** begins performing with drummer Panama Francis, bassist Milt Hinton, and Claude Williams on violin and guitar. McShann led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties; the band's blues-shouting vocalist was Walter Brown and its balladeer was Al Hibbler, but its single most prominent member was an alto saxophonist named Charlie Parker. Music from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. . . . **HUBBELL PIERCE,** the singer and pianist, is here in the attractive Bird Cage after a long, long absence from the New York night scene. He has the insouciant, swinging approach that one associates with composer-singers like Matt Dennis and Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael. Tuesdays through Saturdays eight to one. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Various local jazz, soul, and rhythm-and-blues groups work out here almost every night. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Eric Weissberg and his bluegrass-reggae-rock band Deliverance occupy this brick-backdropped stage through Sunday, March 14. Weissberg, a Juilliard-schooled banjo technician, plays runs that occasionally sound as much like phrases from Bach partitas as they do Scruggs licks. The band tends to begin its sets with gutless, uninspired, and technically disappointing bluegrass, but it sounds pretty fair by the end of a warmed-up forty-five minutes. On Wednesday, March 17, two groups of longtime Village folksters—Jake and the Family Jewels and Bob Neuwirth's band—will begin trading sets. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty.



Le Petit Café, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES,** a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**ANITA O'DAY,** who began making vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, finishes up on Sunday, March 14. On Tuesday, March 16, Novella Nelson, who has a substantial following in these parts, will begin her stylized and dramatic ways with a song. Shows at nine and midnight. **BLOSSOM DEARIE,** who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

Storyville, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival—New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club will change from night to night, and passing musicians will be welcome to sit in. The club will not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—Various small jazz groups play Wednesdays through Saturdays; the regular Sunday feature is still the duo of guitarist **JOE PUMA** and his long-standing partner, **CHUCK WAYNE,** who exchange lobbing, single-string, underspinning, and chordal solos. Music from nine-thirty most nights; Sundays from nine. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A popular and sometimes noisy café that is currently featuring guitarists. One of them is John Abercrombie, who is here through Saturday, March 13, with pianist Mike Nock and bassist Rick Laird. On Thursday, March 18, **JIMMY PONDER** and his bassist, **LISLE ATKINSON,** will take on the picking-and-plucking chores. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—An attractive, hassle-free restaurant with an ever-changing music roster. On Fridays and Saturdays, bop belter **EDDIE JEFFERSON** shows up; Thursdays and Sundays are set aside for the Paul Jeffrey octet; other groups round out the week. Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate complex is alive and kicking with tourists, jazz enthusiasts, and jazzmen on Friday and Saturday nights. **CHARLES MINGUS** fires up his quintet on March 12-13. Music from ten. On Sunday, March 14, at four and again at eight, R. Crumb, the cartoonist, and his band, the Cheap Suit Serenaders, will perform blues, waltzes, and red-hot dance tunes from the twenties. **DAVE VAN RONK,** a big, bearlike lumberjack of a folkie, will also be on hand, with his raspy-voiced renditions of songs by Gary Davis, John Hurt, and Joni Mitchell. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**KEITH JARRETT,** an acrobatic and innovative young pianist whose solo recordings are widely admired, is here with his impressive quartet—saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** and drummer **PAUL MOTIAN**—Thursday through Sunday, March 11-14. On Tuesday, March 16, **SONNY FORTUNE,** an aggressive, punching, and absolutely uplifting alto saxophonist who makes you forget all about Paul Desmond and Cannonball Adderley, will bring in his sextet. **CHARLES SULLIVAN,** a wonderful young trumpet player to watch out for, usually plays with Fortune. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band gets organized, eventually, and, when it does, it lets loose some big-band seriousness. Music from ten. Closed Wednesday, March 10.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets include sturdy, animated piano-bass duos that hold forth every night from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students, who come to hear jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays, trumpeter Franc Williams, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, pianist Ram Ramirez, and drummer Shelton Gary take the stand. Wednesday, March 10, tenor saxophonist Harold Ashby pilots a quartet, and on Wednesday, March 17, the Warren Court will return. Thursdays and Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians, and Saturdays and Sundays to a combo involving **SAMMY PRICE, BUDDY TATE,** Ronnie Cole, and Paul Quinichette. Music from nine to one.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—**TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** carry out the piano-bass duties in this quiet and dark Eighth Street establishment. Through Saturday, March 13. On Monday, March 15, pianist Hal Galper and bassist Victor Gaskin, who had a long uptown run at Gregory's, will settle in for a week. On Sundays, the piano is left in the capable, versatile, and entertaining hands of **JAKI BYARD.** Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 10, at 5:45: **LARRY ADLER.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 17, at 5:45: **JOHN HOUSEMAN.**

The Who—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.

Lionel Hampton—With Dizzy Gillespie, Max Roach, Illinois Jacquet, Ron Carter, and the Collective Black Artists Ensemble. (Town Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Billy Paul and **MFSB**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Saturday, March 13, at 8 and at midnight.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Phil Woods and his quartet. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

Neil Sedaka—With an orchestra, and Kim Carnes. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 13, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

Clark Terry's Band and **Machito and His Afro-Cuban Orchestra**—An after-midnight benefit concert. (Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building, Saturday night, March 13, at 1 A.M.—O.K., so it's Sunday morning. For information about tickets, call 688-8257.)

Geraldine Fitzgerald—The second of two concerts. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Sunday, March 14, at 7.)

Clancy Brothers—With Lou Killen. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 8.)

Accent on Percussion—Ray Barretto, Alan Dawson, Sonny Fortune, Lew Soloff, Eddie Martinez, Jack Wilkins, Eddie Gomez, and Patti Wicks. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Ella Fitzgerald—With Roy Eldridge, the Tommy Flanagan trio, and Joe Pass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Country Gentlemen—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, March 19, at 8.

B. B. King and **Bobby Blue Bland**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.

Electric Light Orchestra—With Journey. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 8.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—The passing of time is the subject of a series of thirty watercolors by an early member of the Cobra group. Also four brush drawings on rice paper. Through April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

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Yannis Amoryanos—Paintings of animals and flowers, like tigers romping in anemone beds, done in a primitive manner. Through March 27. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—Oil paintings on paper that continue this artist's American jazz series—a transliteration of the jazz idiom into pictorial form. Through Saturday, March 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Paintings and three-dimensional freestanding columns, by a veteran Neo-Plasticist. Through March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gretna Campbell—Paintings of Maine tidal coves in summer and snow-covered New Jersey woods. Through March 27. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Joseph Cornell—Forty-three of his box constructions, some of them on loan. Done between the early thirties and the late fifties, they are shown here to good advantage, in handsomely lighted vitrines set up in darkened rooms. Through Saturday, March 20. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics. Through April 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

John Griefen—Large-scale abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Deitcher, 35 E. 67th St.)

Alan Gussow—Abstract paintings that occasionally incorporate a detail from nature—a leaf, a flower, bark. Through April 3. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Philip Guston—Recent paintings, basically autobiographical (as his works generally are), by this sharp commentator on our times. Most of his familiar symbols are present and accounted for—the shoe soles, the bald heads, and so on. Through April 10. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

James Herbert—Large canvases crowded with figurative elements in bright, splashy colors, which, combined, have the chromatic effect of a strawberry shortcake after the second bite. Through Saturday, March 13. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

Craig Kauffman—Eight painted canvas-and-wood constructions. Through March 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oil paintings that span his career. Through April 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jean François Millet (1814-75)—Four fully realized portraits, including an adoring one of his first wife, are the surprises in this show, which also, of course, offers examples of his more familiar, doggedly rustic works, still redolent with the smell of freshly turned earth. Through April 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of the female nude and still-lifes, as well as drawings in casein and conté crayon. Through April 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted aluminum constructions, some combined with wood, evocative of contemporary machinery. Through April 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Donald Perlis—Large realist paintings of the artist's family and friends in everyday situations. Through March 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Michael Price—Sculptures of life-size, variously posed female figures, cast in bronze, plus smaller pieces. Through March 27. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Marianne Schnell—Abstract paintings inspired by leaf and plant forms. Through Saturday, March 20. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ronald Searle—Humorous drawings and watercolors centering on resorts and animals. Through April 10. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Philip Sherrod—Expressionist paintings of figures, including some portraits, and a few landscapes. Through March 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Edward Whiteman—Acrylic paints applied to textured-paper surfaces. Through March 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William T. Williams—Large abstract paintings in mixed mediums on a heavyweight paper. Through April 3. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Still-lifes, figures in interiors, and street scenes. Through March 27. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Landscape paintings by, among others, Marsden Hartley and E. Ambrose Webster. Through March 31. . . . **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors and drawings by British artists Walter Sickert, Augustus John, Gwen John, and others. Through Saturday, March 20. . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: One Aubusson tapestry by each of twenty-five artists, including Sonia Delaunay and Stanley Boxer. Also two pieces by Alexander Calder. Through Saturday, March 13. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: American Impressionist paintings by Childe Hassam, Maurice Prendergast, John H. Twachtman, and others. Through March 27. . . . **KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of paintings by six American Impressionists: Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, John H. Twachtman, and Julian Alden Weir. Through April 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors, plus a few oils and drawings, by a group that includes Feininger and Klee. Through March 27. . . . **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings and drawings dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Saturday, March 20.

Sculpture—Jane B. Armstrong and James Kearns are two contributors to a show devoted to animal and nature forms. Through March 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Folk Sculpture—An exhibition, which changes from time to time as things are sold, of wood or metal figures—weather vanes, figureheads for boats, marionettes, sideshow robots. Among the latter is a crouching life-size baseball catcher, whose hand and mitt snapped together on a ball if it was thrown accurately enough to hit a sort of push-button target between them. The lucky customer won a Kewpie doll. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Quick List—Other uptown artists currently being shown include: **MILET ANDREJEVIC** at Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5); **RUDOLF BARANIK** at Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30); **ROGER HILTON** (1911-75) at Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6); **KOMAR** and **MELAMID** at Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **HELEN QUAT** at Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

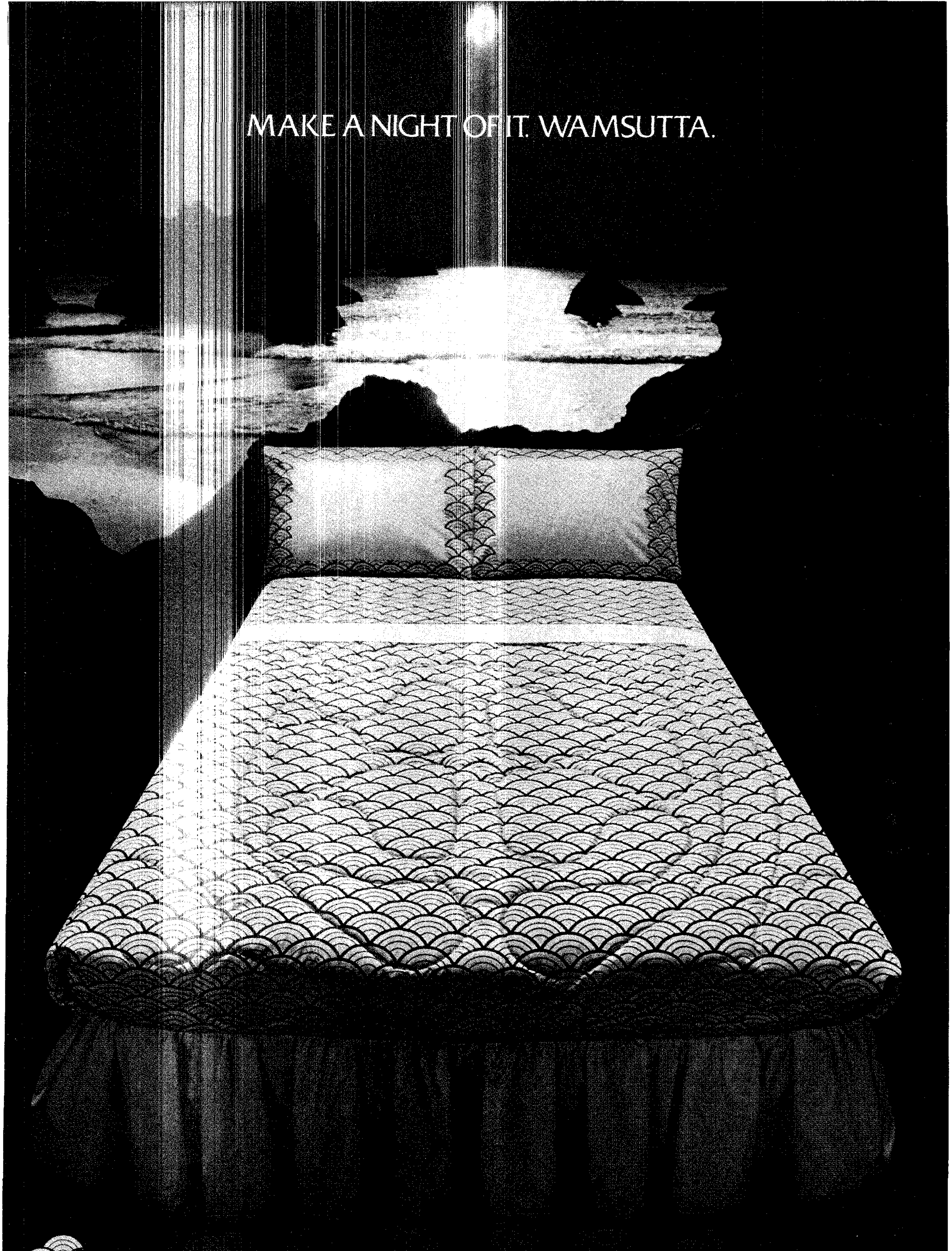
John Taylor Arms (1887-1953)—A comprehensive exhibition of etchings of Gothic architectural details. Through Saturday, March 20. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.)

Power Boothe—Abstract paintings. Through March 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ken Greenleaf—Incised slabs of marble that rest on welded-steel bases. Through March 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Morris Kantor (1896-1974)—Paintings and drawings from the twenties that reflect this artist's reaction to the successive waves of European influence—Cubism, Orphism, the *Blaue Reiter* group—that were washing over eagerly receptive young American painters at the time. Kantor eventually developed a distinctive style of his own, and left his stamp on a couple of generations at the Art Students League. Through Saturday, March 13. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—The canvases get larger and larger, and the subjects of these realist figure paintings get more and more two dimensional as this artist goes along setting down in billboard style the things that please him—canoe



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paddlers (some shown in cutouts painted on both sides), picnicking friends, and other partakers of *la dolce vita*. Through Saturday, March 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—Video and audio programs, as well as clothing for men and women designed by the artist. Somehow it all fits together. Through March 31. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Hubert Long—Table-size assemblages of weathered wood that has been hand finished. Some of the pieces have been dowelled together, others have been put together with hooks. Through Saturday, March 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Sylvia Mangold—Rulers, straightedges, and carpenter's squares appeal strongly to this artist, who paints them into her Precisionist renditions of tile and hardwood flooring, in which she neatly works out problems of perspective. Through Saturday, March 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Paul Mogensen—Mathematical progressions of one sort or another are at the root of these abstract paintings, some of which are whirligigs of bright color on circular canvases, some of which are carefully plotted arrangements of color-field paintings, and some of which resemble outsize strips of computer tape. Through Saturday, March 13. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Hans Moller—Landscapes done in Connecticut, Maine, Pennsylvania, and his native Germany, where this artist, who now lives in Allentown, took time out from studies of the Black Forest and such to do a watercolor entitled "Four Heidschnucken," which are small, funny Teutonic sheep. Through Saturday, March 13. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Thirty-five works, ranging from early worsted pictures to paintings completed in the fifties. Through Saturday, March 20. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Louise Nevelson—When good pieces of scroll-saw work and other architectural bric-a-brac die, they go to this artist's studio, where they take their predestined places in one grand design or another and live happily ever after. In this latest exhibition—a dramatic piece of theatre—there are black constructions shown in a black-walled room, and white constructions shown in a white-walled room. Through Saturday, March 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—This abstract painter, who works in subdued tones, is a Japanese-born American, and lately he has been visiting more and more in his homeland, with the result that the Oriental flavor in his work has been sharpened, and he now indulges in frank representational elements—to wit, cherry blossoms. Through March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Cesar Paternosto—Large, nonobjective works, all of them done on canvas stretchers four inches deep, which permits the artist to carry his patterns off the frontal surface and around the edge of the painting; a number of the works consist of two or three separate canvases grouped together. Through Saturday, March 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970)—A memorial exhibition honoring this old-time American realist, who, as his friend Raphael Soyer wrote, belongs to the tradition of Copley, Eakins, and Hopper. Through April 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Drawings from the early twentieth century to the present by Burchfield, Hopper, Shahn, Levine, and others. Through Saturday, March 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—A show of ceramic sculptures by four West Coast artists, including Robert Arneson. Through March 25. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in the 57th St. area include: **natalie alper** at Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5); **peter erskine** at Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St. (Through Thursday, March 18. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30); **robert wilson** at Iolas, 52 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, *10 to 5:30*).

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GALLERIES—SoHo

Victor Atkins / John Rummelhoff—Circular canvases grouped together in various arrangements, some of which, in bright, solid colors, look like outsize watercolor sets for children, and some of which are tied together by a simple overall design that carries over from canvas to canvas. / Small drawings, some of them freehand depictions of, say, knives and forks, and some of them transferred from magazines or postcards to a hard-surfaced paper and doctored up by the artist. (One of the more striking of these shows a lioness in the foreground slouching nonchalantly past a two-story house that has burst into flames.) Through Wednesday, March 17. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Don Eddy—Photo-Realist paintings of silver objects (trays, pitchers, candlesticks, and the like) in store windows and display cases. Through March 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—This artist's interest shifted from the surface he painted to the surface he painted *on*, and this led him to making his own paper and to the belief that the paper should be the end of the artistic chain, rather than a mere link. (When others wanted to buy some of his paper to draw on, he was outraged.) Four hundred and twenty-one sheets of this exceptional paper, twenty-eight inches square and stacked up like pancakes, are the center of the exhibit, together with long vertical strips and smaller pieces of the same material, displayed on the wall. Through March 27. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Judy Joa—Small-scale (some three-by-five inches) representational paintings. Through March 25. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Marylin Minter / De Es Schwertberger—Great big hyper-realist paintings of toys and coathangers, mostly, lying on hardwood floors, every grain of which is painstakingly reproduced. / Surrealist paintings of manlike creatures hewn from rock who start crumbling—literally going to pieces—as some kind of life stirs in their granite veins, plus a few studies of simple, unambitious boulders suspended in the sky. Through Saturday, March 20. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Stephen Mueller—Recent works in which this abstract artist sets forth two or three detailed forms on a field of solid color, instead of painting everything on the same plane, as he used to do. Through March 31. (Duffy, 157 Spring St.)

Nam June Paik—Two exhibitions by this video artist. In the first, at the Bonino, 98 Prince St., the spectator lies down in a darkened room (mats are provided) and looks up at twenty or so color television sets in which tropical fish swim around lazily; now and again, a jet plane inches across a screen, dragging its vapor trail behind. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.) In the second, at the Block, 409 West Broadway, the room is also darkened, and a dozen black-and-white sets show different phases of a spooky-looking moon. Both through Thursday, March 18. (Tuesdays, 1 to 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Shirley Pettibone / Harilyn Slome—Paintings of water—chiefly long, gentle rollers cresting near the shoreline and about to break. / Drawings—minimal in concept, since they consist merely of two or three vertical lines sparsely distributed on a relatively large expanse of white paper. Through Saturday, March 20. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Martin Ramirez (1885-1960)—Fascinating collages and colored drawings by a paranoid Mexican mute who spent the last fifteen years of his almost wholly institutionalized life working out his own artistic vocabulary with the stub ends of pencils and crayons and whatever scraps of paper he could find and paste together into large sheets. He was absorbed by trains, automobiles, bandits, and saints, and it is interesting to see how elements of both Eastern and Western Indian art crop up, apparently spontaneously, in his work. Through Saturday, March 13. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

Robert Rauschenberg—"Jammers" is a show of works made up of arrangements of materials (voile, gauze, silk) alone or with institutional-size tin cans and bamboo poles, suggesting, on the whole, the tournament tents of the jousting knights of Camelot. Through Saturday, March 13. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Stephen Antonakos—Bleak India-ink washes on unstretched canvas. / A conceptual project of nearly two hundred wrapped packages, many of which, unfortunately, have already been mailed to the artist's friends, but enough of them are left over to convey the idea. Through March 24. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Joan Snyder—Abstract paintings, drawings, and graphics. Through Saturday, March 13. (Solway, 139 Spring St.)

Oleg Sohanievich—Steel, aluminum, and brass sculptures held together by nuts and bolts. Through March 24. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Swain—Large checkerboards of color, graduating in warmth and intensity from one side of the canvas to the other. Through March 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Jim Youngerman—Straightforward colored pen-and-pencil drawings that nevertheless have a perspective gone awry and a sense of humor—footless horses and rocking chairs with but a single rocker, for instance. Through March 24. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Group Show—Realist paintings by Robert Cottingham, plus works in other mediums by three additional artists. Through Saturday, March 20. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **daria dorosh** at A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **on kawara** at Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **kate resek** and **lucy sallick** at SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6); **derek southall** at Emmerich, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30).

OTHER GALLERIES

Sol LeWitt—A single wall drawing, in white chalk on a black ground, fills the entire gallery space. The pattern involves arcs and straight lines and dotted lines laced around a grid. Through Friday, March 19. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Don Nelson—This California artist assembles photographs—family snapshots, studio nudes, shots of the Union Station in Los Angeles—into an arrangement that suits him and then enlarges (or reduces) it on a single photographic sheet, which he goes to work on with various mediums, altering here, suffusing with color there, wiping out yonder. One work immortalizes a bit of graffiti that reads, "Make Louvre, Not Warhol." Through March 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Marjorie Strider—Works that combine painting and sculpture. One is a large painting of a bright-red bunch of radishes, into which the artist has mounted three bulbous styrofoam radishes. Through April 3. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Aspects of American Realism—A selection of works from the Sara Roby Foundation Collection which harks back to what might be called the Old Whitney Museum school of American art. All the heroes of the twenties

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and thirties are represented—Hopper, Kuniyoshi, Burchfield, Levine, Marsh, Miller, Nadelman—plus a scattering of more recent luminaries, like Marisol, Gallo, Beauchamp. This first-rate collection, some of which is familiar and some surprising, has been kept largely under wraps since 1959, when it was shown at the Whitney. Through Thursday, March 18. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University. The address given by the university is 100 Washington Square East, but that number is invisible anywhere except on the university stationery; the entrance is really on Washington Place, a block south of the Washington Square Arch and a few steps east of the park. You can't miss it.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

KARL BLOSSFELDT (1865-1932)—Photographs of plants. Through Saturday, March 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

FREDRICH CANTOR—A series of photographs of Rome, plus other work. Through March 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

ROBBERT FLICK / EILEEN COWIN—Black-and-white landscapes of the rural Midwest. / Abstractions based on, for instance, cacti forms, and imprinted on vinyl and hand colored. Through April 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RICHARD GOLDSTEIN—Cityscapes and landscapes in 360-degree panoramic views, taken with a rotating camera and printed as a strip. Through Monday, March 15. (Camera Club, 37 E. 60th St. Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)

PETER MAUSS—Nature studies made with a twelve-by-twenty view camera. Through Saturday, March 20. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

MARJORIE NEIKRUG—Snapshots taken in China in the past few months. Through March 30. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

ALFRED STIEGLITZ (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through Saturday, March 20. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by Margaret Mead.... ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city.... ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. (Open Sundays.)... **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: Artists Matisse, Brancusi, Giacometti, and others are the subjects of photographs by a group that includes Man Ray, Brassaï, and Cartier-Bresson. Through Saturday, March 13.... **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Photographs by six young photographers—Steven A. Baron, Michael Smith, Ben Davis, Susan Eder, Marion Faller, and Judith Golden. Through Sunday, March 14. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)... **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Experimental works by Bobbi Carrey, Jim Cornfield, and George Obremski. Through Saturday, March 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **WITKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Examples of the work of Käsebier, Steichen, Stieglitz, and other Photo-Secessionists make up the first of a two-part exhibit of photogravures, halftones, articles, and advertisements taken from Stieglitz's quarterly, *Camera Work*. Through Saturday, March 20. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through March 23.... ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through Aug. 1.... ¶ Eighteenth-century Italian architectural drawings, including an album by Filippo Iuvara, as well as drawings of stage sets and decorative objects, all from the museum's collection. Through Sunday, March 14.... ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5.... ¶ A display of Near Eastern cylinder and stamp seals (dating from 5000 B.C. to 600 A.D.) and their impressions, from the collection of Mrs. William H. Moore.... ¶ "The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Through May 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Constructivist paintings, sculptures, and other works conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Through March 25.... ¶ Picasso, Braque, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and related movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Through March 21.... ¶ A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp, which starts with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe, and moves on up through the century. Through March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The museum is unveiling its big historical survey of American sculptures of the past two hundred years *petit à petit*. The final section opens on Tuesday, March 16. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Early Modernists," an exhibit, taken from the permanent collection, of paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Marin, O'Keeffe, Zorach, and others. Through March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibit of objects acquired by the museum's decorative-arts department during the last five years, including a Bentwood side chair from the early nineteenth century and a Corbusier chair from the nineteen-twenties. Through May 23. This exhibit is open only until 1 on Wednesdays and Thursdays.... ¶ Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by Thomas Hart Benton, George L. K. Morris, and Michael Rapuano.... ¶ A show of the paintings and sculptures of artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both exhibitions through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-six Japanese swords and their furnishings, including the "Kunimune" blade, dating from the twelfth century through the nineteenth. Through April 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. Through May 2.... ¶ The first volume of Adèle Hugo's journal, on which the Truffaut movie is based. Through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure. Through March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia (photographs, programs, costumes, heralds, life-size cutouts of famous stars) celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century carafe, decanter, and bottle labels of silver, ivory, enamel, and other materials. Through April 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—An exhibition of drawings and models for stage settings, given in memory of Donald Oenslager, who died last year, and to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of the Yale School of Drama, where he taught theatrical designing for forty-five years. Mr. Oenslager's own works are shown, along with scene designs and costume designs by nearly sixty Yale drama graduates, among them Santo Loquasto, William and Jean Eckart, David Hays, and Carrie Robbins. Through April 10.... ¶ "Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Oils and watercolors by Boston artist Richard Yarde, including larger-than-life portraits of Paul Robeson and Jack Johnson, as well as family scenes from the forties. Through March 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, March 10: "Aida," with Montserrat Caballé, Marilyn Horne, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, Jerome Hines, and Richard T. Gill; conducted by James Levine.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 11: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Friday evening, March 12: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Walter Berry, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis; James Levine.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 13: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 13: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Guillermo Sarabia; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Monday evening, March 15: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, John Alexander, and Robert Merrill; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 16: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Guillermo Sarabia; Henry Lewis.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 17: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 18: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Walter Berry, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Guillermo Sarabia; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Montserrat Caballé, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, William Dooley, and Alan Titus; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Cornelis Opthof, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 13, at 2, and Saturday, March 20, at 2:30.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 10, at 8: "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," with Frederica von Stade, Hilda Harris, Richard Stilwell, and Ara Berberian; conducted by Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 11, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, William Harness, and Spiro Malas; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Friday, March 12, at 8: "Carmen," with Barbara Conrad, Emily Derr, Gaetano Scano, and Robert Hale; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 2: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Johanna Meier, Frances Bible, Glenys Fowles, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 13, at 8: "Salome," with Maralin Niska, Frances Bible, Robert Nagy, William Justus, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 1: "H.M.S. Pinafore," with Rose Wildes, Sandra Walker, Puli Toro, Gary Glaze, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 14, at 7: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Glenys Fowles, Betty Jones, Susanne Marsee, Samuel Ramey, and Richard McKee; David Effron. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 16, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, Puli Toro, William McDonald, and Charles Roe; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18 at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8: "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Diane Curry, Melvyn Poll, and Adib Fazah; George Branson Gray. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Clamma Dale, Tullio Pané, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Pierre Boulez conducting—Tuesday, March 16, at 7:30 (with Eliot Chapo, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello); and Thursday, March 18, at 8:30; Friday, March 19, at 2; Saturday, March 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 23, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano).

London Symphony Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, André Previn conducting—Tuesday, March 16, at 8: With Pinchas Zukerman, violin. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 17, at 8: With Mr. Previn acting as piano soloist. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8: With Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano.

National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada—Mario Bernardi conducting an all-Mozart program, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Robert Goldsand, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Murray Perahia, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 13, at 8, and Sunday, March 14, at 5:30.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Donizetti's "Gemma di Vergy" in concert form, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano; Luis Lima, tenor; Louis Quilico, baritone; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 8.)

Mannes Opera Workshop—Carl Bamberger conducting a program of music by Richard Strauss, Josef Strauss, and Johann Strauss II. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Tuesday, March 16, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Ensemble Instrumental Andrée Colson—Twelve instrumentalists who perform without a conductor. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Carnegie-Mellon University Kiltie Band—Philip Catelinet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the third in a series of five programs of American music, this one devoted to "The Great Sentimental Age—1850-1900." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

Brooklyn Boys Chorus—James McCarthy directing an all-Bach program, with Gerard Schwarz, trumpet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, March 14, at 2:30.)

RECITALS

Hamao Fujiwara—Violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

Beverly Somach—Violin, in the last in a series of recitals of music associated with Fritz Kreisler. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 10, at 8.)

Janos Starker and Jacob Lateiner—Cello and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The third in this season's series of five programs, this one with members of the Da Capo Chamber Players and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, March 11, at 8.)

Irma Costanzo—Classical guitarist. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, March 11, at 8:30.)

Andres Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 12, at 8.)

Music for a While—A program of medieval and Renaissance music from Spain and Portugal. (Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Friday, March 12, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Shura Cherkassky—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 13, at 8.)

New School Concerts—Lee Luvisi, piano; Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; and Laurence Lesser, cello. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5600. Sunday, March 14, at 11 A.M.)

Kermit Moore—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 3.)

Ruggiero Ricci—Violin, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 3.)

Aleksander Slobodyanik—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 14, at 3.)

Early Music Consort of London—Vocal and instrumental music. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Sunday, March 14, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Mondays through Fridays.)

Artur Rubinstein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 15, at 8.)

Concord String Quartet—With Jerome Lowenthal, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 15, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 15, at 8.)

Alan Marks—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 16, at 8.)

Hiroko Yajima—Violin. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, March 16, at 8.)

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the second in a series of all-Bach programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Tashi—Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Myung-Wha Chung—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Rolf Schulte and David Levine—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Chamber Music—Ransom Wilson and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, with the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, March 18, at 8.). . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Leonard Arner, oboe. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 21, at 2.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Miriam Fried and Garrick Ohlsson—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal, Eugenia Zukerman, and Pinchas Zukerman—Flute duo and violin/viola. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—The last in a series of recitals, this one an all-Bach program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Zina Schiff—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 20, at 2:30.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Purcell program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Water Gap Concerts—Chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5690. Saturday, March 20, at midnight.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At Nassau Coliseum—Nets vs. Denver, Thursday, March 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 12, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, March 14, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Thursday, March 18, at 8:05.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, March 17, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, March 16, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 20, at 8:05.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, May 15. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 13; the Distaff Handicap, Wednesday, March 17; and the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 20. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Thursday, June 10. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Daily at 1; through Friday, March 12.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17.

ET ALIA

Lecture—The last in a series of lectures under the title "About Food," this one given by Virginia Lee. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturday, March 13, at 10:30 A.M.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Wednesday and Thursday, March 10-11, from 10 to 6, and Friday, March 12, from 10 to 4.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 13, at 2: Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from many owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 17, at 8: Impressionist and other modern paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Josef Rosensaft. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3467. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 11. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from the collection of the late Lester Avnet. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 11.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 16: "All Screwed Up."
From March 17: "The Man Who Would Be King" and "Gunga Din."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 16: "Swept Away" and "Elvira Madigan."
From March 17: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 16: "Nashville."
From March 17: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 16: "Swept Away."
From March 17: "Chinatown" and "Murder on the Orient Express."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through March 16: "The Hindenburg."
From March 17: "The Sunshine Boys."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Inserts" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Immoral Tales" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Salut l'Artiste."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Confrontation."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Man Friday."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 16: "The Man Who Would Be King."
From March 17: "The Sunshine Boys."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Lucky Lady."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman" (X-rated).

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Gable and Lombard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Inserts" (X-rated).

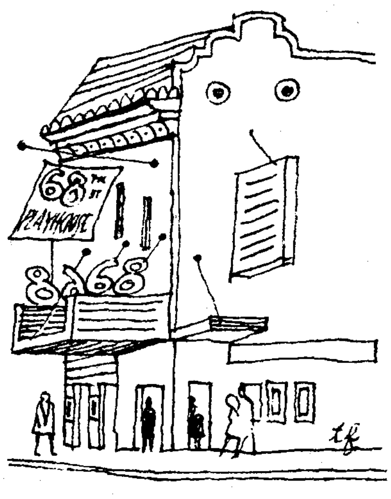
R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"From Beyond the Grave."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Killer Force."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through March 16: "The Man Who Would Be King."
From March 17: "The Magic Flute."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through March 16: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."
From March 17: "Farewell, My Lovely" and "And Now My Love."



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14	15	16	17	18		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
Theatre 2: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "I Never Sang for My Father."
Theatre 3: "Hester Street."
Theatre 4: Through March 16: "Summer of Laura" (X-rated). From March 17: "The Sunshine Boys" and "Love and Death."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Challenge to Be Free."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
March 10: Theatre closed.
From March 11: "Robin and Marian."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through March 16: "The Magic Flute."
From March 17: "My Michael."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 16: "Swept Away" and "Don't Look Now."
From March 17: "Nashville" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taxi Driver."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"All Screwed Up."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through March 16: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."
From March 17: "The Magic Flute."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Emmanuelle: The Joys of a Woman."
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: "Killer Force."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 16: "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "The Scarlet Claw."
From March 17: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" and "Sherlock Holmes Faces Death."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 16: "Chinatown" and "Murder on the Orient Express."
From March 17: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 16: "Swept Away" and "Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx."
From March 17: "Hustle" and "Don't Look Now."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 10: "Marriage—Italian Style" (1964), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Woman Times Seven." (†)
March 11: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.
March 12: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Travels with My Aunt." (†)
March 13: "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed; and "The Loves of Isadora." (†)
March 14: "The Emigrants" (†) and "The New Land." (†)
March 15: "Two Daughters" (†) and "Devi." (†)
March 16: "Ganga Zumba" (†); and "Plantation Boy" (1965), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Walter Lima, Jr.
March 17: "The Garden of the Finzi-Contínis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud.
March 18: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Odd Obsession." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 10: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price; and "The Man in the White Suit" (1951), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood, Cecil Parker, and Ernest Thesiger.
March 11: "The Garden of Allah" (1936), directed by Richard Boleslavsky, with Marlene Dietrich and Charles Boyer; and "The Devil Is a Woman" (1935), directed by Josef von Sternberg, with Marlene Dietrich, Lionel Atwill, and Cesar Romero.
March 12: "East of Eden" (†); and "A Face in the Crowd" (1957), directed by Elia Kazan, with Andy Griffith, Patricia Neal, Walter Matthau, and Anthony Franciosa.
March 13: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "Suddenly, Last Summer." (†)
March 14: "King Lear" (†) and "Macbeth." (†)
March 15: "The Three Faces of Eve" (†) and "Puzzle of a Downfall Child." (†)
March 16: "The Music Room" (†) and "Two Daughters." (†)
March 17: "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Susumu Fujita; "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (†); and "The Drunken Angel." (†)
March 18: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti; and "Eclipse" (1962), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 10: "Zatoichi the Blind Swordsman" (1974), in Japanese, directed by Kimiyoshi Yasuda; and "The Red Angel" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Yasuzo Masumura.
March 11: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964),

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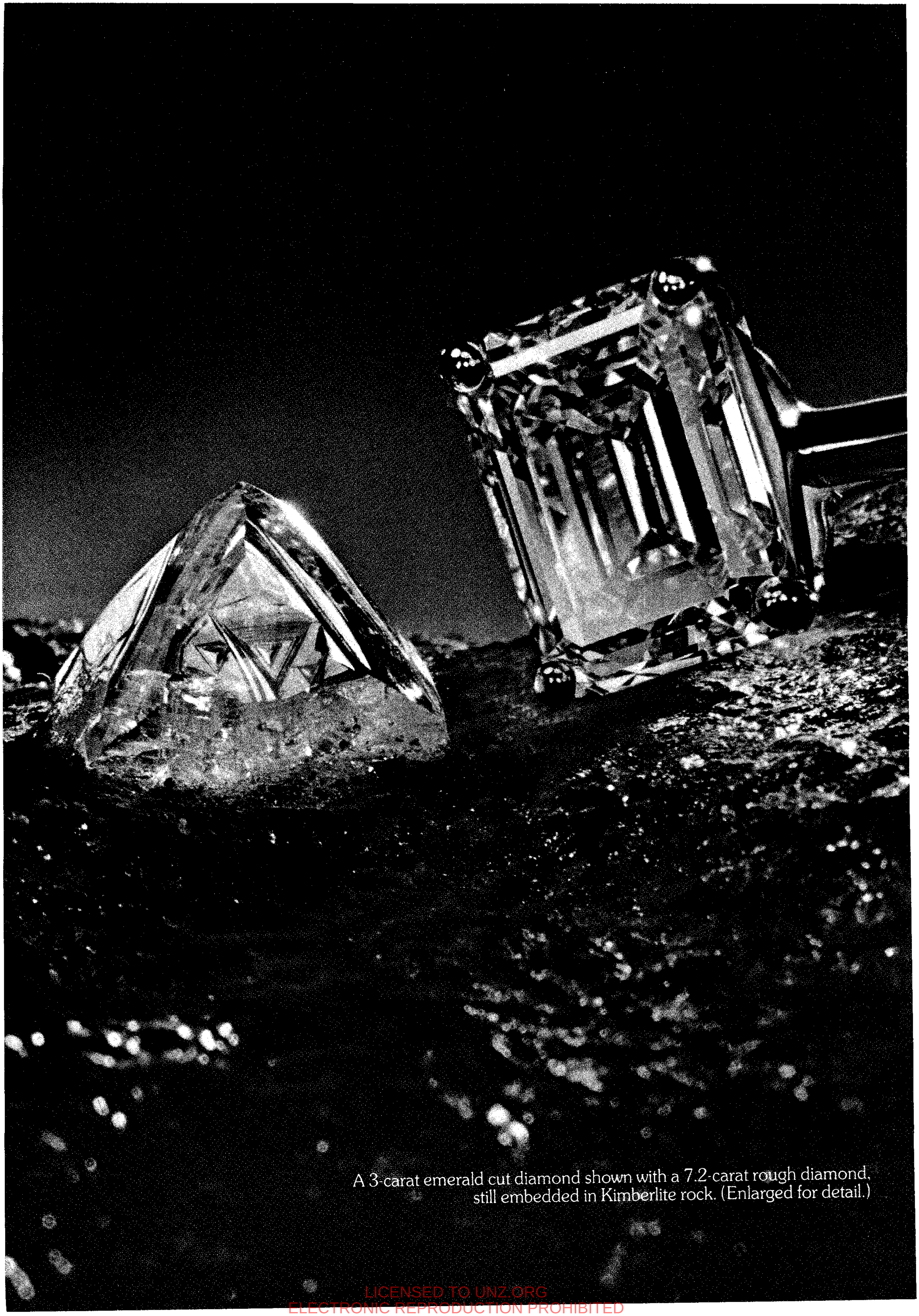

A 3-carat emerald cut diamond shown with a 7.2-carat rough diamond, still embedded in Kimberlite rock. (Enlarged for detail.)

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in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "The Ambitious" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Daisuke Ito, with Toshiro Mifune.

March 12: "Slaughterhouse-Five" (1972), directed by George Roy Hill, with Michael Sacks; and "Little Murders" (1971), directed by Alan Arkin, with Elliott Gould.

March 13: "Walkabout" (1971), directed by Nicolas Roeg; and "The White Dawn." (†)

March 14: "The Sleeping Beauty" (1966), performed by the Leningrad Kirov Ballet; and "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet" (1956), a full-length Russian production, with Galina Ulanova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps.

March 15: "The Great McGinty" (†); and "Bedtime for Bonzo" (1951), directed by Frederick de Cordova, with Ronald Reagan and Diana Lynn.

March 16: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Delphine Seyrig; and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

March 17: "The Fortune" (1975), directed by Mike Nichols, with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

March 18: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 13: "The Scoundrel" (1935), directed by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, with Noël Coward; and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

March 14-16: "Dancing Lady" (†) and "Reckless." (†)

From March 17: "Best Foot Forward" (†) and "Good News." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 11 at 2: "David Golder" (1931), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 11 at 5:30: "Daguerreotypes" (1975), in French, directed by Agnès Varda; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 11 at 8: "Les Hautes Solitudes" (1974), a silent French film, directed by Philippe Garrel, with Jean Seberg and Tina Aumont. . . . ¶ March 12 at 2: "Story of Paul" (1975), in French, directed by René Féret, with Paul Allio; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 12 at 5:30: "David Golder.". . . ¶ March 13 at noon: "The Unholy Three" (1930), directed by Jack Conway, with Lon Chaney and Lila Lee. . . . ¶ March 13 at 3: "Trompe l'Oeil" (1975), in French, directed by Claude d'Anna, with Max von Sydow and Micheline Presle; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 13 at 5:30: "Lily, Love Me" (1974), in French, directed by Maurice Dugowson, with Rufus and Zouzou; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 14 at noon: "The Unholy Three.". . . ¶ March 14 at 3: "Story of Paul.". . . ¶ March 14 at 5:30: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers and George C. Scott. . . . ¶ March 15 at 2: "The Tilted Garden" (1975), in French, directed by Guy Gilles, with Delphine Seyrig and Samy Frey; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 15 at 5:30: "Single Parent" (1974) and "The Spirit Possessions of Alejandro Mamani" (1974), both directed by Hubert Smith. . . . ¶ March 16 at 2: "Lily, Love Me.". . . ¶ March 18 at 2: "The Deadly Companions" (1961), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Maureen O'Hara and Brian Keith. . . . ¶ March 18 at 5:30: "Mistaken Love Story" (1974), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli, with François Perrin and Coline Serreau; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 18 at 8: "La Brigade" (1975), in French, directed by René Gilson, with Brigitte Fossey and Jean Bouise; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 16: A program of four films by Ken Jacobs. . . . ¶ Starting March 17: "Scar of Shame" (1927), directed by Frank Peregini, produced by The Colored Players Film Corporation of Philadelphia. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Cornell, Brakhage, Helizcer, Bresson, Breer, and others. Showings March 10-12 at 7 and 9; March 13 at 2:30, 7, and 8:30; March 14 at 8; and March 16-18 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of five films by Bruce Baillie. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (1939)—The second in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson and George Zucco as Professor Moriarty, and with Ida Lupino and Alan Marshal. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. (New Yorker; starting March 17.)

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/16/76.) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Art; through March 16.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; through March 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 17.)

And Now My Love—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Claude Lelouch. The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 17.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Playboy; starting March 17.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Ziegfeld.)

Best Foot Forward (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsocki"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, William Gaxton, and Harry James and his orchestra. Eddie Buzzell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 17.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Sutton.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Symphony; through March 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting March 17.)

Confrontation—With Peter Bollag, directed by Rolf Lyssy. In German. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; through March 16. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 17.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at being a star overnight. Vivid and fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14-16.)

Devi (1962)—Satyajit Ray's dreamily sensual, ironic film about Indian superstitiousness was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. The story, about a wealthy man who convinces his son's bride (Sharmila Tagore) that she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali, has startling Freudian undertones. Ray's feeling for the intoxicating beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century landowning class makes this one of the rare, honest films about decadence. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 15.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Playboy; through March 16. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 17.)

The Drunken Angel (1948)—Early Kurosawa about a doctor working in the human debris of a Japanese slum just after the war. Photographed with an eye like a needle, and written with a liquid sense of shape (by Kurosawa, in collaboration). Mifune is already his leading actor. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

East of Eden (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, so exquisitely fresh that she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 16.)

The Emigrants (1971)—Jan Troell's broad-backed nature epic on the mid-nineteenth-century Swedish emigration to this country. A bursting, resonant work, Troell's achievement is prodigious. The story is concluded in a second film, "The New Land." Both with Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

Farewell, My Lovely—And goodbye to this gorged latest remake of Raymond Chandler, too. With Robert Mitchum and Charlotte Rampling, directed by Dick Richards. (9/1/75) (8th St. Playhouse; starting March 17.)

From Beyond the Grave—With Margaret Leighton, David Warner, Peter Cushing, Ian Bannen, Donald Pleasence, Diana Dors, Ian Carmichael, and Nyree Dawn Porter in a collection of four mystery tales by R. Chetwynd-Hayes, directed by Kevin Connor. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Gable and Lombard—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Loews Ciné.)

Ganga Zumba (1963)—A young Brazilian director, Carlos Diegues, made this artlessly eloquent movie about the struggle of sugar-cane-plantation slaves in the seventeenth century. In Portuguese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

Good News (1947)—One of the best of the lighthearted rah-rah collegiate musicals. Peter Lawford and June Allyson do the number "The French Lesson," by Comden and Green and Roger Edens, and there's also that memorable novelty "Pass That Peace Pipe," by Ralph Blane and Hugh Martin. The rest of the score, including "The Best Things in Life Are Free," is from the original show by DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson. Charles Walters directed, and the cast includes Mel Tormé and Joan McCracken. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 17.)

The Great McGinty (1940)—The first film that Preston Sturges both wrote and directed (after he wrote a series of first-rate scripts) is a satire on American politics. The hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local political boss by voting thirty-seven times in one day, but he falls in love, tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, but fairly funny, with the frantic, slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Akim Tamiroff and Muriel Angelus. (Elgin; March 15.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An absurd trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this hokum together, "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem, and William Faulkner had a hand in it, too. The stars are Cary Grant in his athletic youth, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this exhilarating nonsense. (Art; starting March 17.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1, and Quad Cinema.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Kips Bay; through March 16.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1939)—"Murder, my dear Watson," Holmes announces, with undisguised satisfaction, in this handsome, gripping, semi-serious version of the Conan Doyle story—the first appearance of Basil Rathbone as Sherlock Holmes. Immaculately right in the role, Rathbone played Holmes suavely (though with diminishing wit) for the next eight years, always with Nigel Bruce as his bumbling Dr. Watson. Here, among the moors and mists, Holmes investigates the mystery involving "the footprints of a gigantic hound," and at the end he actually says, "Quick, Watson, the needle." The cast includes fatuously dimpled Richard Greene, and Lionel Atwill, Wendy Barrie, John Carradine, E. E. Clive, and Ralph Forbes. Sidney Lanfield directed. (New Yorker; through March 16.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. When the director, Robert Aldrich, tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Olympia; starting March 17.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As ordinary as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Quad Cinema.)

Inserts—With Richard Dreyfuss, directed by John Byrum. X-rated. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

Killer Force—With Telly Savalas and Peter Fonda, directed by Val Guest. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie—With Ben Gazzara, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, has dead eyes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Columbia II, and Quad Cinema.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

Love and Death—Woody Allen's imperially funny new picture is set—as you might guess from the coupling of big concepts in the title—in the land of "War and Peace," of "Crime and Punishment," of "Fathers and Sons," though we turn out to be not so much in Russia as in Russian literature. Mr. Allen, who both wrote and directed this beautiful picture (photographed by Ghislain Cloquet), plays a nineteenth-century aristocrat of radical leanings whose muzhik blouse keeps slipping about under his belt. We are in a very Slavic world of metaphysics and world-yearning, seen through the unique comic prism of Mr. Allen's mixture of the grandiose but hesitant. His firm belief that sex conquers all is deterred only by his fear for his ulcer condition and his herpes. The love of his life is his remote cousin Sonja (Diane Keaton), who shares his habit of falling into talk of the epistemological when what they would both rather fall into is bed. Miss Keaton—with whom Mr. Allen gracefully goes halves in sharing many of the funniest exchanges—is a magnificent partner for him. (6/16/75) (Quad Cinema; starting March 17.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 13.)

Lucky Lady—Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. They're not. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (U. A. East.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The well-acted production is a bloody melodrama that reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. With Jon Finch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 14.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Festival; through March 16. . . . ¶ Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting March 17.)

Man Friday—With Peter O'Toole as Crusoe and Richard Roundtree as Friday. Directed by Jack Gold. (Loews Tower East.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Waverly; through March 16. . . . ¶ Art; starting March 17.)

The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail (1945)—An hour-long film by Kurosawa. The Japanese government wanted a propaganda film when they commissioned him to film a popular Kabuki drama called "Kanjincho." What they got was a funny fable about militarism, with a nice low-comedy porter who upstages the stoic noblemen of the original. Don't expect the Japanese sense of humor to be much like anyone else's. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 17.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Symphony; through March 16. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting March 17.)

The Music Room (1958)—Satyajit Ray's extraordinary study of pride carried to extremity. A great, flawed, maddening film—hard to take but probably impossible to forget. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

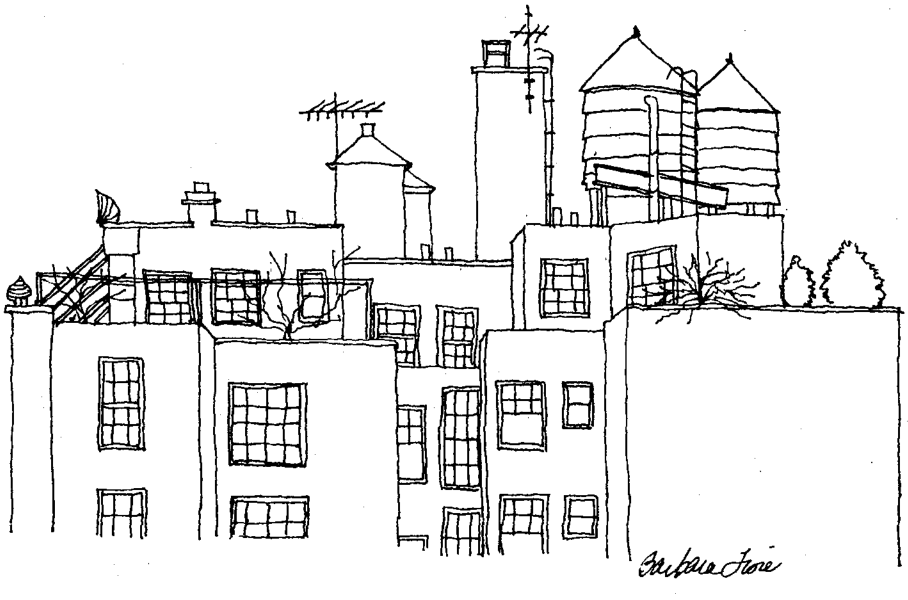
My Michael—With Oded Kotler, directed by Dan Wolman. In Hebrew. (Festival; starting March 17.)

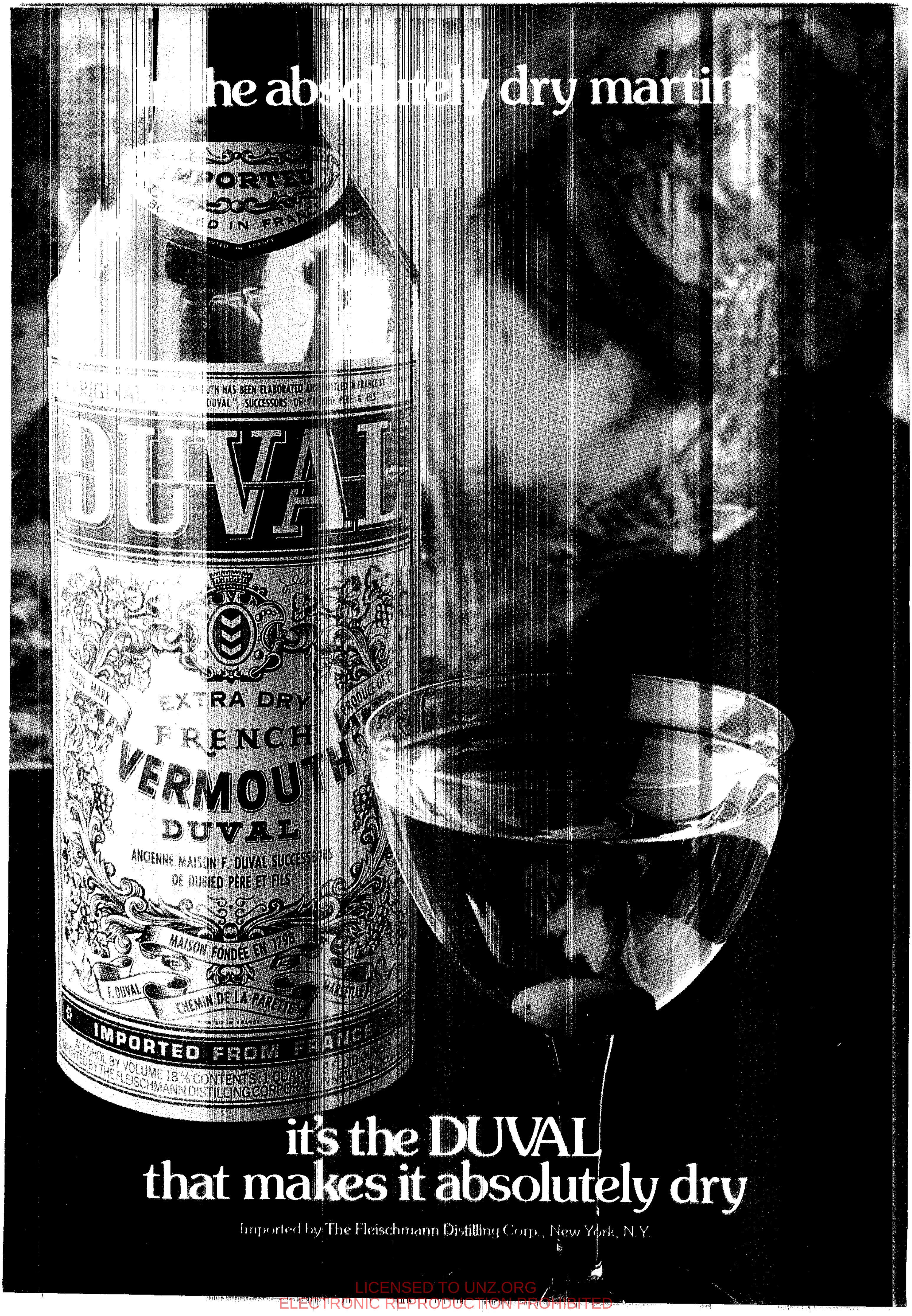
Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is enlivening in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Cinema Village; through March 16. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting March 17.)

The New Land (1973)—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

Odd Obsession (1959)—Kon Ichikawa's film with Machiko Kyo and Junko Kano, based on a novel by Junichiro Tanizaki that was published here under the title of "The Key." The story is about a man who tries to prop

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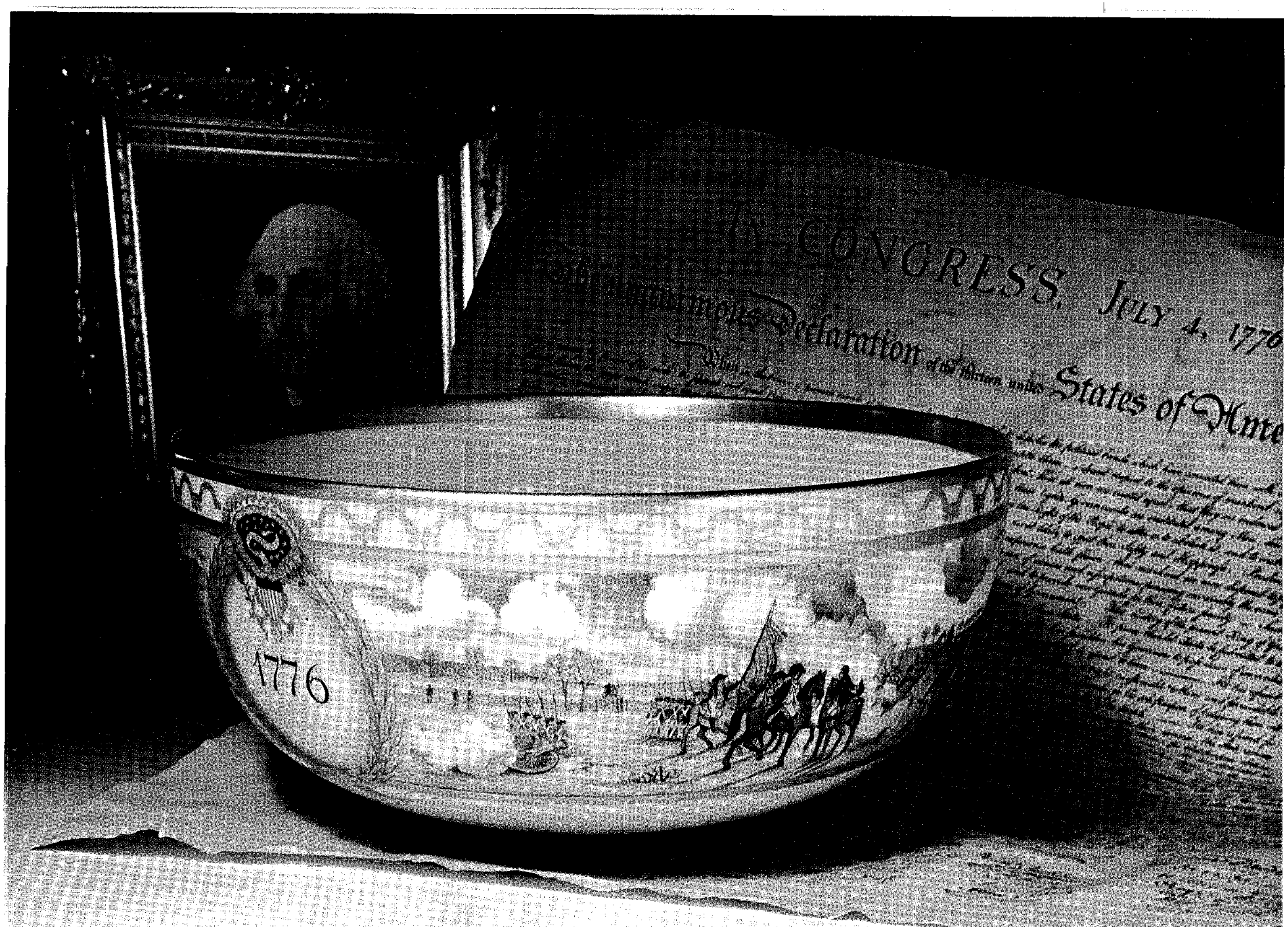
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up his waning sexual powers for the sake of his avid young wife with the aid of injections, brandy, and a Polaroid camera. The picture of man-as-lover is sometimes unmeaningly funny, though the distinction of Ichikawa gleams through things; the film's effect is pretty dispiriting, and perhaps it shouldn't be rated for anyone over twenty-one. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 18.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

Puzzle of a Downfall Child (1971)—The highflown chic of soullessness, with Faye Dunaway as a fashion model who falls apart. The script (by Carol Eastman) is reminiscent of her script for "Five Easy Pieces," but Jerry Schatzberg has directed it in a hysterical, fractured style. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15.)

Quackser Fortune Has a Cousin in the Bronx (1970)—Winsome comedy about a hero (Gene Wilder) who resists computerized society by collecting horse manure in a cart. The film is laid in Dublin. It should be laid to rest. (Olympia; through March 16.)

Reckless (1935)—Jean Harlow in a misguided picture that is best forgotten. Victor Fleming directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14-16.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn in the title roles. Also with Robert Shaw as the Sheriff of Nottingham, Nicol Williamson as Little John, and Richard Harris as Richard the Lion-Hearted. Directed by Richard Lester, from James Goldman's script. (Music Hall; starting March 11.)

Salut l'Artiste—With Marcello Mastroianni, directed by Yves Robert. In French. (Baronet.)

The Scarlet Claw (1944)—The eighth film in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Paul Cavanagh; directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; through March 16.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

Sherlock Holmes Faces Death (1943)—The sixth in the Basil Rathbone Holmes series, and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson. With Hillary Brooke and Milburn Stone. Directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; starting March 17.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Kips Bay, 72nd Street East, and Quad Cinema; starting March 17.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. (9/22/75) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia; through March 16. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; through March 16.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

The Three Faces of Eve (1957)—Joanne Woodward's big one—her Academy Award-winning role as the drab Southern housewife and mother with a splintered personality. The heroine calls herself Eve White when she's good and Eve Black when she's bad, and has yet another personality—that of the upstanding, intelligent woman whom the writer-producer-director, Nunnally Johnson, approves of. Shallow, but the gimmick is appealing, and Woodward's showmanship is very likable. With Lee J. Cobb and David Wayne. (The movie is being referred to these days in connection with the Patty Hearst trial.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15.)

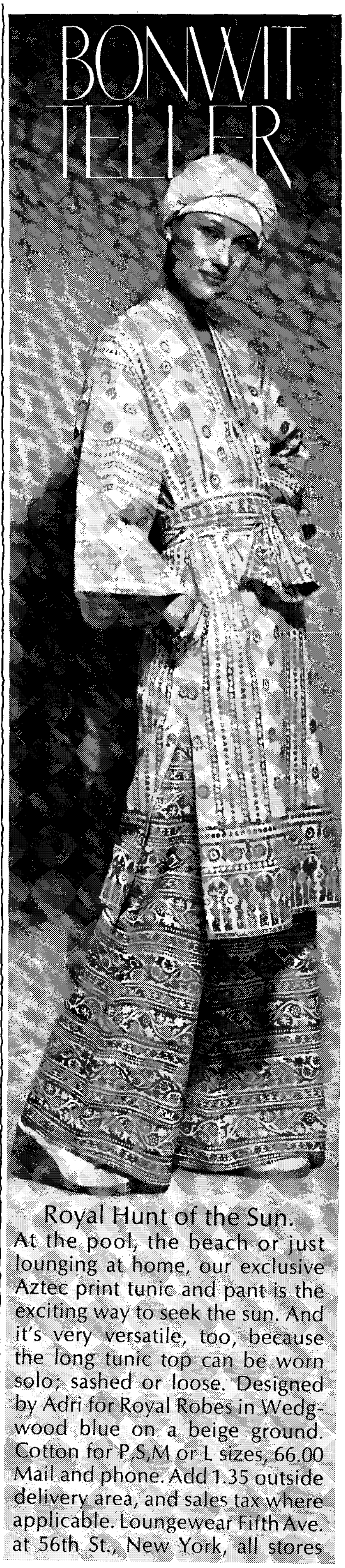
Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 15. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 16.)

Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—With Yves Montand and Michel Piccoli, directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

The White Dawn (1974)—Eskimo villagers and three stranded whaleboaters near the North Pole in the late eighteen-nineties. With Warren Oates, Timothy Bottoms, and Lou Gossett; directed by Philip Kaufman. (Elgin; March 13.)

Woman Times Seven (1967)—Shirley MacLaine playing seven ogling parts that look as if they have been market-researched to be the ideal woman and makeup-buying prospect. Alan Arkin is gravely funny in one episode. Vittorio De Sica directed, but Joseph E. Levine presented it, and its soul is Hollywood's. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10.)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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As the Presidential campaign begins, the country seems to be in confusion not only about who the next President should be but also about what a President is and what one is for—about the uses of statesmanship itself. The public, on the one hand, seems to have decided that politics is inherently a parasitic activity, while the candidates, on the other, give the collective impression that for them politics is a lottery in which the main thing at stake is their personal future. For example, one candidate regularly promises his audience, "I'm going to be your next President." He would offer the public the gift of himself, as Marshal Pétain once put it. In thinking over what the relationship between the statesman and the public ideally should be, we found that a few paragraphs written by Karl Jaspers in 1958, in his book "The Future of Mankind," were as helpful as anything we had come across in a long while:

"Because he stands for power and has power, the statesman is the center of public attention. The nation and all the individuals are inwardly related to him in a variety of ways. The majority—in the Western world, too—regards statesmen as creatures bestowed upon the nations from elsewhere. One does not feel responsible for what they are; one is obsequious even to the props and flunkies representing their power. In the eyes of the masses, they become different from what they were before they came to power, seeming to act upon motives that are either not understood or credulously understood to be what they tell to their people and to the world. They do all the acting and thinking; we do none of it. They are our fate, for good or evil. They are taken for granted, worshipped and flattered or damned and shunned, glorified as saviors or blamed for whatever goes wrong. The statesman is saddled with our dissatisfaction with ourselves and the world; we hold him guilty, not of what he does but of what he finds to start with—of the human condition that makes his task necessary.

"The rational attitude, as opposed to these irrational ones, is to view the statesman with the respect due to eminence, and at the same time with the concern of sensing our common fate in him. We should view him critically but justly, and our judgment should incline to gratitude wherever there are grounds.

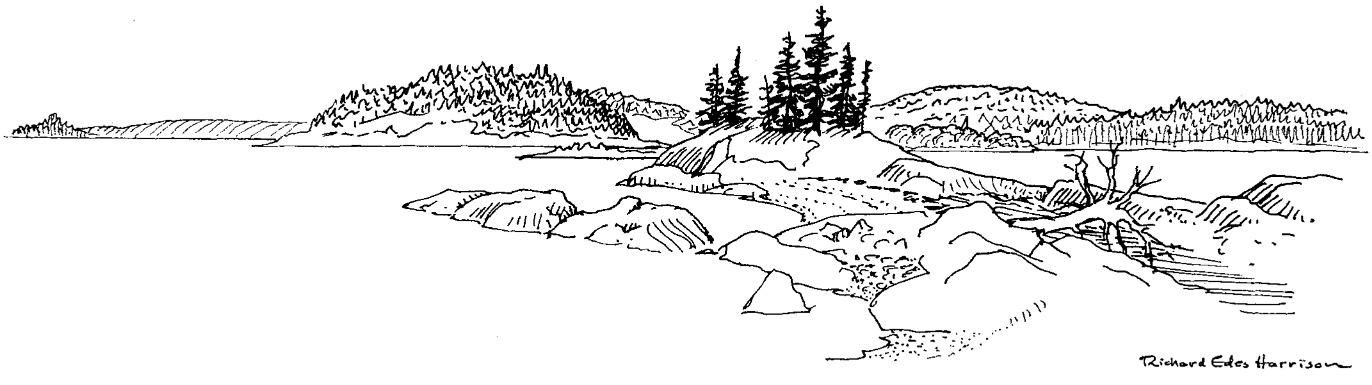
"Mankind's fate depends on the extent to which the individuals called to statesmanship appear convincing to the rest—to the majority or to large numbers or even to small groups—so that others will want to think, to live, to act as they do. These few men, not isolated, not deified, but rooted in the real will of those who recognize themselves in them, might come to power because they dominate men by their character from within, not by force from without."

In Jaspers' time, as in our own, convincing public figures were rare, and he went on to write:

"Today we see politicians whose countenance and deportment baffle us. Do they know where they stand, what they are doing? What are they thinking of? Invariably they show us laughing faces. It is as though the world expected them to be cheerful, whether the smiles they hide behind are stiffly impenetrable or jovially merry or good-naturedly contented or surprised, disconcerted grins or other variations. Do their people, do they themselves, want a façade of universal foolishness to cover the dreadful earnestness of all they see, know, and do? Or is there really nothing to hide; is it an utter helplessness that shows, rather—as people caught in a lie or blunder will laugh instead of looking downcast, as if nothing had happened? No, this can only be a façade. We may assume that some responsible leaders are really quite different even today.

"We may distinguish the statesman from the politicians.

"Politicians of vital élan may achieve and realize their power by extraordinary skill and daring. They seem like tigers in their unshakable presence of mind, inhibited only by the self-discipline imposed by their goal, which is power as such. To them, the people are a mass to be manipulated so that it will



obey, work, and keep quiet. The statesman, on the other hand, is guided by moral-political ideas in the framework of a historic situation. His existence convinces and forms a nation. He does not produce imitators but successors.

"Mere politicians relish power, enjoy its appearance, and may perhaps unthinkingly content themselves with the seeming grandeur of noisily manifested temporary power. The statesman, on the other hand, wants the power that enables him to perform his great task. He is sensitive to fluctuations of real power, so as to meet any present danger, but he cares nothing for the pomp and panoply of his power; he would rather conceal it. He feels his position of power not as a claim on others but on himself—as a chance to work, not to swagger. He feels a responsibility that seems beyond human strength, though men must bear it."

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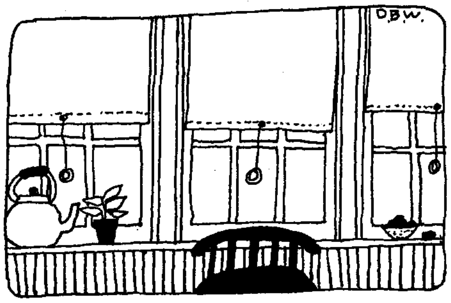
First Days of J

AT 11:34 P.M. last Tuesday, Arnie Rosenthal's "The Big Giveaway," New York cable television's first game show, began live narrowcasting on public-leased Channel J from a Manhattan Cable TV studio on East Twenty-third Street to eighty thousand apartments and houses and eight thousand hotel rooms and a couple hundred bars on the southern half of Manhattan Island. "Giveaway's" gimmick: the contestants are the viewers, who phone in and answer questions and win prizes. "With my luck," said "Giveaway" m.c. Marc Dash, a thirty-year-old standup comic whose credits include commercials for Volvo and M & M's and appearances at Catch A Rising Star (the East Side showcase where Freddie Prinze got his start) and the Roostertail in Detroit, "there will be only an old woman and a dead beaver out there watching."

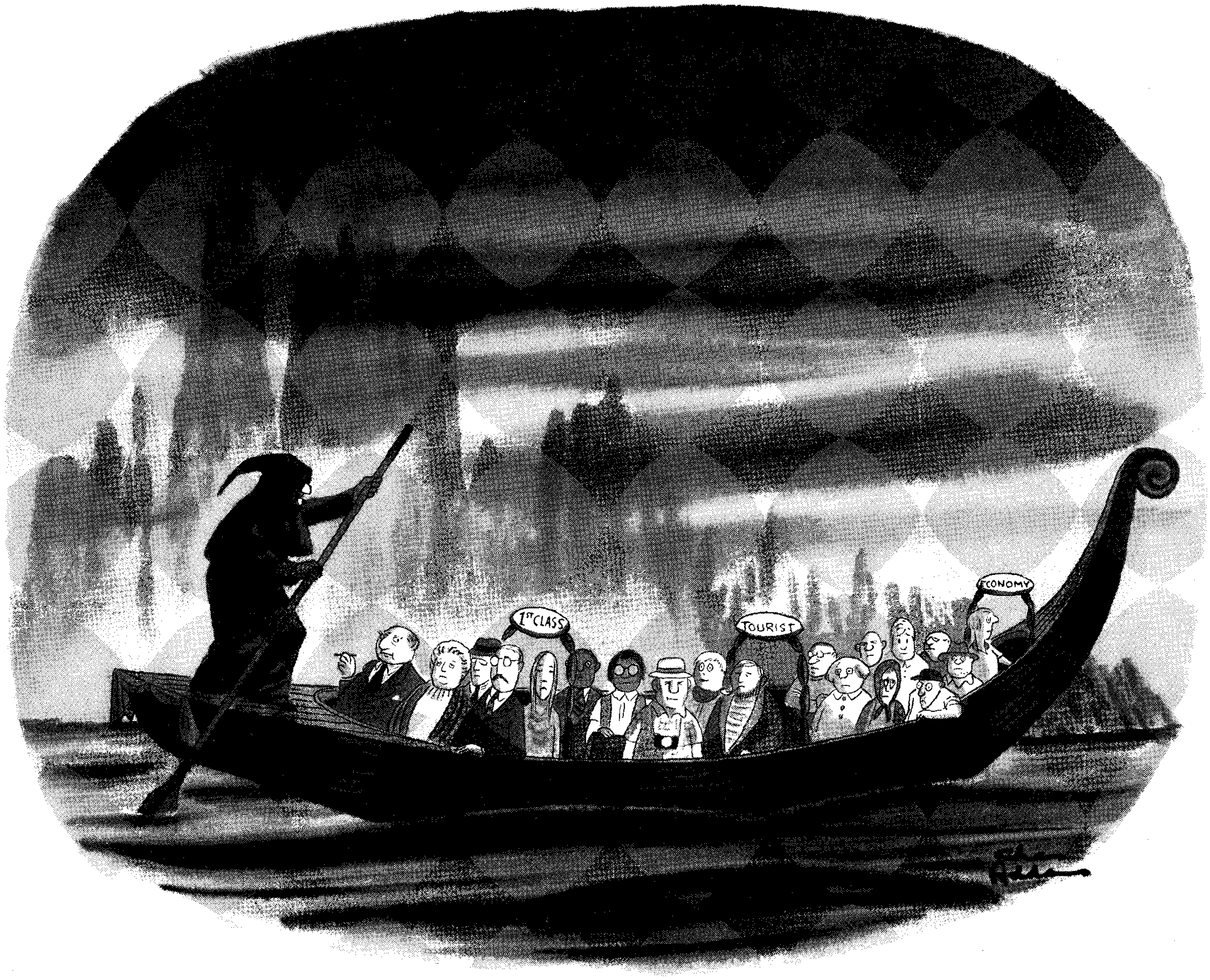
Dash and Carrie Klein, the Giveaway Lady, a twenty-five-year-old dancer who's been dividing her time between France and New York for the last four years, prepared to ad-lib their way through half an hour—they were standing in front of a set representing the Twenty-third Street East Side I.R.T. station, and neither one had ever done a live TV show before—but within seconds the phones were ringing, and a man named Corky won an Aqua-Vibrator Showerhead for correctly identifying Margaret Dumont as the woman who had had a leading role in the most Marx Brothers pictures. A man named Fred answered the question with "Margaret Rutherford" and was awarded a consolation prize. So many people called up to answer the eight other questions "Giveaway" had time for (and win an Ajay tennis racquet, Arista record albums, a Proctor-Silex toaster, and a pair of ducats to a Carole King concert at the Beacon Theatre, among other things) that the 260 telephone exchange was congested, and the telephone company estimates that at least five hundred calls failed to go through. In the control room next door to the studio, Arnie Rosenthal—he's a twenty-four-year-old musician (strings and keyboard) who's currently living with his folks in Valley Stream so he can afford to produce three different shows a week for Channel J, the two others being music shows—was jubilant. "My family didn't even have to call once," he said. "We did it."

Two minutes before show time, the turntable in the control room wasn't working—it was needed for the intro and the "Name That Tune" seg of the show—and at show time itself there was a short in the sound cable. But the turntable started working in a few minutes and the cable was fixed in four minutes (that's why "Giveaway" went on at eleven-thirty-four), and now Rosenthal had some demographics and could relax and watch the next show on Channel J, an hour-long sex talk show, and think about lining up sponsors for "Giveaway"—at what he calls "negotiable" prices. Manhattan Cable's Channel J, which itself went into operation only last week, charges producers fifty dollars for an hour show, but the producers can sell commercials. Both Manhattan Cable and TelePrompTer, the outfit that services northern Manhattan Island, operate under franchise from the city, and they have to maintain a couple of so-called public-access channels, for anyone who wants to put on a television show. The two previously existing channels, C and D, have so far been dominated by a relatively small number of producers without much wherewithal who grabbed up most of the available time. The ambition of a lot of the producers seems to have been to become the hosts of their own talk shows. New rules will put more shows on C and D by limiting the number of hours available to each producer. J, however, which Manhattan Cable TV—it's a Time-Life subsidiary—calls a public-leased channel, encourages production values by putting cable producers into business but letting them start out small. And J comes at a time when cable TV, according to experts, is on the verge of the big time. Diane Martin, the knowledgeable young editor of *Cable TV World*, which is a biweekly *TV Guide* for New York cable TV, says happily that her business is so good she now has competition, in the form of the three-week-old *Cable Week*. Diane went into business last May with a press run of five thousand. Today, *Cable TV World* has a circulation of thirty thousand. Richard Pinkham, of Ted Bates & Company, *Variety* reported last week, sees "dark clouds ahead for commercial TV as an advertising tool and blue skies for cable and other smaller communications media." And William Donnelly, of Young & Rubicam, in a recent speech, has pointed to what he calls "a magical and critical number": "thirty per cent penetration for cable television." There are almost eleven million television sets in the country today wired for cable, and that, says Donnelly, already gives cable "15.3 per cent penetration of U.S. television homes," which means, when you figure it out, that there are over seventy million homes with TV sets in them in the country. By 1981, he estimates, thirty-three per cent of all sets will be wired for cable. And then he reminds us that soap operas and "Gunsmoke" left radio for television as soon as thirty per cent of the nation's households had TVs, and that advertisers started making all their commercials in color as soon as thirty per cent of the nation's TV owners bought color sets.



According to Donnelly: "In 1980, cable television will have the bone structure for a quantum leap followed by an effectively wired nation a decade later."

According to Diane Martin: "The variety available on cable today is already astounding—six hundred programs a week in New York seen only on cable. Things are moving very fast right now—I've just heard from a woman named Francine Schiff that she's lined up Finnair to sponsor a talk show she's starting on J in April. The networks are already nervous about cable broadcasting. No, I've said that wrong. Cable's so new and so exciting



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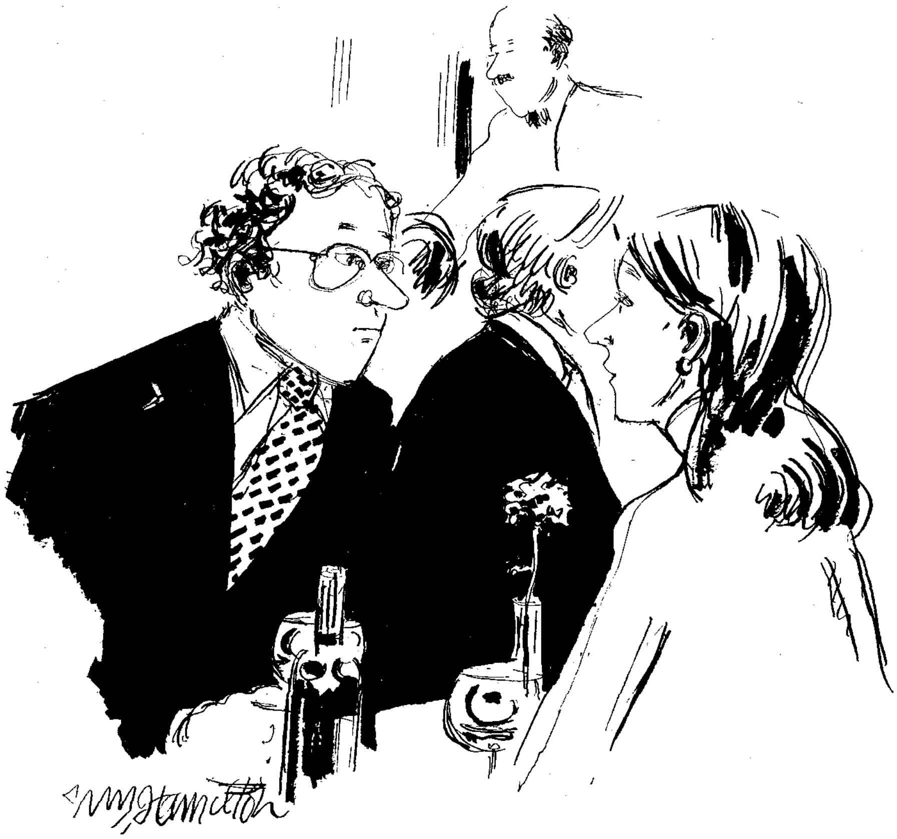
I can't always remember to use the language. They say 'narrowcasting,' not 'broadcasting,' because the whole thing goes out underground, to specific places. And don't say 'over the air.' "

And Frank Watkins, who must already be called the mogul of Channel J, because he is producing four shows a week—one more than Arnie Rosenthal—says, "The opportunity's back." Watkins, twenty-seven years old, is presenting "The History Machine," which is a powerful package on twentieth-century American history written by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and is cable's first Channel 13-type series; "Major Minds of Our Times," which features discourses by Jerome Bruner, John Kenneth Galbraith, Buckminster Fuller, and so on; "Provisional Government," a political-science program, with Jack Oppenheim; and an entertaining one-man talk show—the talker being Harold Steinberg, the New York publisher who made a million dollars republishing the 1897 Sears, Roebuck catalogue. Watkins is also developing cable's first sitcom. He's now rounding up sponsors and asking seventy dollars for a half-minute spot, with a bonus spot if an advertiser signs up for thirteen ads. One of the plusses he has to offer is the services of his directing team, Marcia Rock and Stacy Keating, experts in color techniques, who can make one-camera productions look like three-camera productions. The main problem left to be solved in cable—so Watkins says he's learned from his talks with the big ad agencies—is "pinpointing the demographics;" that is, determining just who is watching what, when. So he's working on that one, too. "It's like Hollywood when it was still Astoria," Frank Watkins says, summing it up.

Symbols

SHUTTLED off the other evening to nation's capital for quick run-through of opening of Venturi & Rauch's four-hundred-thousand-dollar, superspectacular Bicentennial celebration of modern American domesticity, "Signs of Life: Symbols in the American City," with contributions from a slew of American citizens, corporations, and government agencies, and presented at the Smithsonian's historic Renwick Gallery, which is situated catercornered from the White House and right next door to Blair House, the official guesthouse of the United States. The Venturi of Venturi & Rauch is Robert Venturi, the Philadelphia architect whose book "Learning from Las Vegas," written in collaboration with Denise Scott Brown and Steven Izenour, galvanized aestheticians by showing that "strip" architecture—the endless miles of trailer parks, gas stations, used-car lots, Taco Bells, etc., etc., etc., that fan out from every American metropolis—has its own validity. The Washington show, which was in preparation for a year and a half, and will be on view for the next



"When I fell in love with you, suddenly your eyes didn't seem close together. Now they seem close together again."

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six months, is a dense collage of photographs and artifacts—of *everything*, in fact, that Venturi and his colleagues in the firm see as representative of contemporary Americana.

For example, there is a carefully constructed suburban "family room," complete with portable TV (broadcasting silently), an empty Coke can standing on a current *TV Guide*, and sliding doors overlooking a patio. Suspended about the room are flat, two-foot-wide white cartoon talk balloons that say what Venturi & Rauch says these artifacts are saying. The room's plaid sofa says "COMFORTABLE CHIPPENDALE." The little wooden bar, stage right, says "COUNTRY COLONIAL." A lawn chair out on the patio says "REGENCY STYLE." For another example, in a large and sparkling room labelled "The Strip" are a giant McDonald's Golden Arch, a huge orange Union 76 revolving globe, a full-sized '56 Ford Fairlane billboard ("4 Bedrooms, 3 Baths, and 2 Fords"), a promotional-sized pair of Lee denim coveralls with a fifteen-foot inseam, and many other illuminated signs, including an intricate neon job (for a plumber) with sequential blue neon water droplets falling from a white neon faucet to end up in a snazzy blue neon splash. Absent from "The Strip" at the opening was the biggest single item in the show—an eighteen-by-forty-eight-foot billboard (of a girl with yards of billowing blond hair) for a Los Angeles radio station. The billboard was some five hundred miles from Washington that night in a truck, because the billboard owners and the trucking company had got their signals crossed. We were told that the trucking company had dramatically flown a second driver to the truck to join the first driver so that the giant semi could proceed non-stop, and that the two men thereafter stopped only for meals and to phone in their position to Washington.

A unique and striking feature of the show, which soon caught our eye even amidst the generous welter of impressions, is the use of amazingly detailed color-photo murals of American street scenes, photographed by one of Venturi & Rauch's photographers, Stephen Shore. Shore, who came up to Washington for the opening from his next Bicentennial assignment—he was in Alabama for Seagram's as one of twenty-two photographers who are recording most of the three thousand one hundred and one county courthouses in the United States—explained that the murals are a triumph of Japanese pointillism. "You can take a thirty-five-millimetre slide," he told us, "and make a two-hundred-square-foot photograph out of it that looks just like it. Only bigger. It's a Japanese process that 3M now has the rights to in this country. Four little scanners look for red, blue, yellow, and black in your picture, and they're connected through a computer to four tiny ink sprayers in a drum, which moves across the surface of the mural spritzing zillions of minute dots of red, blue, yellow, and black ink. You have to be within six inches of the mural to see the dots."

"These murals cost us five dollars a square foot," said Steven Izenour, "Vegas" co-author and the Venturi & Rauch associate who assembled the Washington show. "Now they are selling for about ten dollars a square foot, but they're still one of the cheaper wall coverings available. So far, almost the only people buying them have been restaurants, and all they've wanted have been landscapes of the sort you see at the Kodak mural in Grand Central Station, but 3M's been down to see the show, and they were excited by the idea of marketing all kinds of giant photographs. Our firm is designing three more shows, all of which will open in the next month or so—we have just begun to fight—and at the next one, 'Two Hundred Years of American Sculpture,' which opens March 15th at the Whitney, in New York, we're using a Stephen Shore fifty-footer behind some David Smith sculptures, and a thirty-foot-high shot of a statue of a Greek slave girl on the front of the museum. It'll be a knockout."

Nine hundred and thirty-six people came to Venturi & Rauch's opening. They drank champagne, beer, and Coke and ate miniature hamburgers and hot dogs and diminutive slices of pizza. The Renwick Gallery is crowded with nine hundred and thirty-six people in it, and Stephen Shore and his friend Sarah Paley said they found it peculiar to stand in a throng and gaze at the suburban living room from behind a rope, because the night before, helping to hang the show, they had sat around in the room and watched Johnny Carson while they taped black strips around the edges of all the oversized cartoon talk balloons. Now they felt dispossessed. Steven Izenour didn't feel that way at all. "Well, we made it," he said. "We finished putting the show together at seven o'clock tonight, so we had an hour to shower and change, which was just enough time. The only problem we've really had with the show, aside from the tardy billboard, has been the Coke can in the suburban living room. The gallery's cleaning people keep throwing it away."

Burns

George Burns, who has been in show business for seventy-three years and has decided to celebrate his eighty-first year on earth by staying busy, finally got around to his Carnegie Hall début one recent Sunday night. The whole thing lasted fifty minutes. During this time, Burns started ten songs and finished one, finished one cigar and started another, smiled his famous crooked smile (the sly smirk that comes before a laugh line), flashed his less famous full smile (which comes while a laugh is in progress), danced a bit, and enjoyed himself very much. Carnegie Hall sold out for the evening, and the event was, altogether, a highly creditable début.

A couple of days before we saw George Burns in concert, we met him for lunch at the Friars Club. It is gratifying to report that during lunch he told us very few jokes that he later repeated in Carnegie Hall. Actually, Burns doesn't tell many jokes these days; rather, he recounts incidents from his life which are amusing to begin with and which he embellishes until they achieve a high-gloss funniness. At the Friars Club, where we were joined by his manager, Irving Fein, and by Goodman Ace, the comedy writer, Burns was in smooth shape. Most things connected with George Burns are smooth—the way he dresses, the way he smokes a cigar, the way he talks. He wore a turquoise turtleneck, a gray sports jacket, and gray slacks; smoked an El Producto in an orange plastic holder; and drank a Martini with five cocktail onions. When it came time to order lunch, he asked for "scrambled eggs and onions—soft." Ace decided to have the same thing, and then the two of them talked about show business.

Burns said, "Goody, didn't I help you out when you played the Chicago Theatre one time?"

"That's right, George—1932," said Ace, whose entire vaudeville career lasted one week. "It was seven-thirty in the morning and I was standing in the middle of the stage looking up at some electrician who was messing up the lights, and I heard this voice from behind me say, 'Don't worry. Everything's going to be all wrong.' I turned around and it was you. And you were right."

"You know, I just played Buffalo," said Burns. "The last time I was there was forty-four years ago, and I—ah, I—ah, I—ah, I was a big hit, so they brought me back."

"George always worked very hard on his material," Ace explained to us. "Both he and Jack Benny did that. That's why they were so great. They kept improving their acts. Say, George, did I ever tell you about the time I saw this act at the Capitol Theatre and this singer—I think it was Benny Davis—finished a song and said, 'Now how would you like to meet the little lady who was responsible for making that a hit?'—it was his wife—and these two guys stood up in the front row and yelled, 'No, we *wouldn't* like to meet her!' "

Burns hesitated a moment, then said, "Goody, just because we're such good friends, I'll tell you that you weren't even *in* the Capitol Theatre that day. I was there, and I told *you* that story."

While Ace protested, Burns began telling a story himself. "I used to sing a song that went, 'If you can't see Mama every night, you can't see Mama at all'—a good song," he said. "When I'm in Beverly Hills, I—ah, I—ah, I—ah eat lunch most days at the Hillcrest Country Club, and usually Groucho Marx is there. One day, he took the line from the song and he made it into sea bass—'If you can't sea bass every night, you can't see Mama at all.' He told me the joke and I laughed the first time, just to be polite, because it wasn't a very funny joke, but Groucho, if he likes a joke, will use it eight, ten times at the same sitting. So—uh, so—uh, so—uh whenever we were together, which was just about every day, I avoided ordering sea bass just so I wouldn't have to hear that line. Finally, one day I see it on the menu and I decide to have it and don't

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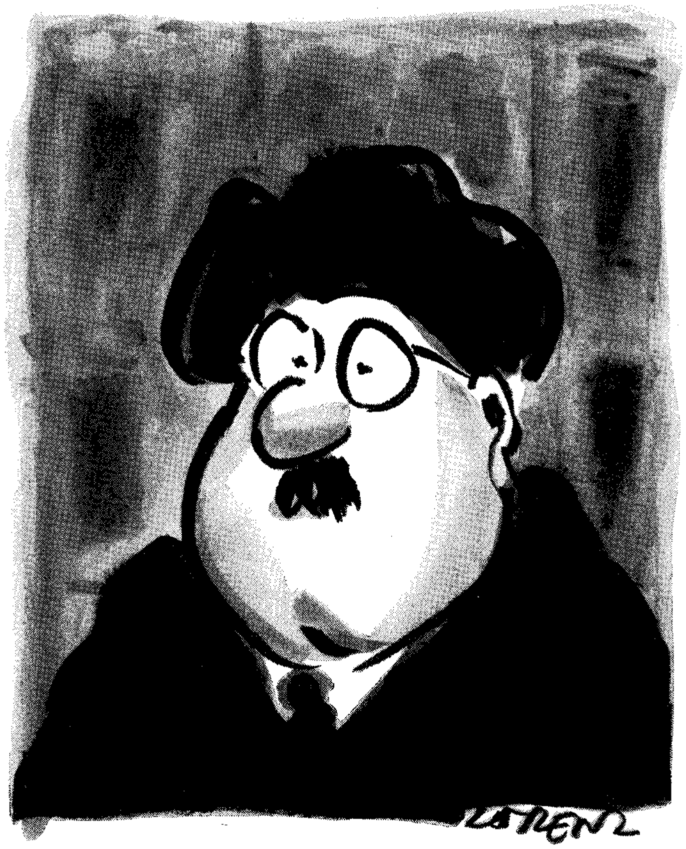
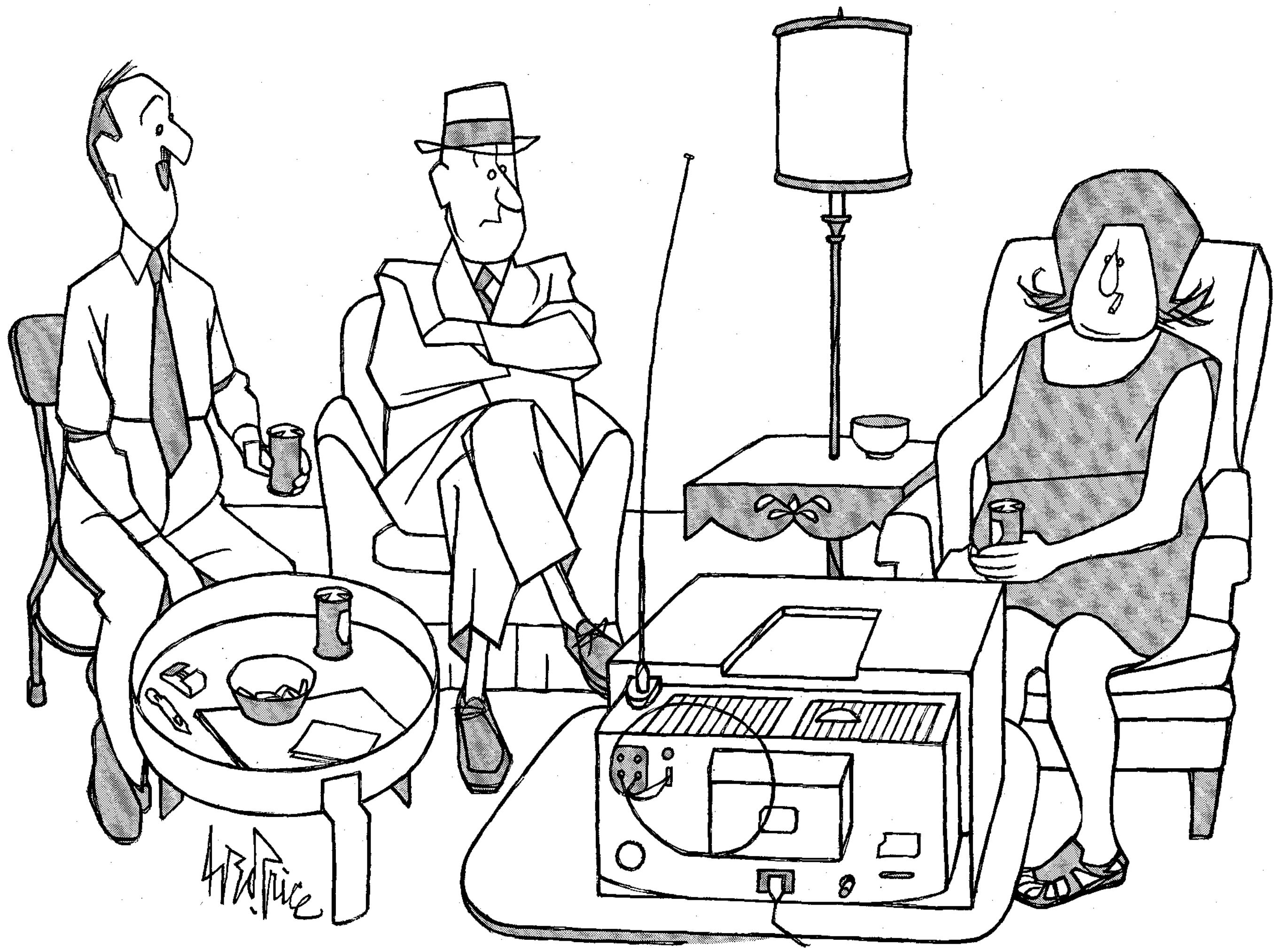
HEADLINE-MAKERS

WARREN T. OAKLEY

BRIDGE CITY, IDAHO



Visiting the Soviet Union as a member of a U.S. trade mission, Mr. Warren T. Oakley was the central figure this week in a bizarre incident that threatened to have international repercussions. While strolling with his wife down Moscow's Tchaikovsky Street near the American Embassy, Mr. Oakley's hearing aid suddenly melted, singeing his left earlobe and ruining a recently purchased Siberian-sealskin topcoat. Although Soviet spokesmen officially denied that microwaves beamed at the Embassy to disrupt electronic-surveillance equipment were responsible, Mr. Oakley's hearing aid and coat were replaced by the Russian government, "in the spirit of détente." Neither Mr. Oakley nor his wife was available to the press, but a senior officer at the American Embassy said the matter was now officially closed.



"Hon, would you stand up a minute? I want Mr. Ellengast to see your regal bearing."

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want Groucho to hear, so I whisper to the waiter, 'I'll have the sea bass, please,' and the waiter leans down and says, 'If you can't sea bass every night, you can't see Mama at all.' "

Ace laughed, and said, "George, you made that up."

"Yeah, I did," Burns said. "But just the first part."

We asked George Burns how it felt to be finally appearing at Carnegie Hall.

"I'm only playing Carnegie Hall because the Jefferson Theatre on Fourteenth Street wasn't available," he said. "Actually, the reason I'm here is because if you're old enough you get to be new. When you play Carnegie Hall, you don't have to have a good memory."

When we asked him what that remark meant, he said, "Listen, I say a lot of things. Some are funny and some aren't. Also, I'm a little nervous."

"He's not nervous one bit," Irving Fein interjected.

"Irving's right," Burns corrected himself. "I've been doing this too long to be nervous. When I was young, I was so bad the audience was nervous. And then I got a good partner. I said to Gracie 'How's your brother?' and she talked for thirty-eight years."

There was a phone call for Burns, and he left the table for a few minutes. When he came back, he explained that the call had been from Jesse Block, who, along with his wife, Eva Sully, once did a Burns-and-Allen-style vaudeville act. "Tell you a story about Jesse Block," Burns said. "Years ago, there was a columnist for the Hearst papers named John P. Medbury. He wrote two or three columns, one of which was called 'He & She.' Here's the joke. 'He: A funny thing happened to my mother in Cleveland. She: I thought you were born in Buffalo.' Good joke. We used it in our act for a while, and Jesse Block was using it at the same time. He calls me up one day and says, 'That's our joke. You've got to stop using it.' I say, 'What do you mean? It was in John Medbury's column. We both stole it from the same place.' And Jesse says, 'Yeah, but I stole it from the first edition.' "

As coffee was served, Ace and Burns both lit up cigars, and Ace recalled Al Boasberg, a jeweller and joke writer from Buffalo, who once stood up in a theatre and shouted, "Is there a Christian Scientist in the house?" When one lady raised her hand, Boasberg said, "Would you mind changing seats with me? I'm sitting in a draft."

Burns told his own Boasberg story, and then his attention was diverted by someone who wanted to say hello. When George Burns visits the Friars Club, he attracts notice: the members nudge each other; whisper, and nod in his direction; they wave, he waves back. Now a man came to the table, looked at Burns, touched his fingertips to his lips, kissed them, then spread his arms wide, bowed, and said, "I *love* you." When the man left, we asked Burns if he minded all the fuss. "Do I *mind* it? Of course not," he said. "I love it. This is show business and I'm George Burns. If they stopped over and said, 'Hello, Sam Newman,' it would bother me a little. People say—uh, say—uh, say—uh, 'When are you gonna retire, George?' I say I *am* retired—you think show business is work?"

A CONFIDENT MAN

"HERE's another one," Brian says. He holds up the envelope for his wife to see, and out flops a fat packet onto the kitchen table. It is composed of a sheet of paper covered with his grandfather's scribble and a bunch of clippings from the *Jersey Journal:* sports columns, fix-it columns, homilies from Abigail Van Buren, investment advice from Sam Shulsky.

"I'm glad Ike thinks of us, but what are we supposed to do with all this junk?" Brian says. "Just once I wish he'd phone."

Ike lives with Frieda, Brian's grandmother, in Hoboken. He isn't actually Brian's grandfather; when Ike married Frieda she was a widow with three grown children, and they had no children of their own. Ike and Frieda live in Frieda's old apartment in the middle of the city, close to a park and the school that Brian's mother attended as a girl. The rent is reasonable, but they must be careful with their money, and even though Brian and Rhea are nearby, in Brooklyn, Ike rarely calls. It is not only a question of money, however; Ike is a proud man and thinks that at twenty-eight his grandson should take the initiative and call him. He loves writing letters, and he scans the newspaper for information on anything that might help or interest them.

Brian sifts through this week's collection and plucks out the letter. He looks at it for a few seconds, then tosses it across the table to Rhea.

"Damn!" he says. "Grandma's sick."

"Again? What is it this time?"

"He doesn't say, only that she's in the hospital."

Rhea rests her elbows on the table and stares down at the letter. "Well, call your mother," she says. "She'll know what's going on, though I'm surprised she didn't tell us."

Brian shakes his head. "Can you imagine Ike without Frieda? He'll melt," he says.

"Nobody's going to melt, Brian. And don't invent trouble. Just pick up the phone and call."

His mother says that Frieda is in the hospital for tests. Some nausea, some dizziness, so the doctor has put her in St. Mary's for a few days. Nothing to worry about.

"See?" Rhea says after Brian has hung up. "You can relax now. Frieda'll be fine."

"But what about him? He's eighty-eight years old. He'll be all alone. He could have one of *his* dizzy spells. He could fall off the stepladder. Who'd know?"

"Don't worry about Isaac," she says. "The man's a rock. Have you ever seen anything bother him? Has anyone?"

He tries to remember and concedes that Rhea is probably right. After all, he reasons, Ike has survived three awesome attacks on his person: cancer, heart disease, and the Ku Klux Klan. Ike is small, only five feet four inches, but his chest is bull-like and his great arms and hands suggest the strength he once possessed. Frieda, on the other hand, is often ailing. She suffers from diabetes and arthritis, and has been hospitalized several times in the past few years. The diseases make her irritable; she squawks at Ike without provocation, but Brian has never seen Ike lose his temper at her.

Two nights later, Brian and Rhea go to the theatre, their first evening out in weeks. Brian calls Frieda's room at intermission to see if the test results are in, and his mother tells him that Frieda has just died. He can't speak, just hands the phone to Rhea, who greets her mother-in-law with a cheerful "How's she doing?" before she hears the news.

AFTER the funeral, the mourners gather in Hoboken, at Ike and Frieda's apartment. They sit around Frieda's oak dining table eating bagels and drinking coffee. They speak philosophically about old age and the end of suffering. Ike sits slumped on a shivah box, crying quietly, his eyes red, his glasses misted over.

Before leaving for Brooklyn, Brian kisses his grandfather and, still crouched beside him, promises to return soon. When he calls a few days later to announce a visit for the weekend, Ike says, "O.K., dear," and hangs up. Brian cannot recall a shorter conversation.

That Saturday, Brian takes the Hudson Tubes to Hoboken. Ike does not answer the doorbell, and a neighbor says she doesn't know where he is. Brian wanders around for a while, and eventually finds Ike in the park. Ike is sitting on a bench next to the basketball court. Some girls are shooting baskets, but he ignores them and stares at the cement. He is wearing an old mouse-gray coat and a crisp green hat. He does not seem troubled by the February cold.

"What the hell are you doing out here?" Brian yells. "You want pneumonia?"

Ike just sits there.

"Who's gonna give me supper tonight if you get sick? Come on, Grandpa, lean on me," Brian says, and guides Ike back to his apartment.

The place smells musty; the windows have not been opened for days. Ike is still in mourning, so the mirrors remain covered. Brian follows Ike into the kitchen, where waxy yellow bakery bags are scattered over the counter.

"Who's going to take care of me?" Ike says. "Grandma, rest her soul, was such a fine lady, a beautiful lady. . . ."

Brian helps Ike off with his coat and hangs it in the closet near the front door. He throws his own coat on the living-room couch and sits on it. He stares at Frieda's oak sideboard, a museum of family photographs. Brian's picture, taken when he finished basic training in the Air Force, stands next to old service photos of his uncles. One uncle stands on a tank, the other waves from the cockpit of a captured Messerschmitt.

Ike shuffles around in the kitchen, folding up the empty bags and carefully placing them in a closet. He has taken off his shoes. He calls out to Brian and asks, "Do you want something to eat?"

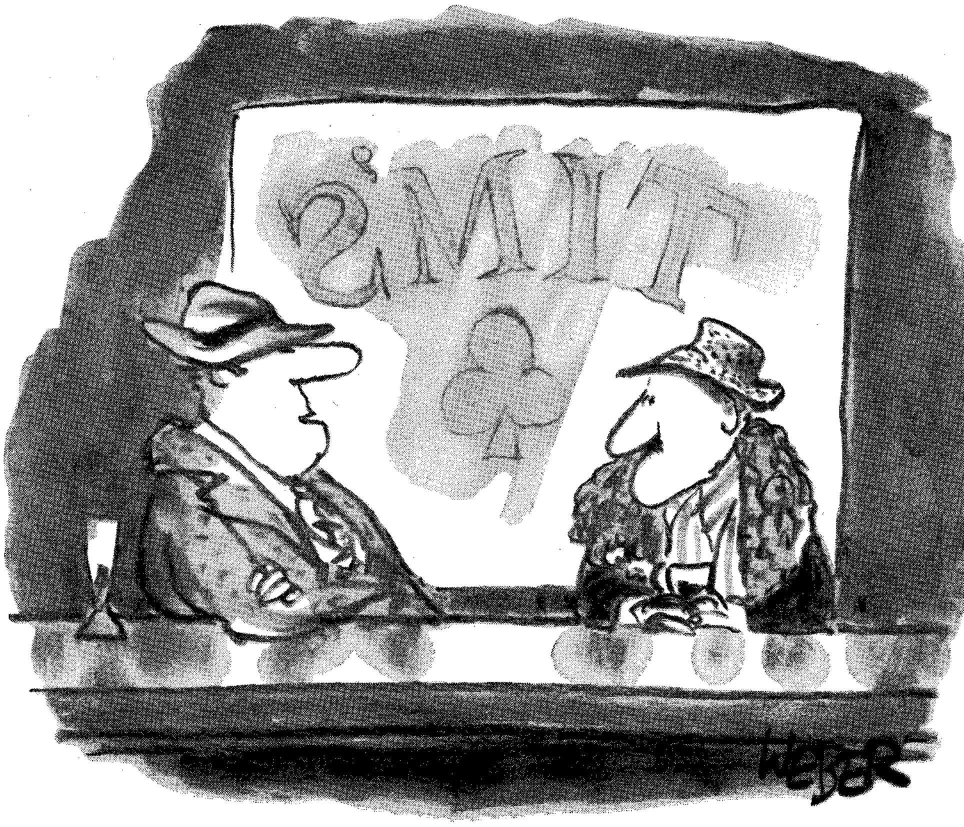
"Sure. Thanks," Brian says.

Ike slices two stale bagels open and puts them in the oven. After a few minutes he removes them, protecting his hands with a dish towel. He serves Brian at the kitchen table but eats his own bagel leaning against the sink.

"I've got to get away, Brian," he says. "I've got to go somewhere. See some country. What I would give to see San Francisco again."

"San Francisco?" Brian says. "Grandpa, you couldn't make it to Washington Street for the bus to New York. Anyway, it's freezing."

"Can't we take a ride, then? A trip, a short trip . . . Listen, Sonny, I don't



"I venture to state, sir, I am the only person you've met who's ever actually been in the World Trade Center."

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ask nobody for anything, but I need this. I need to get away. I have the money."

"Well, California is a bit far."

"No. No jokes now, Brian."

"Grandpa, this is ridiculous. It's thirteen degrees out there, and Rhea would be furious."

"Please, Brian."

"I don't know. Maybe we can go tomorrow. Let me call home."

He has to dial several times; his finger keeps slipping.

"You're insane. I swear, you're both insane," Rhea says when he tells her what Ike wants to do. "What's the matter with him anyway?"

"How the hell do I know?" Brian says. "But I can't say no, can I? Maybe he's got to shift gears."

"At his age he should shift inside."

"Well, he wants to go someplace and I'm going to take him, but don't worry, I'll bring him back in one piece."

Rhea considers this. "Christ," she says. "All right, I'll drive over and we can go by car."

Ike has dinner ready when Rhea arrives. Brian and Rhea sit down to eat, but Ike goes into the bedroom and shuts the door behind him.

After dinner, Brian washes the dishes while Rhea flips through a copy of *Forbes* that Ike has been reading. When Brian is finished, he goes out for the *Times*. He doesn't like to get the early edition—the sports section won't have any accounts of the previous night's games, and is therefore worthless to him—but they're thinking of buying a house, so the real-estate section is a necessity. He has to go to Washington Street, four blocks away, to find a candy store, and by the time he returns Rhea has made up the convertible couch and is watching a movie on television. The house is a depressing subject because they haven't been able to save much money in the two years they've been married. Still, they search dutifully through the ads and circle a few possibilities. Brian will make some phone calls on Monday.

WHEN he was a small child, Brian didn't understand why his grandmother smiled at her visitors, then screamed insults after them when they left; or why she scolded him for being dirty, then for talking back when he was only trying to explain. In Frieda's apartment, Brian used Ike as a shield—trailing him even into the bathroom, where Ike talked of his wanderings and traced maps on the mirror with his lather brush as he shaved.

Ike was born in Russia and brought to Jersey City by his mother when he was six years old. He told Brian one time, "I don't let people know I'm an immigrant. Doesn't make a damn bit of difference how long you're here, you're still a foreigner."

Ike's business career had begun at eleven. "Remember Booth?" he said to Brian. "The Salvation Army fella? Well, whenever he came into Hoboken on the Lackawanna, he'd pop his head out the window, and there I'd be, clear across from Jersey City, waving the paper in his face. He always bought from me." Brian did not remember Booth, of course, but it hardly mattered. He could imagine the train rolling into Hoboken on a cold morning, the passengers stamping down the platform as they hurried for the ferry to Manhattan. The newsboys would swarm around, crying for pennies like baby birds beseeching food, and there Isaac would be, the loudest bird, coaxing the great man's coins.

Later, Ike peddled wallets, almanacs, watches, and patent medicines—he was a department store on wheels. "I've had a fine time," he liked to say. "I went by myself, drove all over the country. My own man! That's the thing."

In a restaurant in Georgia one time, some man asked Ike to join the Ku Klux Klan. "Now, I have nothing against the colored man, understand," he once explained to Brian, "and there was no way I'd let some jackass in a bedsheet tell *me* what to do. And, of course, I'm Jewish. So one fellow says, 'It's all right—you're what we call a white Jew.' Well, I hit that bastard with my white fist and ran out of there like a sonuvabitch."

For a while Ike sold steamer tickets to prospectors bound for Alaska. Then he crossed the continent himself, logging thousands of miles in a Model A. He was selling tractors in British Columbia when his mother died. He returned to New Jersey and took a job in the Bethlehem shipyard in Hoboken; the Second World War had begun and the yard was booming. Ike was fifty-five years old. He rented a room in a boarding house a few blocks from work.

Ike was strutting down Washington Street one snowy morning when he approached a woman struggling with a shovel in front of a millinery shop. Chivalrous Ike stopped, handed her his hat, took up the shovel, and pushed the snow into the gutter. The lady in distress was Frieda, and she invited Ike to call on her at her apartment on Willow Avenue.

It was two flights up and Ike could vault these flights in seconds. The apartment turned out to be a dim grove of oak furniture. Frieda, a widow, lived with her unmarried daughter. The daughter was Brian's mother. There were also two sons, both of whom were soldiers serving in Europe. Frieda liked Isaac. He was not graceful, but he was honest and handsome and strong. He would take care of her and she would care for him. It was time, Ike decided, to stay put.

SUNDAY morning is cold and sunny. At breakfast Ike tells them he thinks maybe he'd like to make a trip to Long Island. Brian and Rhea bundle Ike into Brian's Dodge, and they set out for Penn Station. Brian wanted to drive all the way out to the Island, but Ike says that it is his trip and if he doesn't drive no one will. "You just get us to the station," he tells Brian. "I'll pay for parking and the train tickets."

Ike buys three round-trip tickets to Port Jefferson, far out on the North Shore. It will be a long ride. On the train, when the conductor calls out the stations Ike intones along with him: "Greenlawn, Northport, Kings Park, Smithtown . . ."

"You know the island?" Rhea asks.

"Of course," Ike says.

Later, Rhea says, "What will you do with yourself now, Grandpa? It might be nice for you to stay with Uncle Barney. He has that huge house in Larchmont."

"Nah," Ike says. "He's already offered and I appreciate it, but I like to look after myself. You're not saying I can't look after myself?" Ike pulls on Rhea's ear. "Don't mess with me, sister."

In Port Jefferson they eat lunch in a diner. Brian reaches for the check, but Ike pushes his hand away. "This is on me," he says.

Ike decides to show them the ferryboat, and they walk toward the slip past a row of stores, most of which are closed for the day, and past frosted lawns and old frame houses. The sidewalks are icy, so Rhea takes Ike's arm.

"Man oh man, it's cold," he says. "I've seen worse, of course, but this will do for now."

At the waterfront they learn that they've missed the ferry by a good five months; there's no service to Bridgeport in winter.

"Now, how did I forget that?" Ike says.

"It doesn't matter," Brian says. "Maybe we ought to be getting back anyway."

"Are you tired, Grandpa?" Rhea asks.

"I'm just fine," Ike says. "Your grandmother, she didn't like to travel. It was hard on her—not that I'm criticizing, mind."

Ike leans against a boarded-up snack stand. "I guess I'll have to start cooking for myself," he says. "I used to do it on the road. I carried the same frying pan through thirty states. . . . God, will you look at that water!"

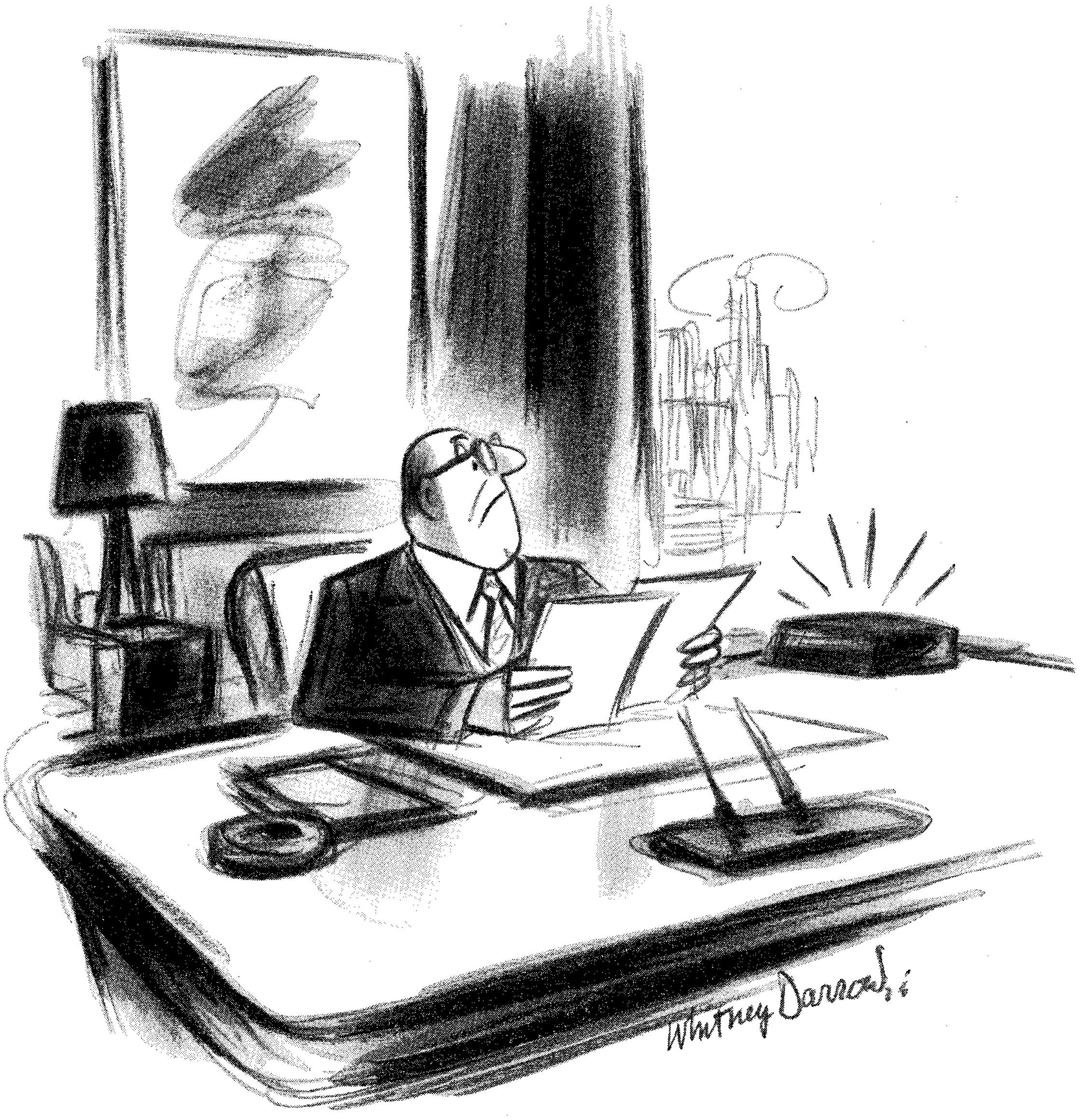
"We can do this again, you know," Brian says.

"Thanks, but you're both busy. I know."

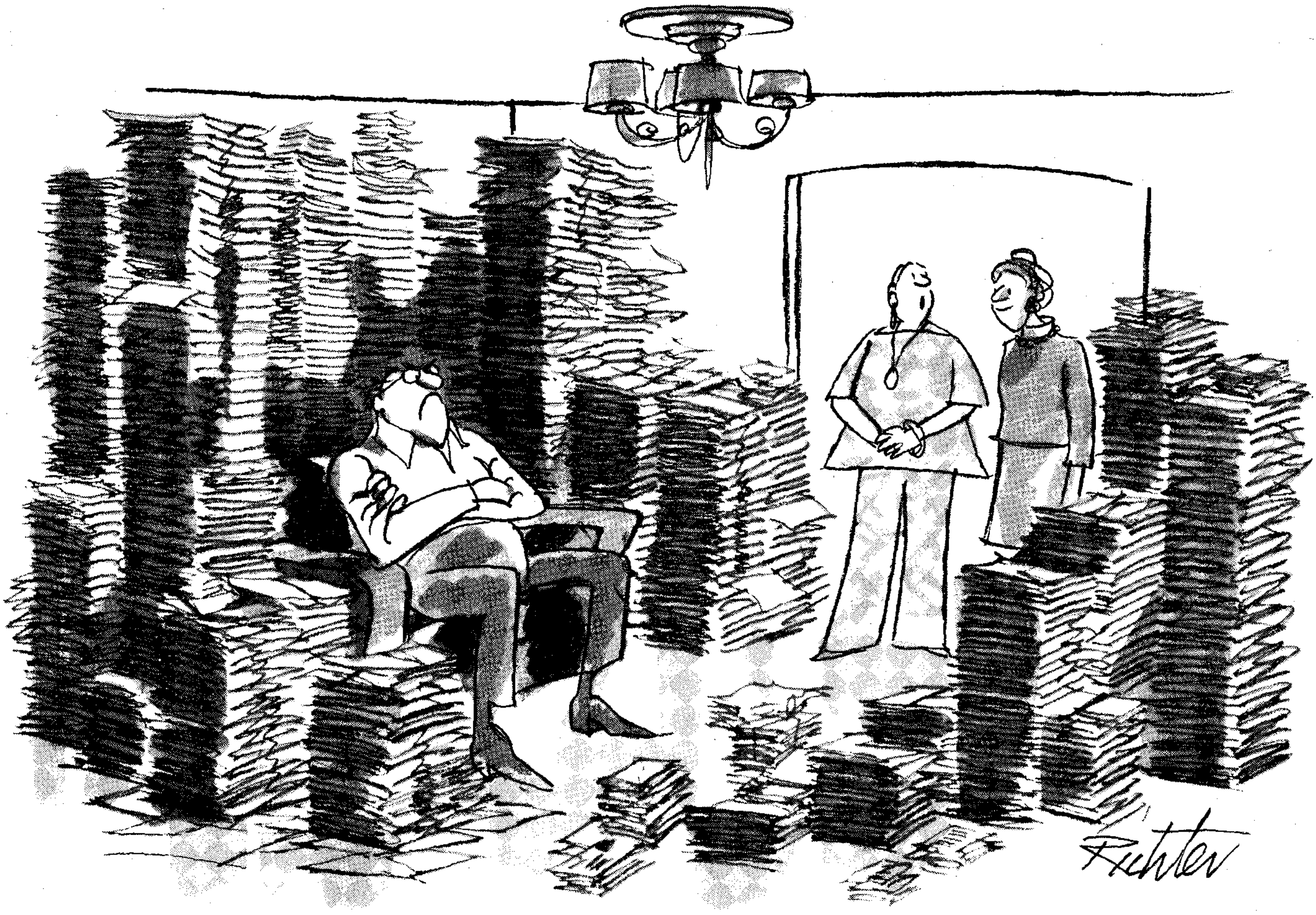
They take a taxi back to the station, where they learn they have a half-hour wait for the next train to Manhattan.

Rhea and Brian flank Ike on a wooden bench in the waiting room. "You won't topple this way," Rhea says. Ike is soon snoring. Brian reads a timetable and Rhea stares at a window draped with ice. She is not worried about Ike; he said he'd be all right and she is eager to take him at his word. She likes the old man, but she finds it hard to believe his taller tales, and his exuberance disturbs her. On her first trip to Hoboken he had leaped at her from the doorway, roaring like a moose, and hugged her into the family.

By the time they pull up to Ike's apartment it is eleven o'clock. Brian es-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Mr. Edwards, this is your secretary, Melissa. When you have a moment, would you run down and get me a regular coffee and a pineapple Danish?"



"Harrison isn't giving his papers to anybody."

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corts Ike to the door while Rhea waits in the car. "You take care, now, Grandpa," Brian says. "We'll be in touch."

Then Brian heads the car toward the Holland Tunnel, and Rhea makes herself comfortable. It is warm and dark in the car, and the tires thrum evenly on the pavement.

"Help me find the exit for the tunnel," Brian says, "or we'll end up on the Jersey Turnpike."

Rhea points to the proper lane, and they pull up to a toll booth. "Can you call about those houses tomorrow?" Rhea asks.

"Sure, but will we have time for supper before we go looking?"

"You won't starve. We can stop at the deli."

They pass through the tunnel and Brian heads for the Brooklyn Bridge.

"He's going to die soon," Brian says.

"Yes," Rhea says.

" 'Yes'?" Brian is irritated.

"Yes," Rhea says. "He's old and he's going to die."

Brian glances at her, and then looks back at the road.

When they are home, Rhea asks Brian if he wants a sandwich, and while she rummages through the refrigerator Brian sets the table. Rhea takes out a bowl of tuna salad and some rolls, and starts making sandwiches.

"You know, you have the strangest attitude toward that man," she says.

"What's that supposed to mean? I love him."

"Sure you do. But are you worried about his death or fascinated?"

"He's old."

"I know that."

"And it's bound to be soon. He must know. I'd be terrified."

"But why should he be, Brian? Don't patronize the man, for God's sake."

"Rhea . . ."

"Call him, respect him. That's all you can do."

"O.K., O.K.," Brian says. He goes into the bedroom to get the weather report on the radio. He listens to an all-news station for a while. When he returns to the kitchen, he finds his place still set and Rhea making coffee.

"It's a good thing we went today," Brian says. "They expect three inches of snow tomorrow."

"Ike will be hitching up the huskies for the run to the store," Rhea says.

"He wouldn't do that to the huskies. He'd pull the sled himself."

"Look, I'm sorry," Rhea says.

"I need some coffee. You're forgiven."

Sitting there at the table, Brian recalls a time when he was nine years old and spent a weekend with his grandparents. On Saturday the weather was crummy and Brian was cranky, so Ike decided to take him to the movies. Ike bought Brian an ice-cream soda on the way to the theatre and a space mask with silver goggles once they were inside. They spent the entire afternoon watching Flash Gordon serials. Five hours of Buster Crabbe. By the time they got out of the theatre it was black and raining like hell. Brian was sure Frieda would murder them, but when he asked Ike what they'd do Ike said, "Don't worry, pal. It's nothing I can't handle. There's nothing in the world I can't handle."

—RICHARD SACKS

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PRE-CIVIL WAR STONE—4 bedroom home and 30 acres one mile from city limits of hysterical Hermann, Mo. on Hiway 100.—*Adv. in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

We need one more bedroom and less commotion.

THE BUTTERFLY

I

Should I say that you're dead?
You touched so brief a fragment
of time. There's much that's sad in
the joke God played.
I scarcely comprehend
the words "you've lived"; the date of
your birth and when you faded
in my cupped hand
are one, and not two dates.
Thus calculated,
your term is, simply stated,
less than a day.

II

It's clear that days for us
are nothings, zeros.
They can't be pinned down near us
to feed our eyes.
Whenever days stand stark
against white borders,
since they possess no bodies
they leave no mark.
They are like you. That is,
each butterfly's small plumage
is one day's shrunken image—
a tenth its size.

III

Should I say that, somehow,
you lack all being?
What, then, are my hands feeling
that's so like you?
Such colors can't be drawn
from nonexistence.
Tell me, at whose insistence
were yours laid on?
Since I'm a mumbling heap
of words, not pigments,
how could your hues be figments
of my conceit?

IV

There are, on your small wings,
black spots and splashes—
like eyes, birds, girls, eyelashes.
But of what things
are you the airy norm?
What bits of faces,
what broken times and places
shine through your form?
As for your *nature mortes*:
do they show dishes
of fruits and flowers, or fishes
displayed on boards?

V

Perhaps a landscape smokes
among your ashes,
and with thick reading glasses
I'll scan its slopes—
its beaches, dancers, nymphs.
Is it as bright as
the day, or dark as night is?
And could one glimpse—
ascending that sky's screen—
some blazing lantern?
And tell me, please, what pattern
inspired this scene?

VI

It seems to me you are
a protean creature,
whose markings mask a feature
of face, or stone, or star.
Who was the jeweller,
brow uncontracted,
who from our world extracted
your miniature—
a world where madness brings
us low, and lower,
where we are things, while you are
the thought of things?

VII

Why were these lovely shapes
and colors given
for your one day of life in
this land of lakes?
—a land whose dappled mir-
rors have one merit:
reflecting space, they store it.
Such brief existence tore
away your chance
to be captured, delivered,
within cupped hands to quiver—
the hunter's eye entrance.

VIII

You shun every response—
but not from shyness
or wickedness or slyness,
and not because
you're dead. Dead or alive,
to God's least creature
is given voice for speech, or
for song—a sign
that it has found a way
to bind together,
and stretch life's limits, whether
an hour or day.

IX

But you lack even this:
the means to utter
a word. Yet, probe the matter;
it's better thus.
You're not in Heaven's debt,
on Heaven's ledger.
It's not a curse, I pledge you,
that your small weight
and span rob you of tongue.
Sound's burden too is grievous.
And you're more speechless,
less fleshed, than time.

X

Living too brief an hour
for fear or trembling,
you spin, motelike, ascending
above this bed of flowers,
beyond the prison space
where past and future
combine to break, or batter,
our lives, and thus
when your path leads you far
to open meadows,
your pulsing wings bring shadows
and shapes to air.

XI

So, too, the sliding pen
which inks a surface
has no sense of the purpose
of any line
or that the whole will end
as an amalgam
of heresy and wisdom;
it therefore trusts the hand
whose silent speech incites
fingers to throbbing—
whose spasm reaps no pollen,
but eases hearts.

XII

Such beauty, set beside
so brief a season,
suggests to our stunned reason
this bleak surmise:
the world was made to hold
no end or *telos*,
and if—as some would tell us—
there is a goal,
it's not ourselves.
No butterfly collector
can trap light or detect where
the darkness dwells.

XIII

Should I bid you farewell
as to a day that's over?
Men's memories may wither,
grow thin, and fall
like hair. The trouble is,
behind their backs are:
not double beds for lovers,
hard sleep, the past,
or days in shrinking files
backstretched—but, rather,
huge clouds, circling together,
of butterflies.

XIV

You're better than No-thing.
That is, you're nearer,
more reachable, and clearer.
Yet you're akin
to nothingness—
like it, you're wholly empty.
And if, in your life's venture,
No-thing takes flesh,
that flesh will die.
Yet while you live you offer
a frail and shifting buffer,
dividing it from me.

—Joseph Brodsky

(*Translated, from the Russian, by George L. Kline.*)

COLORADO

PENELOPE was in Robert's apartment, sitting on the floor, with the newspaper open between her legs. Her boots were on the floor in front of her. Robert had just fixed the zipper of one of the boots. It was the third time he had repaired the boots, and this time he suggested that she buy a new pair. "Why?" she said. "You fix them fine every time." In many of their discussions they came close to arguments, but they always stopped short. Penelope simply would not argue. She thought it took too much energy. She had not even argued when Robert's friend Johnny, whom she had been living with, moved out on her, taking twenty dollars of her money. Still, she hated Johnny for it, and sometimes Robert worried that even though he and Penelope didn't argue, she might be thinking badly of him, too. So he didn't press it. Who cared whether she bought new boots or not?

Penelope came over to Robert's apartment almost every evening. He had met her more than a year before, and they had been nearly inseparable ever since. For a while, he and Penelope and Johnny and another friend, Cyril, had shared a house in the country, not far from New Haven. They had all been in graduate school then. Now Johnny had gone, and the others were living in New Haven, in different apartments, and they were no longer going to school. Penelope was living with a man named Dan. Robert could not understand this, because Dan and Penelope did not communicate even well enough for her to ask him to fix her boots. She hobbled over to Robert's apartment instead. And he couldn't understand it back when she was living with Johnny, because Johnny had continued to see another girl, and had taken Penelope's money and tried to provoke arguments, even though Penelope wouldn't argue. Robert could understand Penelope's moving in with Dan at first, because she hadn't had enough money to pay her share of the house rent and Dan had an apartment in New Haven, but why had she just stayed there? Once, when he was drunk, Robert had asked her that, and she had sighed and said she wouldn't argue with him when he'd been drinking. He had not been trying to argue. He had just wanted to know what she was thinking. But she didn't like to talk about herself, and saying that he was drunk had been a convenient excuse. The closest he ever got to an explanation was when she told him once that it was important not to waste your energy jumping from one thing to another. She had run away from home when she was younger, and when she returned things were only worse. She had flunked out of Bard and dropped out of Antioch and the University of Connecticut, and now she knew that all colleges were the same—there was no point in trying one after another. She had traded her Ford for a Toyota, and Toyotas were no better than Fords.

She was flipping through the newspaper, stretched out on her side on the floor, her long brown hair blocking his view of her face. He didn't need to look at her: he knew she was beautiful. It was nice just to have her there. Although he couldn't understand what went on in her head, he was full of factual information about her. She had grown up in Iowa. She was almost five feet nine inches tall, and she weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds, and when she was younger, when she weighed less, she had been a model in Chicago. Now she was working as a clerk in a boutique in New Haven. She didn't want to model again, because that was no easier than being a salesperson; it was more tiring, even if it did pay better.

"Thanks for fixing my boots again," she said, rolling up her pants leg to put one on.

"Why are you leaving?" Robert said. "Dan's student won't be out of there yet."

Dan was a painter, who had lost his teaching job in the South. He moved to New Haven and was giving private lessons to students three times a week.

"Marielle's going to pick me up," Penelope said. "She wants me to help her paint her bathroom."

"Why can't she paint her own bathroom? She could do the whole thing in an hour."

"I don't want to help her paint," Penelope said, sighing. "I'm just doing a favor for a friend."

"Why don't you do me a favor and stay?"

"Come on," she said. "Don't do that. You're my best friend."

"O.K.," he said, knowing she wouldn't fight over it anyway. He went to the kitchen table and got her coat.

"Why don't you wait till she gets here?" he said.

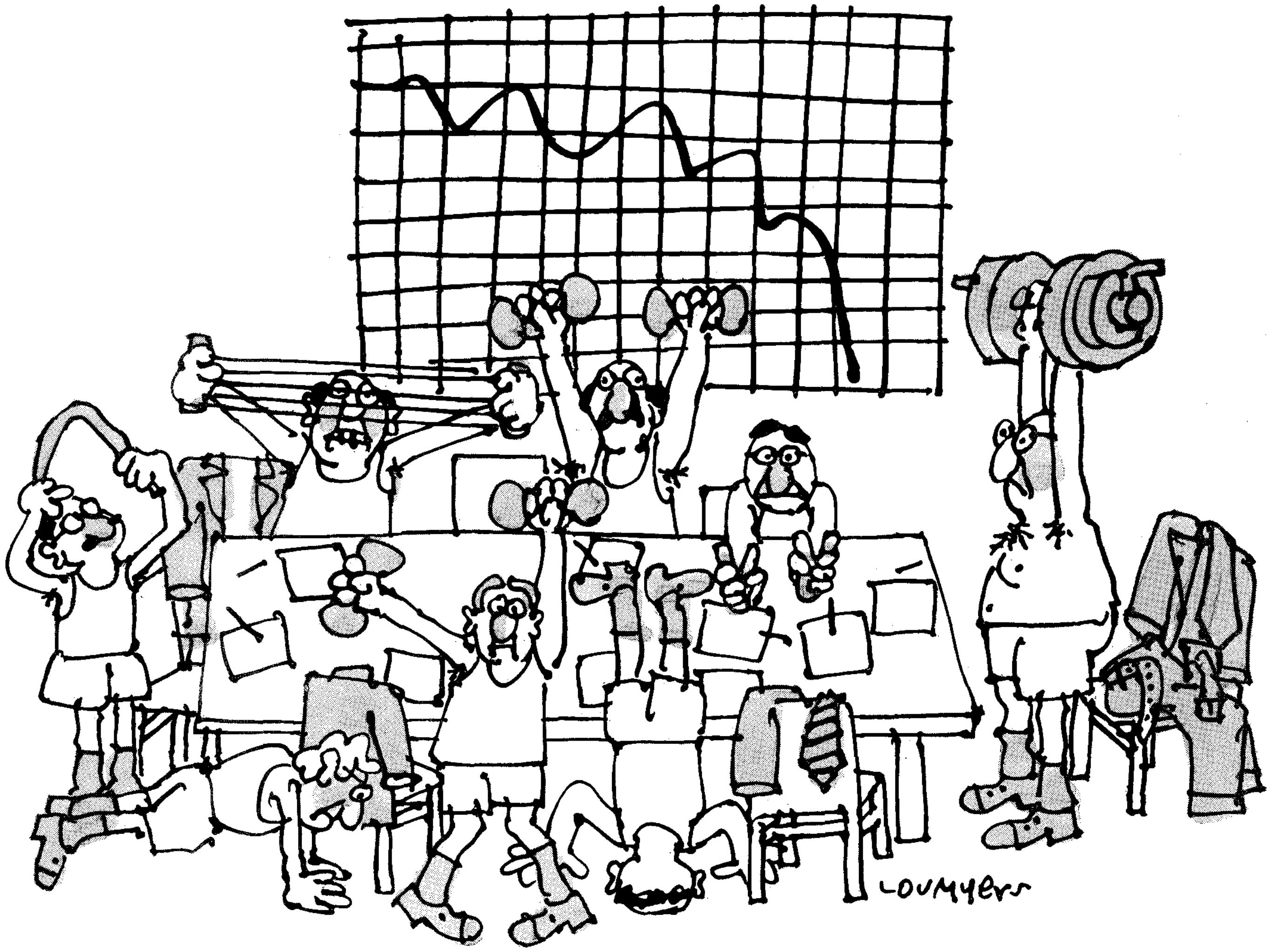
"She's meeting me at the drugstore."

"You sure are nice to some of your friends," he said.

She ignored him. She did not totally ignore him; she kissed him before she left. And although she did not say that she'd see him the next day, he knew she'd be back.

When Penelope left, Robert went into the kitchen and put some water on to boil. It was his habit since moving to this apartment to have a cup of tea before bed and to look out the window into the brightly lit alley. Interesting things appeared there: Christmas trees, large broken pieces of machinery, and, once, a fireman's uniform, very nicely laid out—a fireman's hat and suit. He was an artist—or, rather, he had been an artist until he dropped out of school—and sometimes he found that he still arranged objects and landscapes, looking for a composition. He sat on the kitchen table and drank his tea. He often thought about buying a kitchen chair, but he told himself that he'd move soon and he didn't want to transport furniture. When he was a child, his parents had moved from apartment to apartment. Their furniture got more and more battered, and his mother had exploded one day, crying that the furniture was worthless and ugly and threatening to chop it all up with an axe. Since he moved from the country, Robert had not yet bought himself a bed frame or curtains or rugs. There were roaches in the apartment, and the idea of the roaches hiding—being able to hide on the underside of curtains, under the rug—disgusted him. He didn't mind them being there so much when they were out in the open.

The Yale catalogue he got months before when he first came to New Haven was still on the kitchen table. He had thought about taking a course in architecture, but he hadn't. He was not quite sure what to do. He had taken a part-time job working in a picture-framing store, so he could pay his rent. Actually, he had no reason for being in New Haven except to be near Penelope. When Robert lived in the house with Johnny and Cyril and Penelope, he had told himself that Penelope would leave Johnny and become his lover, but it never happened. He had



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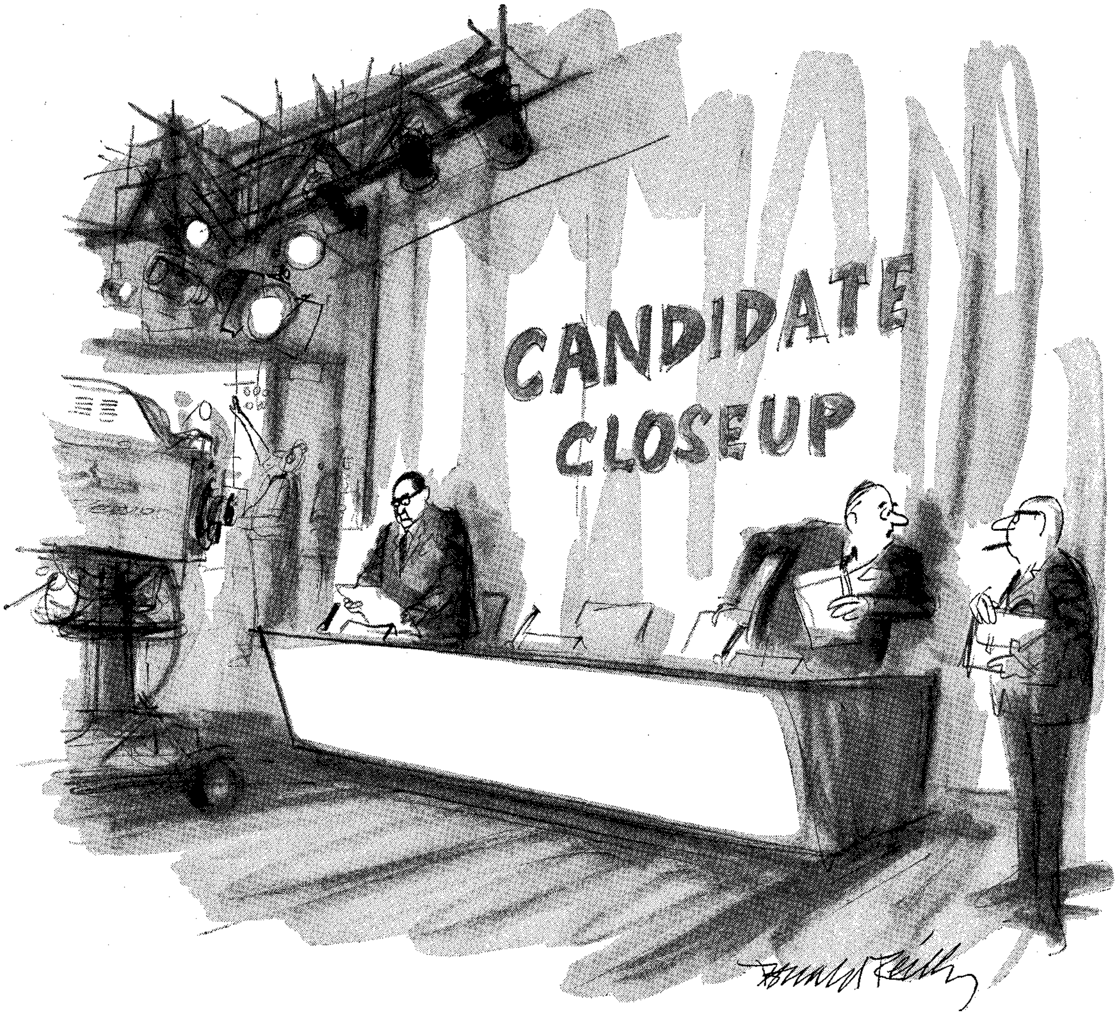
tried very hard to get it to happen; they often had stayed up later than any of the others, and they had talked—he had never talked so much to anybody in his life—and sometimes they had fixed food before going to bed, or taken walks in the snow. She tried to teach him to play the recorder, blowing softly so she wouldn't wake the others. Once in the summer they had stolen corn, and Johnny had asked her about it the next morning. "What if the neighbors find out somebody from this house stole corn?" he said. Robert had defended Penelope, saying that he had suggested it. "Great," Johnny said. "The Bobbsey Twins." Robert had been hurt because what Johnny said was true—there wasn't anything more between them than there was between the Bobbsey Twins.

Earlier in the week, Robert had been sure that Penelope was going to make a break with Dan. He had gone to a party at their apartment, and there had been a strange assortment of guests, almost all of them Dan's friends—some Yale people, a druggist who had a Marlboro cigarette pack filled with reds that he passed around, and a neighbor woman and her six-year-old son, whom the druggist teased. The druggist had shown the little boy the cigarette pack full of pills, saying, "Now, how would a person light a cigarette like this? Which end is the filter?" The boy's mother wouldn't protect him, so Penelope had taken him away, into the bedroom, where she let him empty Dan's piggy bank and count the pennies. Marielle had also been there, with her hair neatly braided into tight corn rows and wearing glasses with lenses that darkened to blue. Cyril had come late, pretty loaded. "Better late than never," he had said, once to Robert and many times to Penelope. Then Robert and Cyril had huddled together in a corner, saying how dreary the party was, while the druggist put pills on his tongue and rolled them sensually across the roof of his mouth. At midnight, Dan had gotten angry and tried to kick them all out—Robert and Cyril first, because they were sitting closest to him—and that had made Penelope angry, because she had only three friends at the party, and the noisy ones, the drunk or stoned ones, were all Dan's friends. Instead of arguing, though, she had cried. Robert and Cyril left finally and went to Cyril's and had a beer, and then Robert went back to Dan's apartment, trying to get up the courage to go in and insist that Penelope leave with him. He walked up the two flights of stairs to their door. It was quiet inside. He didn't have the nerve to knock. He went downstairs and out of the building, hating himself. He walked home in the cold, and realized that he must have been a little drunk, because the fresh air really cleared his head.

Robert flipped through the Yale catalogue, thinking that maybe going back to school was the solution. Maybe all the hysterical letters his mother and father wrote were right, and he needed some order in his life. Maybe he'd meet some other girls in classes. He did not want to meet other girls. He had dated two girls since moving to New Haven, and they had bored him and he had spent more money on them than they were worth.

The phone rang; he was glad, because he was just about to get very depressed.

It was Penelope, sounding very far



"Just one thing more. If he invokes Lincoln before I invoke Lincoln, who the hell do I invoke?"

away, very knocked out. She had left Marielle's because Marielle's boyfriend was there, and he insisted that they all get stoned and listen to "Trout Mask Replica" and not paint the bathroom, so she left and decided to walk home, but then she realized she didn't want to go there, and she thought she'd call and ask if she could stay with him instead. And the strangest thing. When she closed the door of the phone booth just now, a little boy had appeared and tapped on the glass, fanning out a half circle of joints. "Ten dollars," the boy said to her. "Bargain City." *Imagine* that. There was a long silence while Robert imagined it. It was interrupted by Penelope, crying.

"What's the matter, Penelope?" he said. "Of course you can come over here. Get out of the phone booth and come over."

She told him that she had bought the grass, and that it was powerful stuff. It was really the wrong thing to do to smoke it, but she lost her nerve in the phone booth and didn't know whether to call or not, so she smoked a joint—very quickly, in case any cops drove by. She smoked it too quickly.

"Where are you?" he said.

"I'm near Park Street," she said.

"What do you mean? Is the phone booth on Park Street?"

"Near it," she said.

"O.K. I'll tell you what. You walk down to McHenry's and I'll get down there, O.K.?"

"You don't live very close," she said.

"I can walk there in a hurry. I can get a cab. You just take your time and wander down there. Sit in a booth if you can. O.K.?"

"Is it true what Cyril told me at Dan's party?" she said. "That you're secretly in love with me?"

He frowned and looked sideways at the phone, as if the phone itself had betrayed him. He saw that his fingers were white from pressing so hard against the receiver.

"I'll tell you," she said. "Where I grew up, the cop cars had red lights. These green things cut right through you. I think that's why I hate this city—damned green lights."

"Is there a cop car?" he said.

"I saw one when you were talking," she said.

"Penelope. Have you got it straight about walking to McHenry's? Can you do that?"

"I've got some money," she said. "We can go to New York and get a steak dinner."

"Christ," he said. "Stay in the phone booth. Where is the phone booth?"

"I told you I'd go to McHenry's. I will. I'll wait there."

"O.K. Fine. I'm going to hang up now. Remember to sit in a booth. If there isn't one, stand by the bar. Order something. By the time you've finished it, I'll be there."

"Robert," she said.

"What?"

"Do you remember pushing me in the swing?"

He remembered. It was when they were all living in the country. She had been stoned that day, too. All of them—stoned as fools. Cyril had been running around in Penelope's long white bathrobe, holding a handful of tulips. Then he got afraid they'd wilt, so he went into the kitchen and got a jar and put them in that and ran around again. Johnny had taken a few Seconals and was lying on the ground, saying that he was in a hammock, and cackling. Robert had thought that he and Penelope were the only ones straight. Her laughter had sounded beautiful, even though later he had realized it was wild, crazy laughter. It had been the first really warm day, the first day when they were sure that winter was over. Everyone had been delighted with everyone else. He remembered very well pushing her in the swing.

"Wait," he said. "I want to get down there. Can we talk about this when I get there? Will you walk to the bar?"

"I'm not really that stoned," she said, her voice changing suddenly. "I think it's that I'm sick."

"What do you mean? How do you feel?"

"I feel too light. Like I'm going to be sick."

"Look," he said. "Cyril lives right near Park. What if you give me the number of the phone booth, and I call Cyril and get him down there, and I'll call back and talk to you until he comes. Will you do that? What's the phone number?"

"I don't want to tell you."

"Why not?"

"I can't talk anymore right now," she said. "I want to get some air." She hung up.

He needed air, too. He felt panicked, the way he had the day she was in the swing, when she said, "I'm going to jump!" and he knew it was going much too fast, much too high—the swing flying out over a hill that rolled steeply down to a muddy bank by the creek. He had had the sense to stop pushing, but he only stood there, waiting, shivering in the breeze the swing made.

He went out quickly. Park Street—somewhere near there. O.K., he would find her. He knew he would not. There was a cab. He was in the cab. He rolled down the window to get some air, hoping the driver would figure he was drunk.

"What place you looking for again?" the driver said.

"I'm looking for a person, actually. If you'd go slowly . . ."

The cabdriver drove down the street at ordinary speed, and stopped at a light. A family crossed in front of the cab: a young black couple, the father with a child on his shoulders. The child was wearing a Porky Pig mask.

The light changed and the car started forward. "Goddam," the driver said. "I knew it."

Steam had begun to rise from under the hood. It was a broken water hose. The cab moved into the next lane and stopped. Robert stuffed two one-dollar bills into the driver's hand and bolted from the cab.

"Piece of junk!" he heard the driver holler, and there was the sound of metal being kicked. Robert looked over his shoulder and saw the cabdriver kicking the grille. Steam was pouring out in a huge cloud. The driver kicked the cab again.

He walked. It seemed to him as if he were walking in slow motion, but soon he was panting. He passed several telephone booths, but all of them were empty. He felt guilty about not helping the cabdriver, and he walked all the way to McHenry's. He thought—and was immediately struck with the irrationality of it—that New Haven was really quite a nice town, architecturally.

Penelope was not at McHenry's. "Am I a black dude?" a black man said to him as Robert wedged his way through the crowd at the bar. "I'm gonna ask you straight, look at me and tell me: Ain't I a black dude?" The black man laughed with real joy. He did not seem to be drunk. Robert smiled at the man and headed toward the back of the bar. Maybe she was in the bathroom. He stood around, looking all over the bar, hoping she'd come out of the bathroom. Time passed. "If I was drunk," the black man said as Robert walked toward the front door, "I might try to put some rap on you, like I'm the king of Siam. I'm not saying nothing like that. I'm asking you straight: Ain't I a black dude, though?"

"You sure are," he said, and edged away. He went out and walked to a phone booth and dialled Dan's number.

"Dan," he said, "I don't want to alarm you, but Penelope got a little loaded tonight and I went out to look for her and I've lost track of her."

"Is that right?" Dan said. "She told me she was going to sleep over at Marielle's."

"I guess she was. It's a long story, but she left there and she got pretty wrecked, Dan. I was worried about her, so—"

"Listen," Dan said. "Can I call you back in fifteen minutes?"

"What do you mean? I'm at a phone booth."

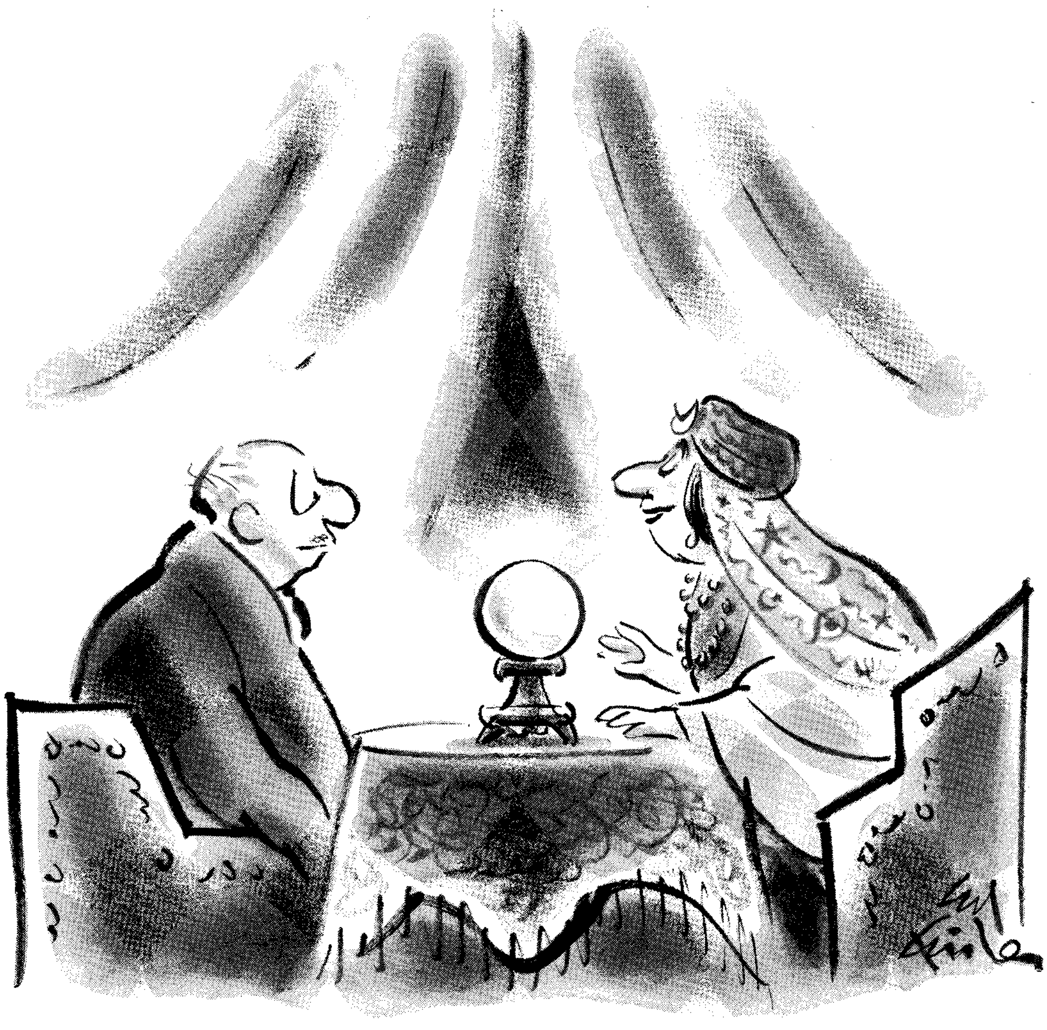
"Well, doesn't it have a number? I'll be right back with you."

"She's wandering around New Haven in awful shape, Dan. You'd better get down here and—"

Dan was talking to someone, his hand covering the mouthpiece.

"To tell you the truth," Dan said, "I can't talk right now. In fifteen minutes I can talk, but a friend is here."

"What are you talking about?" Robert said. "Haven't you been listen-



"I can read your future, if you like. Or, as so many seem to prefer these days, I can reminisce nostalgically about your past."

ing to what I've been saying? If you've got some woman there, tell her to go to the toilet for a minute, for Christ's sake."

"That doesn't cut the mustard anymore," Dan said. "You can't shuffle women off like they're cats and dogs."

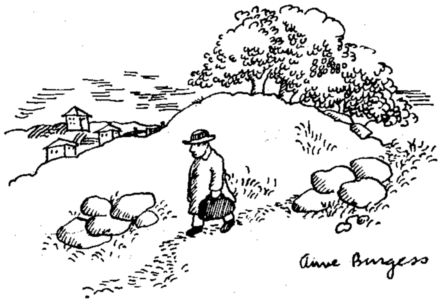
Robert slammed down the phone and went back to McHenry's. She was still not there. He left, and out on the corner the black man from the bar walked up to him and offered to sell him cocaine. He politely refused, saying he had no money. The man nodded and walked down the street. Robert watched him for a minute, then looked away. For just a few seconds, he had been interested in the way the man moved, what he looked like walking down the street. When he had lived at the house with Penelope, Robert had watched her, too; he had done endless drawings of her, sketched her on napkins, on the corner of the newspaper. But paintings—when he tried to do anything formal, he hadn't been able to go through with it. Cyril told him it was because he was afraid of capturing her. At first he thought Cyril's remark was stupid, but now—standing tired and cold on the street-corner—he had to admit that he'd always been a little afraid of her, too. What would he have done tonight if he'd found her? Why had her phone call upset him so much—because she was stoned? He thought about Penelope—about putting his head down on her shoulder, somewhere where it was warm. He began to walk home. It was a long walk, and he was very tired. He stopped and looked in a bookstore window, then walked past a dry cleaner's. The last time he'd looked, it had been a coffee shop. At a red light, he heard Bob Dylan on a car radio, making an analogy between time and a jet plane.

SHE called in the morning to apologize. When she hung up on him the night before, she got straight for a minute—long enough to hail a cab—but she had a bad time in the cab again, and didn't have the money to pay for the ride. . . . To make a long story short, she was with Marielle.

"Why?" Robert asked.

Well, she was going to tell the cabdriver to take her to Robert's place, but she'd been afraid he was mad. No—that wasn't the truth. She knew he wouldn't be mad, but she couldn't face him. She wanted to talk to him, but she was in no shape.

She agreed to meet him for lunch. They hung up. He went into the bathroom to shave. A letter his father had written him, asking why he had dropped out of graduate school, was Scotch-taped to the mirror, along with other articles of interest. There was one faded clipping, which belonged to Johnny and had been hung on the refrigerator at the house, about someone called the California Superman, who had frozen to death in his Superman suit, in his refrigerator. All of Robert's friends had bizarre stories displayed in their apartments. Cyril had a story about a family that had starved to death, in their car at the side of the highway. Their last meal had been watermelon. The clipping was tacked to Cyril's headboard. It made Robert feel old and disoriented when he realized that these awful newspaper articles had replaced those mindless Day-Glo pictures everybody used to have. Also, people in New Haven had begun to come up to him on the street—cops, surely; they had to be cops—swinging plastic bags full of grass in front of his nose, bringing handfuls of ups and downs out of their pockets. Also, the day before, he had got a box from his mother. She sent him a needlepoint doorstop, with a small white-and-gray Scottie dog on it, and a half-wreath of roses underneath it. It really got him down.



He began to shave. His cat walked into the bathroom and rubbed against his bare ankle, making him jerk his leg away, and he cut his cheek. He put a piece of toilet paper against the

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LOOMING: AN ADDRESS TO MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY (1806–1873)

The seamen call it *looming*. . . . I knew an instance, at Yorktown, from whence the water prospect eastwardly is without termination, wherein a canoe with three men, at a great distance was taken for a ship with its three masts.

—*From "Notes on the State of Virginia," by Thomas Jefferson.*

In Cumberland I had one uncle
who couldn't get out fast enough, so split
his head on the gear case of a La Salle.

He did not die but said he remembered the dark
was like it must be when you are keelhauled.

Beyond him, in your time, there was a man
with my own blood who leaped from a mountain
because the tiny river was too green to bear.

Who does not love stories of outsiders choked up
with delusions and the downhill nights of mines?
I hope they have found a country to live in

as I stand sighing over the cat's fur of the sea,
thinking of you gone from Virginia, skidding
like a skimmed stone in the half-light of exile.

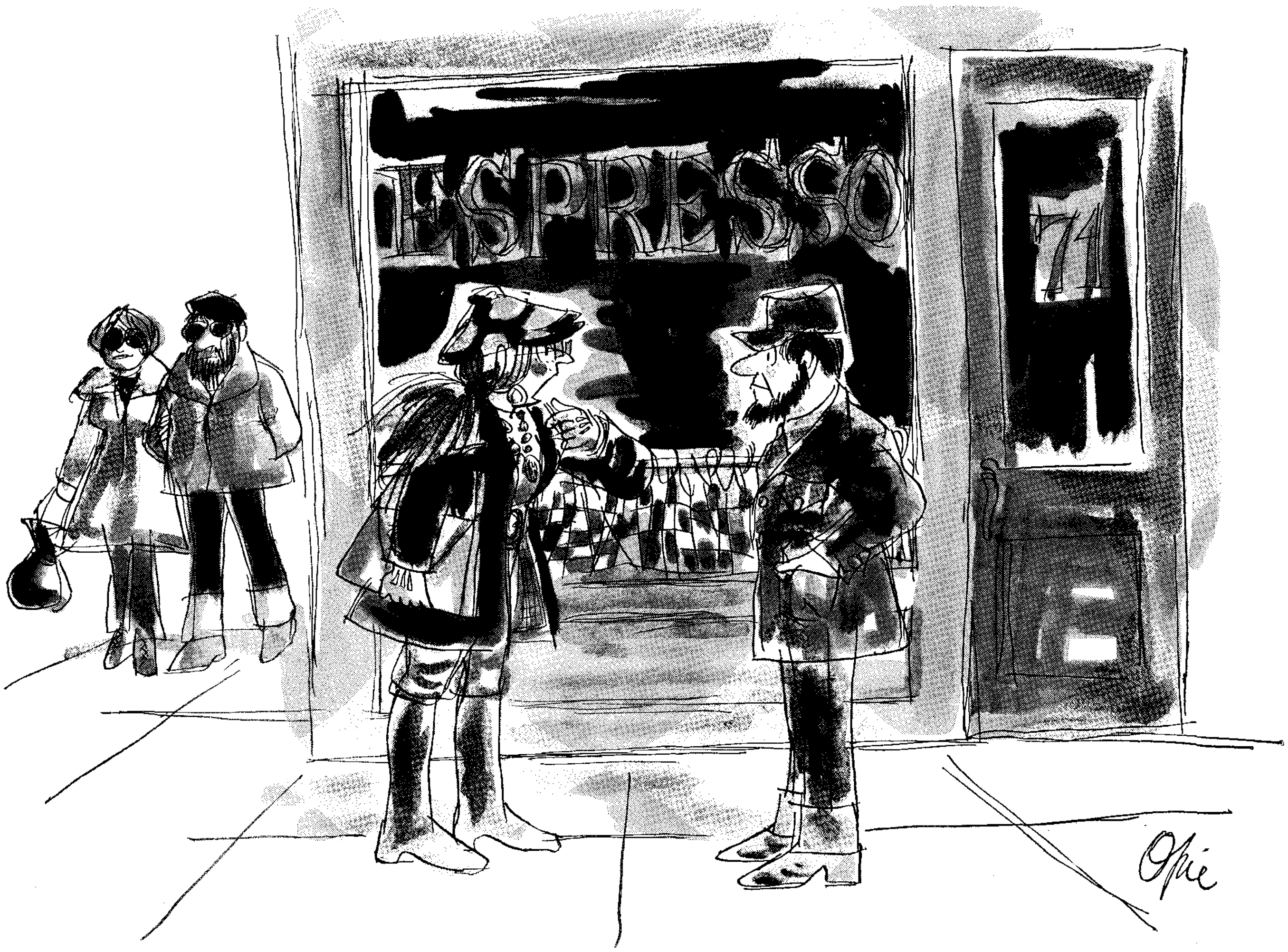
Because no one recalls how the murmur of water
called you from the hills, because the light
of farmhouse and sea towns blew out
at your coming, because you loved

the humped backs of dolphin and whale
more than mother or father, because in high gales
you knew what it was to go drunk in the ropes,

because the Labrador and the Gulf Stream whisper
their secrets to you like a friend, I stand
here naming each blade of grass for one
America drove into the sea.

—DAVE SMITH

• •



"I am a madcap! You are a nut!"

• •

cut, and sat on the side of the tub. He was angry at the cat and angry at himself for being depressed. After all, Dan was out of the picture now. Penelope had been found. He could go get her, the way he got groceries, the way he got a book from the library. It seemed too easy. Something was wrong.

He put on his jeans—he had no clean underwear; forget about that—and a shirt and his jacket and walked to the restaurant. Penelope was in the first booth, with her coat still on. There was a bottle of beer on the table in front of her. She was smiling sheepishly, and, seeing her, he smiled back. He sat next to her and put his arm around her shoulder, hugging her to him.

"Who's the first girl you ever loved?" she said.

Leave it to her to ask something like that. He tried to feel her shoulder beneath her heavy coat, but couldn't. He tried to remember loving anyone but her.

"A girl in high school," he said.

"I'll bet she had a tragic end," she said.

The waitress came and took their orders. When she went away, Penelope continued. "Isn't that what usually happens? People's first loves washing up on the beach in Mexico?"

"She didn't finish high school with me. Her parents yanked her out and put her in private school. For all I know, she did go to Mexico and wash up on the beach."

She covered her ears. "You're mad at me," she said.

"No," he said, hugging her to him. "I wasn't too happy last night, though. What did you want to talk to me about?"

"I wanted to know if I could live with you."

"Sure," he said.

"Really? You wouldn't mind?"

"No," he said.

While she was smiling at the startled look on his face, the waitress put a cheeseburger in front of him. She put an omelette in front of Penelope, and Penelope began to eat hungrily. He picked up his cheeseburger and bit into it. It was good. It was the first thing he had eaten in more than a day. Feeling sorry for himself, he took another bite.

"I just took a few drags of that stuff, and I felt like my mind was filling up with clouds," she said.

"Forget about it," he said. "You're O.K. now."

"I want to talk about something else, though."

He nodded.

"I slept with Cyril," she said.

"What?" he said. "When did you sleep with Cyril?"

"At the house," she said. "And at his place."

"Recently?" he said.

"A couple of days ago."

"Well," he said. "Why are you telling me?"

"Cyril told Dan," she said.

That explained it.

"What do you expect me to say?" he said.

"I don't know. I wanted to talk about it."

He took another bite of his cheeseburger. He did not want her to talk about it.

"I don't know why I should be all

twisted around," she said. "And I don't even know why I'm telling you."

"I wouldn't know," he said.

"Are you jealous?"

"Yes."

"Cyril said you had a crush on me," she said.

"That makes it sound like I'm ten years old," he said.

"I was thinking about going to Colorado," she said.

"I don't know what I expected," he said, slamming his hand down on the table. "I didn't expect that you'd be talking about screwing Cyril and going to Colorado." He pushed his plate away, angry.

"I shouldn't have told you."

"Shouldn't have told me what? What am I going to do about it? What do you expect me to say?"

"I thought you felt the way I feel," she said. "I thought you felt stifled in New Haven."

He looked at her. She had a way of sometimes saying perceptive things, but always when he was expecting something else.

"I have friends in Colorado," she said. "Bea and Matthew. You met them when they stayed at the house once."

"You want me to move out to Colorado because Bea and Matthew are there?"

"They have a big house they're having trouble paying the mortgage on."

"But I don't have any money."

"You have the money your father sent you so you could take courses at Yale. And you could get back into painting in Colorado. You're not a picture framer—you're a painter. Wouldn't you like to quit your lousy job framing pictures and get out of New Haven?"

"Get out of New Haven?" he repeated, to see what it felt like. "I don't know," he said. "It doesn't seem very reasonable."

"I don't feel right about things," she said.

"About Cyril?"

"The last five years," she said.

He excused himself and went to the bathroom. Scrawled above one of the mirrors was a message: "Time will say nothing but I told you so." A very literate town, New Haven. He looked at the bathroom window, stared at the ripply white glass. He thought about crawling out the window. He was not able to deal with her. He went back to the booth.

"Come on," he said, dropping money on the table.

Outside, she began to cry. "I could have asked Cyril to go, but I didn't," she said.

He put his arm around her. "You're bats," he said.

He tried to get her to walk faster. By the time they got back to his apartment, she was smiling again, and talking about going skiing in the Rockies. He opened the door and saw a note lying on the floor, written by Dan. It was Penelope's name, written over and over, and a lot of profanity. He showed it to her. Neither of them said anything. He put it back on the table, next to an old letter from his mother that begged him to go back to graduate school.

"I want to stop smoking," she said, handing him her cigarette pack. She said it as if it were a revelation, as if everything, all day, had been carefully leading up to it.

IT is a late afternoon in February, and Penelope is painting her toenails. She meant what she said about moving in with him. She didn't even go back to Dan's apartment for her clothes. She has been borrowing Robert's shirts and sweaters, and wears his pajama bottoms under his long winter coat when she goes to the laundromat so she can wash her one pair of jeans. She has quit her job. She wants to give a farewell party before they go to Colorado.

She is sitting on the floor, and there are little balls of cotton stuck between her toes. The second toe on each foot is crooked. She wore the wrong shoes as a child. One night, she turned the light on to show Robert her feet, and said that they embarrassed her. Why, then, is she painting her toenails?

"Penelope," he says, "I have no interest in any damned party. I have very little interest in going to Colorado."

Today he told his boss that he would be leaving next week. His boss laughed and said that he would send his brother around to beat him up. As usual, he could not really tell whether his boss was kidding. Before he goes to bed, he intends to stand a Coke bottle behind the front door.

"You said you wanted to see the mountains," Penelope says.

"I know we're going to Colorado," he says. "I don't want to get into another thing about that."

He sits next to her and holds her hand. Her hands are thin. They feel about an eighth of an inch thick to him. He changes his grip and gets his fingers down toward the knuckles, where her hand feels more substantial.

"I know it's going to be great in Colorado," Penelope says. "This is the first time in years I've been sure something is going to work out. It's the first time I've been sure that doing something was worth it."

"But why Colorado?" he says.

"We can go skiing. Or we could just ride the lift all day, look down on all that beautiful snow."

He does not want to pin her down or diminish her enthusiasm. What he wants to talk about is the two of them. When he asked if she was sure she loved him she said yes, but she never wants to talk about them. It's very hard to talk to her at all. The night before, he asked some questions about her childhood. She told him that her father died when she was nine, and her mother married an Italian who beat her with the lawnmower cord. Then she was angry at him for making her remember that, and he was sorry he had asked. He is still surprised that she has moved in with him, surprised that he has agreed to leave New Haven and move to Colorado with her, into the house of a couple he vaguely remembers—nice guy, strung-out wife.

"Did you get a letter from Matthew and Bea yet?" he says.

"Oh, yes, Bea called this morning when you were at work. She said she had to call right away to say yes, she was so excited."

He remembers how excited Bea had been the time she stayed with them in the country house. It had seemed more like nervousness, really, not excitement. Bea said she had been studying ballet, and when Matthew told her to show them what she had learned she had danced through the house, smiling at first, then panting. She complained that she had no grace—that she was too old. Matthew tried to make her feel better by saying that she had only started to study ballet late, and she would have to build up energy. Bea had become more frantic, saying that she had no energy, no poise, no future as a ballerina.

"But there's something I ought to tell you," Penelope says. "Bea and Matthew are breaking up."

"What?" he says.

"What does it matter? It's a huge state. We can find a place to stay. We've got enough money. Don't always be worried about money."

He was just about to say that they hardly had enough money to pay for motels on the way to Colorado.

"And when you start painting again—"

"Penelope, get serious," he says. "Do you think that all you have to do is produce some paintings and you'll get money for them?"

"You don't have any faith in yourself," she says.

It is the same line she gave him when he dropped out of graduate school, after she had dropped out herself. Somehow she was always the one who sounded reasonable.

"Why don't we forget Colorado for a while?" he says.

"O.K.," she says. "We'll just forget it."

"Oh, we can go if you're set on it," he says quickly.

"Not if you're only doing it to placate me."

"I don't know. I don't want to stick around New Haven."

"Then what are you complaining about?" she says.

"I wasn't complaining. I was just disappointed."

"Don't be disappointed," she says, smiling at him.

He puts his forehead against hers and closes his eyes. Sometimes it is very nice to be with her. Outside he can hear the traffic, the horns blowing. He does not look forward to the long drive West.

IN Nebraska, they get sidetracked and drive a long way on a narrow road, with holes so big that Robert has to swerve the car to avoid them. The heater is not working well, and the defroster is not working at all. He rubs the front window clear with the side of his arm. By early evening, he is exhausted from driving. They stop for dinner at Gus and Andy's Restaurant, and are served their fried-egg sandwiches by Andy, whose name is written in sequins above his shirt pocket. That night, in the motel, he feels too tired to go to sleep. The cat is scratching around in the bathroom. Penelope complains about the electricity in her hair, which she has just washed and is drying. He cannot watch television because her hair dryer makes the picture roll.

"I sort of wish we had stopped in Iowa to see Elaine," she says. Elaine is her married sister.

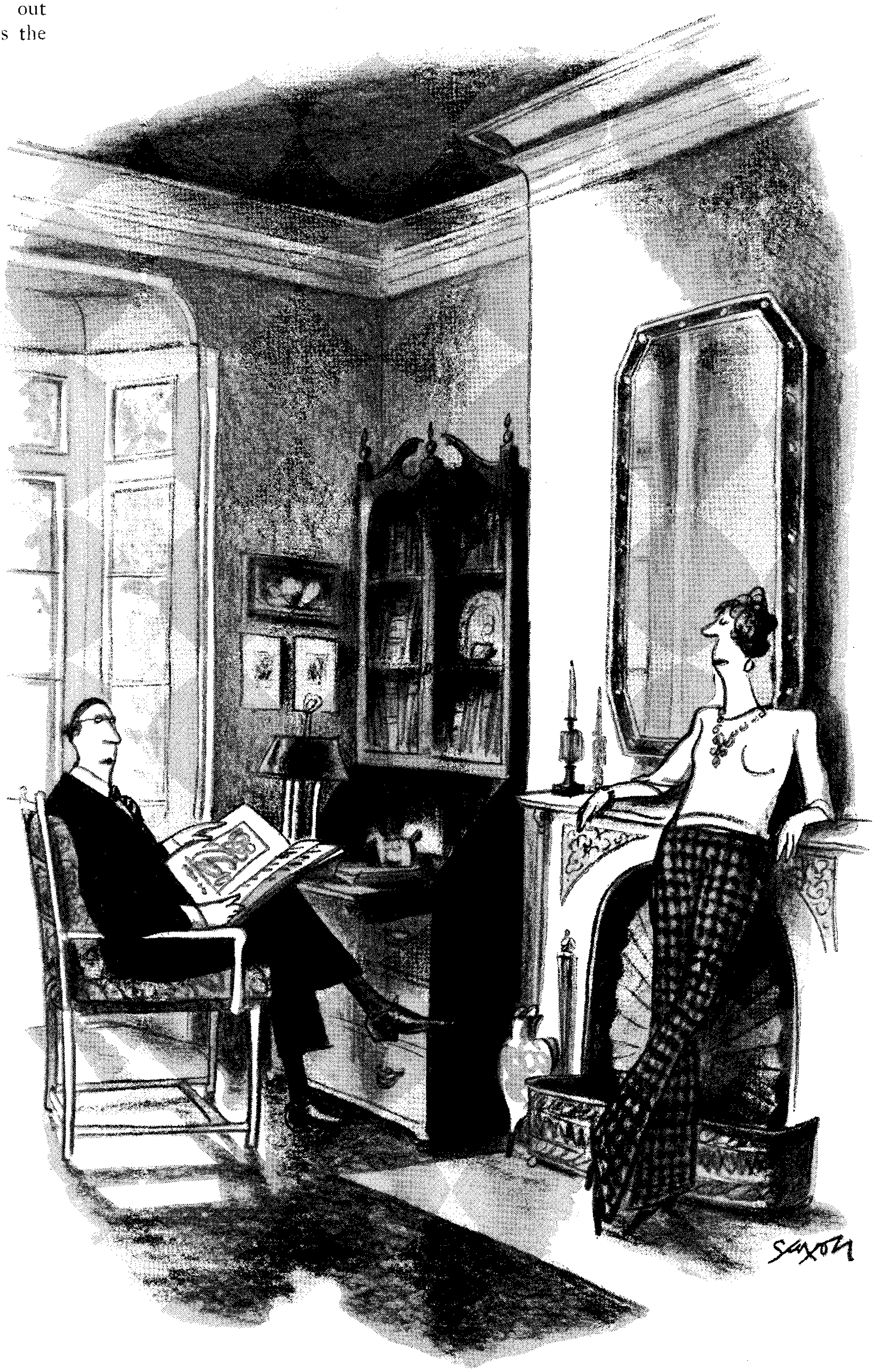
She drags on a joint, passes it to him.

"You were the one who didn't want to stop," he says. She can't hear him because of the hair dryer.

"We used to pretend that we were pregnant when we were little," she says. "We pulled the pillows off and stuck them under our clothes. My mother was always yelling at us not to mess up the beds."

She turns off the hair dryer. The picture comes back on. It is the news; the sportscaster is in the middle of a basketball report. On a large screen behind him, a basketball player is shown putting a basketball into a basket.

Before they left, Robert had gone over to Cyril's apartment. Cyril seemed



"No, I am not interested in knowing how you would rate me on a scale of one to ten."

to know already that Penelope was living with him. He was very nice, but Robert had a hard time talking to him. Cyril said that a girl he knew was coming over to make dinner, and he asked him to stay. Robert said he had to get going.

"What are you going to do in Colorado?" Cyril asked.

"Get some kind of job, I guess," he said.

Cyril nodded about ten times, the nods growing smaller.

"I don't know," he said to Cyril.

"Yeah," Cyril said.

They sat. Finally, Robert made himself go by telling himself that he didn't want to see Cyril's girl.

"Well," Cyril said. "Take care."

"What about you?" he asked Cyril. "What are you going to be up to?"

"Much of the same," Cyril said.

They stood at Cyril's door.

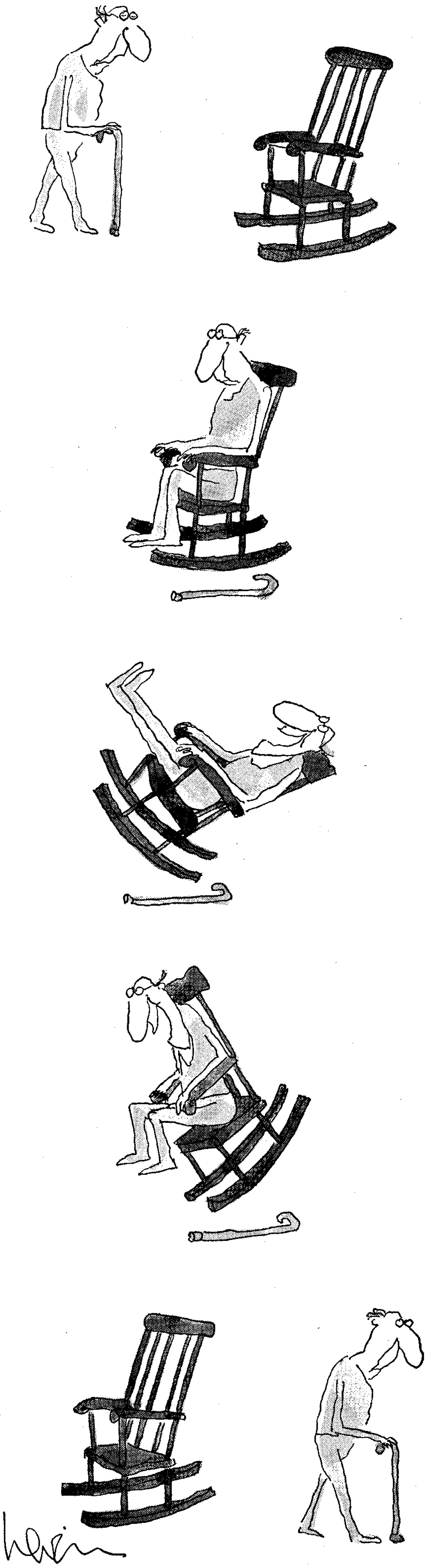
"Seems like we were all together at that house about a million years ago," Cyril said.

"Yeah," he said.

"Maybe when the new people moved in they found dinosaur tracks," Cyril said.

In the motel that night, in his dreams Robert makes love to Penelope. When the sun comes through the drapes, he touches her shoulder and thinks about waking her. Instead, he gets out of bed and sits by the dresser and lights the stub of the joint. It's gone in three tokes, and he gets back into bed, cold and drowsy. Going to sleep, he chuckles, or thinks he hears himself chuckling. Later, when she tries to rouse him, he can't move, and it isn't until afternoon that they get rolling. He feels tired but still up from the grass. The effect seems not to have worn off with sleep at all.

THEY are at Bea and Matthew's house. It was cloudy and cold when they arrived, late in the afternoon, and the sides of the roads were heaped high with old snow. Robert got lost trying to find the house, and finally had to stop in a gas station and telephone to ask for directions.



"Take a right after the feed store at the crossroads," Matthew told him. It doesn't seem to Robert that they are really in Colorado. That evening, Matthew insists that Robert sit in their one chair (a black canvas butterfly chair), because Robert must be tired from driving. Robert cannot get comfortable in the chair. There is a large photograph of Nureyev on the wall across from Robert, and there is a small table in the corner of the room. Matthew has explained that Bea got mad after one of their fights and sold the rest of the living-room furniture. Penelope sits on the floor at Robert's side. They have run out of cigarettes, and Matthew and Bea have almost run out of liquor. Matthew is waiting for Bea to drive to town to buy more; Bea is waiting for Matthew to give in. They are living together, but they have filed for divorce. It is a friendly living-together, but they wait each other out, testing. Who will turn the record over? Who will buy the Scotch?

Their dog, Zero, lies on the floor listening to music and lapping apple juice. He pays no attention to the stereo speakers but loves headphones. He won't have them put on his head, but when they are on the floor he creeps up on them and settles down there. Penelope points out that one old Marianne Faithfull record seems to make Zero particularly euphoric. Bea gives him apple juice for his constipation. She and Matthew dote on the dog. That is going to be a problem.

For dinner, Bea fixes beef Stroganoff, and they all sit on the floor with their plates. Bea says that there is honey in the Stroganoff. She is ignoring Matthew, who stirs his fork in a circle through his food and puts his plate down every few minutes to drink Scotch. Earlier, Bea told him to offer the bottle around, but they all said they didn't want any. A tall black candle burns in the center of their circle; it is dark outside, and the candle is the only light. When they finish eating, there is only one shot of Scotch left in the bottle and Matthew is pretty drunk. He says to Bea, "I was

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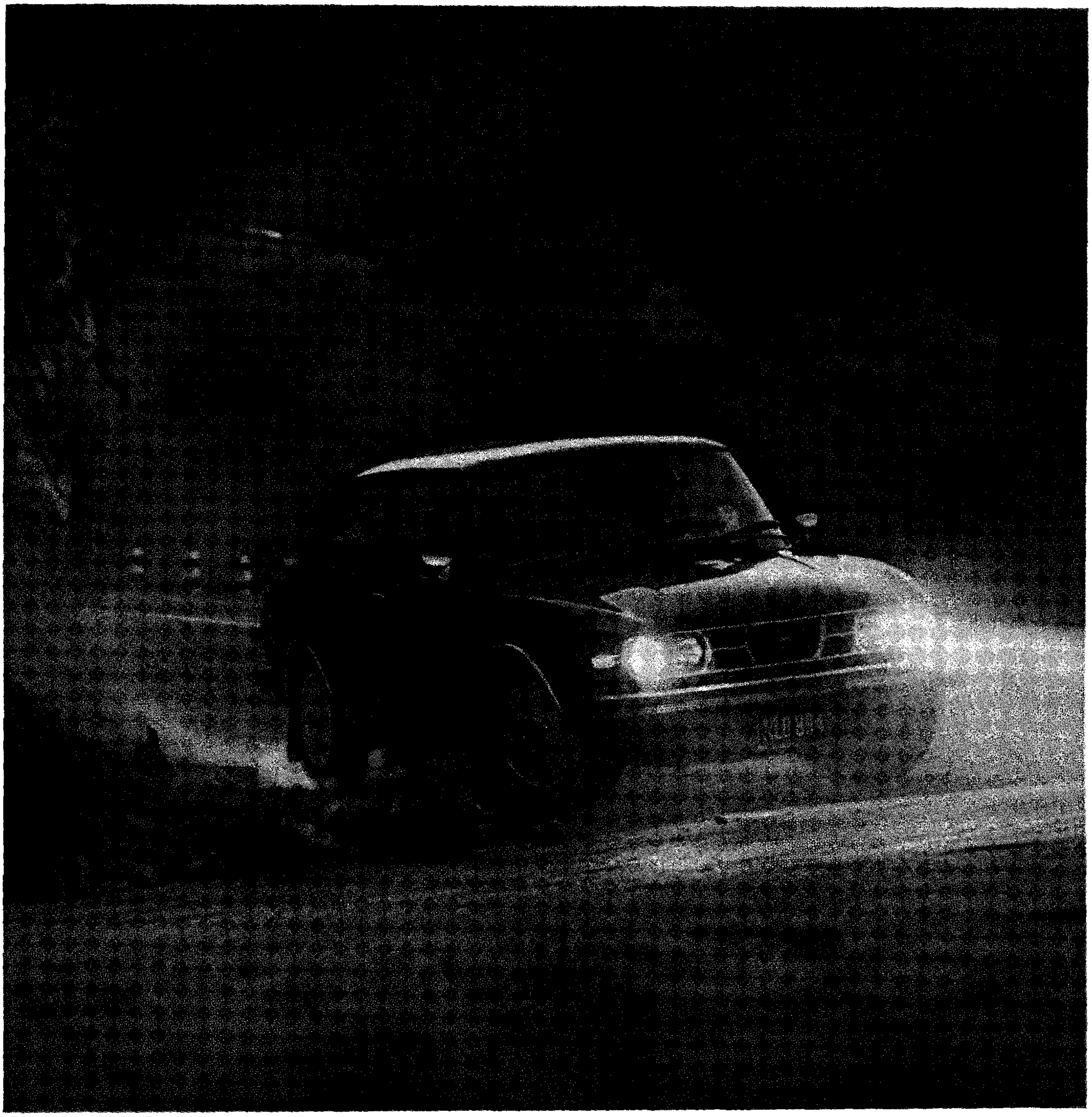

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IT'S WHAT A CAR SHOULD BE.

going to move out the night before Christmas, in the middle of the night, so that when you heard Santa Claus, it would have been me instead, carrying away Zero instead of my bag of tricks."

"Bag of *toys*," Bea says. She has on a satin robe that reminds Robert of a fighter's robe, stuffed between her legs as she sits on the floor.

"And laying a finger aside of my nose . . ." Matthew says. "No, I wouldn't have done that, Bea. I would have given the finger to you." Matthew raises his middle finger and smiles at Bea. "But I speak figuratively, of course. I will give you neither my finger nor my dog."

"I got the dog from the animal shelter, Matthew," Bea says. "Why do you call him your dog?"

Matthew stumbles off to bed, almost stepping on Penelope's plate, calling over his shoulder, "Bea, my lovely, please make sure that our guests finish that bottle of Scotch."

Bea blows out the candle and they all go to bed, with a quarter inch of Scotch still in the bottle.

"Why are they getting divorced?" Robert whispers to Penelope in bed. They are in a twin bed, narrower than he remembers twin beds being, lying under a brown-and-white quilt.

"I'm not really sure," she says. "She said that he was getting crazier."

"They both seem crazy."

"Bea told me that he gave some of their savings to a Japanese woman who lives with a man he works with, so she can open a gift shop."

"Oh," he says.

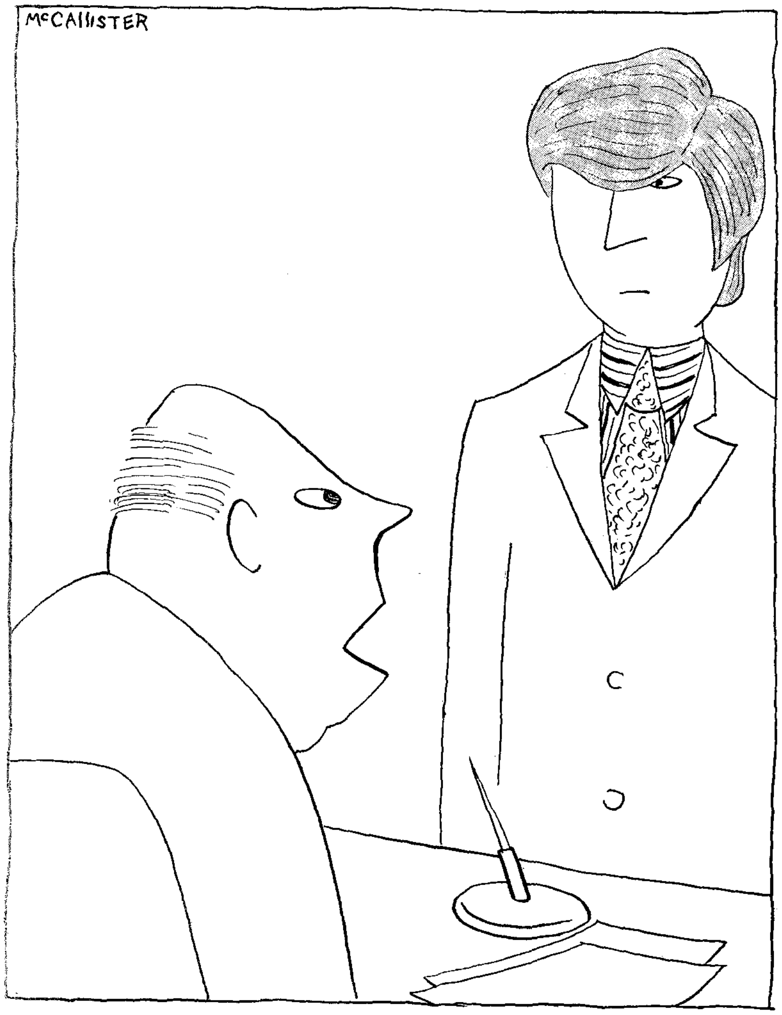
"I wish we had another cigarette," she says.

"Is that all he did?" he asks. "Gave money away?"

"He drinks a lot," Penelope says.

"So does she. She drinks straight from the bottle."

Before dinner, Bea had tipped the bottle to her lips too quickly and the liquor ran down her chin. Matthew had called her disgusting.



"You never take the broad view, Hartman, and shall I tell you why you never take the broad view?"

"I think he's nastier than she is," Penelope says.

"Move over a little," he says. "This bed must be narrower than a twin bed."

"I *am* moved over," she says.

He unbends his knees, lies straight in the bed. He is too uncomfortable to sleep. His ears are still ringing from so many hours on the road.

"Here we are in Colorado," he says. "Tomorrow we'll have to drive around and see it, before it's all under snow."

THE next afternoon, he borrows a tablet and walks around outside, looking for something to draw. There are bare patches in the snow—patches of brown grass. Bea and Matthew's house is modern, with a sundeck across the back and glass doors across the front. For some reason, the house seems out of place; it looks Eastern. There are no other houses nearby. Very little land has been cleared; the lawn is narrow, and the woods come close. It is cold, and there is a wind in the trees. Through the woods, in front of the house, distant snow-covered mountains are visible. The air is very clear, and the colors are too bright, like a Maxfield Parrish painting. No one would believe the colors if he painted them. Instead, he begins to draw some old fence posts, partially rotted away. But then he stops. Leave it to Andrew Wyeth. He dusts away a light layer of snow and sits on the hood of his car. He takes the pencil out of his pocket again and writes in the sketchbook: "We are at Bea and Matthew's. They sit all day. Penelope sits. She seems to be waiting. This is happening in Colorado. I want to see the state, but Bea and Matthew have already seen it, and Penelope says that she cannot face one more minute in the car. The car needs new sparkplugs. I will never be a painter. I am not a writer."

Zero wanders up behind him, and he tears off the piece of sketch paper and crumples it into a ball, throws it in the air. Zero's eyes light up. They play ball with the piece of paper—he throws it high, and Zero waits for it and jumps. Finally, the paper gets too soggy to handle. Zero walks away, then sits and scratches.

Behind the house is a ruined birdhouse, and some strings hang from a branch, with bits of suet tied on. The strings stir in the wind. "Push me in the swing," he remembers Penelope saying. Johnny was lying in the grass, talking to himself. Robert tried to dance with Cyril, but Cyril wouldn't. Cyril was more stoned than any of them, but showing better sense. "Push me," she said. She sat on the swing and he pushed. She weighed very little—hardly enough to drag the swing down. It took off fast and went high. She was laughing—not because she was having fun, but laughing at him. That's what he thought, but he was stoned. She was just laughing. Fortunately, the swing had slowed when she jumped. She hadn't even rolled down the hill. Cyril, looking at her arm, which had been cut on a rock, had been almost

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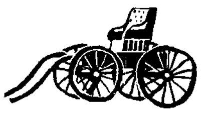
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

in tears. She had landed on her side. They thought her arm was broken at first. Johnny had been asleep, and he slept through the whole thing. Robert carried her into the house. Cyril, following, detoured to kick Johnny. That was the beginning of the end.

He walks to the car and opens the door and rummages through the ashtray, looking for the joint they had started to smoke just before they found Bea and Matthew's house. He has trouble getting it out because his fingers are numb from the cold. He finally gets it and lights it, and drags on it walking back to the tree with the birdhouse in it. He leans against the tree.



Dan had called him the day before they left New Haven and said that Penelope would kill him. He asked Dan what he meant. "She'll wear you down, she'll wear you out, she'll kill you," Dan said.

He feels the tree snapping and jumps away. He looks and sees that everything is O.K. The tree is still there, the strings hanging down from the branch. "I'm going to jump!" Penelope had called, laughing. Now he laughs, too—not at her, but because here he is, leaning against a tree in Colorado, blown away. He tries speaking, to hear what his speech sounds like. "Blown away," he says. He has trouble getting his mouth into position after speaking.

In a while, Matthew comes out. He stands beside the tree and they watch the sunset. The sky is pale blue, streaked with orange, which seems to be spreading through the blue sky from behind, like liquid seeping through a napkin, blood through a bandage.

"Nice," Matthew says.

"Yes," he says. He is never going to be able to talk to Matthew.

"You know what I'm in the doghouse for?" Matthew says.

"What?" he says. Too long a pause before answering. He spit the word out, instead of saying it.

"Having a Japanese girlfriend," Matthew says, and laughs.

He does not dare risk laughing with him.

"And I don't even *have* a Japanese girlfriend," Matthew says. "She lives with a guy I work with. I'm not interested in her. She needed money to go into business. Not a lot, but some. I loaned it to her. Bea changes facts around."

"Where did you go to school?" he hears himself say.

There is a long pause, and Robert gets confused. He thinks he should be answering his own question.

Finally: "Harvard."

"What class were you in?"

"Oh," Matthew says. "You're stoned, huh?"

It is too complicated to explain that he is not. He says, again, "What class?"

"1967," Matthew says, laughing. "Is that your stuff or ours? She hid our stuff."

"In my glove compartment," Robert says, gesturing.

He watches Matthew walk toward his car. Sloped shoulders. Something written across the back of his jacket, being spoken by what looks like a monster blue bird. Can't read it. In a while, Matthew comes back smoking a joint, Zero trailing behind.

"They're inside talking about what a pig I am," Matthew exhales.

"How come you don't have any interest in this Japanese woman?"

"I do," Matthew says, smoking from his cupped hand. "I don't have a chance in the world."

"I don't guess it would be the same if you got another one," he says.

"Another what?"

"If you went to Japan and got another one."

"Never mind," Matthew says. "Never mind bothering to converse."

Zero sniffs the air and walks away. He lies down on the driveway, away from them, and closes his eyes.

"I'd like some Scotch to cool my lungs," Matthew says. "And we don't have any God-damned Scotch."

"Let's go get some," he says.

"O.K.," Matthew says.

They stay, watching the colors intensify. "It's too cold for me," Matthew says. He thrashes his arms across his chest, and Zero springs up, leaping excitedly, and almost topples Matthew.

They get to Matthew's car. Robert hears the door close. He notices that he is inside. Zero is in the back seat. It gets darker. Matthew hums. Outside the liquor store, Robert fumbles out a ten-dollar bill. Matthew declines. He parks and rolls down the window. "I don't want to walk in there in a cloud of this stuff," he says. They wait. Waiting, Robert gets confused. He says, "What state is this?"

"Are you kidding?" Matthew asks. Matthew shakes his head. "Colorado," he says.

—ANN BEATTIE

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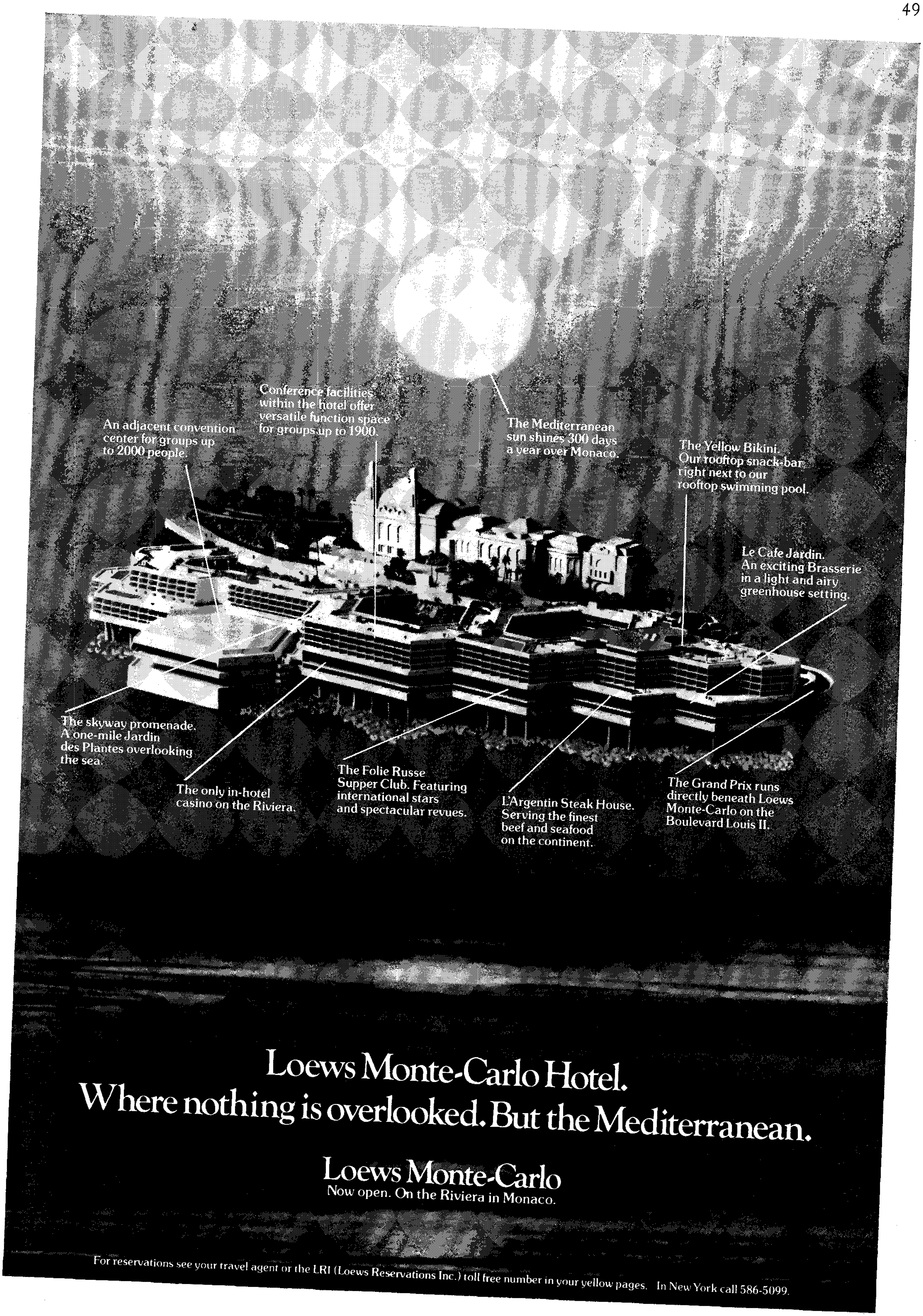
"The governments are seriously concerned and quite coöperative within the limits of their own limitations," Bray said.—*Hartford Courant.*

It's the old, old story.



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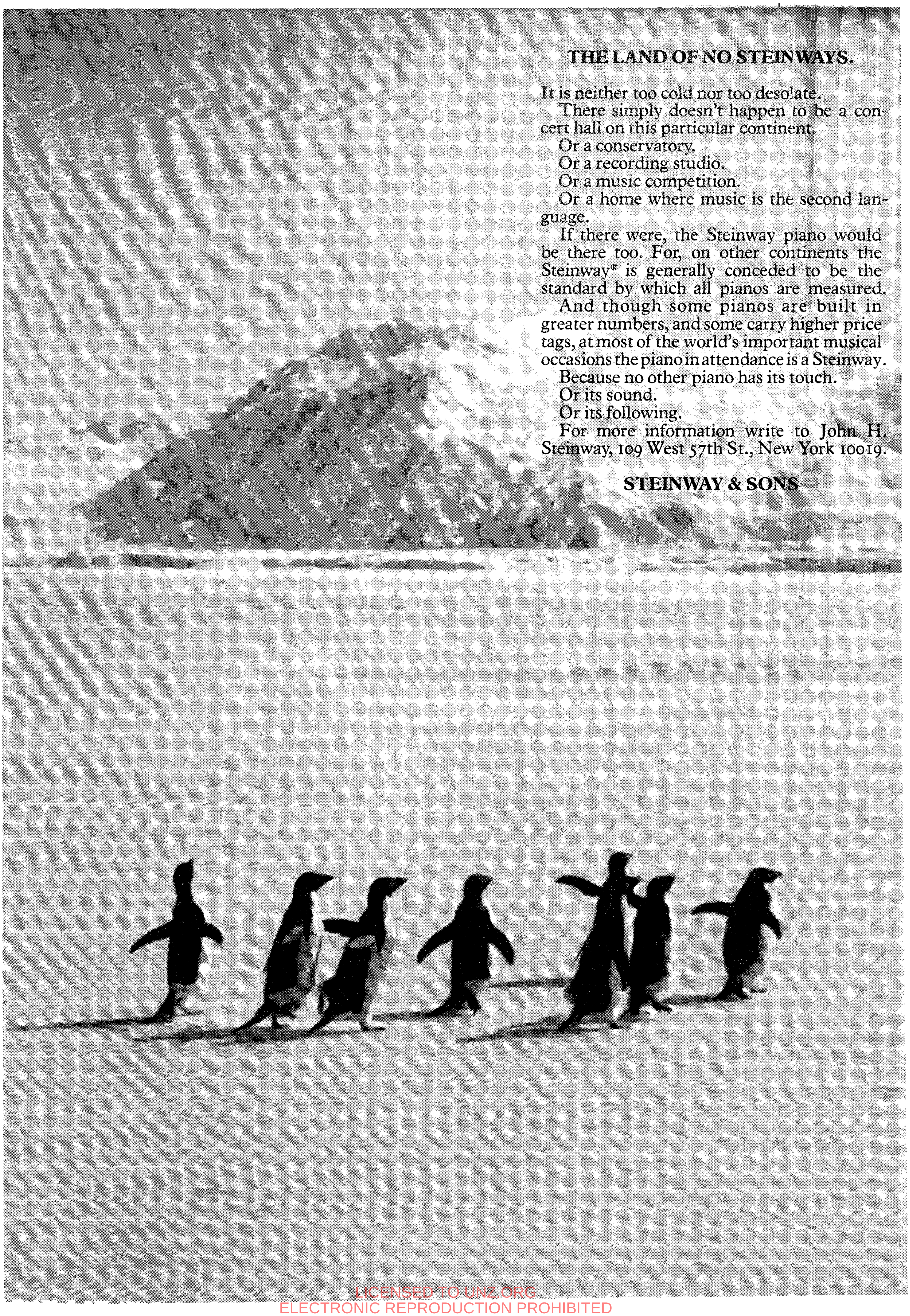

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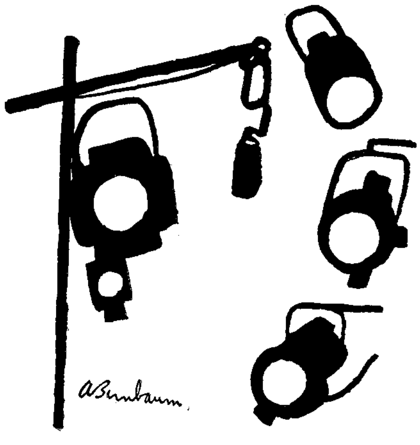
THE THEATRE

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"Bubbling Brown Sugar," the musical revue that opened last week at the ANTA, is true to its name: it bubbles unflaggingly from start to finish, and it's only after one has left the theatre that the grudging question arises "To what purpose?" The producers might well answer, along with old Aristotle, "Why, simply to entertain!," but I couldn't help feeling that there was too great a disparity between the amount of talent and energy expended in the course of the evening and the tiny pinch of content that provided the occasion for that expenditure. I wished for more to get my teeth into, more to reflect on, more to respect. We are told at the beginning that the revue's intention is to provide us with a sort of singing and dancing Cook's tour of Harlem in its (to our contemporary eye) golden prime—the Harlem, that is, of roughly 1920-40, with the Cotton Club, the Savoy, Smalls' Paradise, and other night spots to which well-heeled white visitors from south of 110th Street could readily (and safely) repair. We are invited to observe at work such luminaries of the period as Bill Robinson, Florence Mills, Duke Ellington, Fats Waller, and Cab Calloway, and to listen again to such songs as "Honeysuckle Rose," "It Don't Mean a Thing," "Sophisticated Lady," "Love Will Find a Way," and "Sweet Georgia Brown." All very reassuring and rueful-amusing, as dipping into any dog-eared family album is apt to be, and yet at bottom irritating for its failure to come to grips with what must have been the real Harlem of those supposedly happy days. As if aware of the shortcoming, the author of the book, Loften Mitchell, has begun the second act with a promise of melodramatic skulduggery involving the attempt, after the end of Prohibition, of a white gangster to take over the numbers racket in Harlem; alas, this promise soon vanishes into more mere bubbles and brown sugar.

Fitted into the interstices of the network of surefire songs noted above is music by Emme Kemp, Lillian Lopez, and Danny Holgate; Mr. Holgate has been in charge of the musical direction of the show. The choreography and musical staging (whatever that may be compared to musical direction) are credited to Billy Wilson, and the overall direction is credited to Robert M. Cooper. The costumes are by Bernard Johnson, the lighting is by Barry Arnold, and the great big rose-colored setting is by Clarke Dunham, who appears to have put to good use every square foot of the ANTA's ample stage. Of the large cast, let me single out for praise Avon Long, Josephine Premice, Joseph Attles, and Ethel Beatty. Mr. Attles brings down the house with a terrific rendition of a number called "Pray for the Lights to Go Out." It was written in 1916; maybe those *were* the good old days, at that.

On the wings of a chorus of well-nigh universal praise, Jules Feiffer's new comedy, "Knock Knock," has been wafted up from Off Broadway to Broadway, where, at the Biltmore, it has found a cozy home for the rest of the decade. I had expected the play to be very funny, and it is; it is also remarkable for its wisdom. For quite a long time now, Mr. Feiffer has been Socratically picking away at the surface of things, hoping to discover some bedrock upon which so much as the first feathery (Feiffery?) matchstick of a foundation for nourishing human relations could be laid. How nice it would be, he tells us, if we could only *like* each other for a little while without injury, and then gently fumble our way to the next stage and the next. "Knock Knock" brims with hints as to how this may be accomplished; simultaneously, it is a joyous commingling of knockabout farce and wild puns and parodies. At the end of the show, I caught sight of Mr. Feiffer at the back of the theatre, signing autographs. Smiling from ear to ear isn't as easy to accomplish as it sounds, in spite of the commonness of the saying; I'm glad to say that Mr. Feiffer was bringing off the feat without the least sign of strain. If ever a playwright deserved to be happy, it is he.



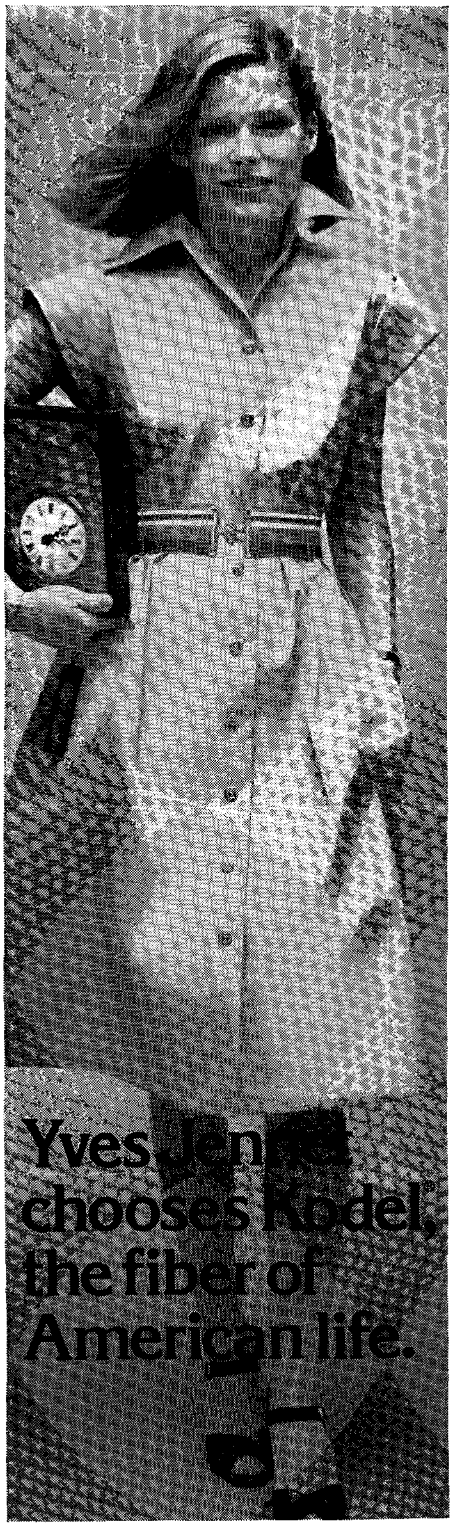
—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

1927 in the West Sixties

Steve Carter's "Eden," which opens the current season of the Negro Ensemble Company at the St. Marks, is set in an apartment house somewhere in the West Sixties in 1927. We are concerned with two apartments there. In one of the apartments lives a West Indian family, the Bartons—Joseph, his submissive wife, their two young daughters, and their two much younger sons. Joseph is a domestic martinet, as strict in his discipline, as rigid in his propriety as Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, but with an important difference: he is an idealist, and his ideal is the back-to-Africa movement of Marcus Garvey—an ideal to which he has sacrificed the freedom and happiness of his entire household. He has been a friend and companion-in-arms to Garvey, now in prison, and his loyalty to his fallen leader has become an obsession. West Indians, he says, are not "niggers," they are "Edenites," and Eden is Africa. Joseph feels nothing but contempt for American Negroes, and especially for the ones next door. These are a middle-aged woman called Lizzie and her young nephew Eustace, both up from the South. The plot is simple. Eustace falls in love with Annetta, the younger of Joseph's daughters; Annetta becomes pregnant; Joseph gets in a fight with Eustace and has a stroke; and Eustace and Annetta get married, but we suspect that they are not going to live happily ever after. It is Marcus Garvey, away and behind bars, whose spirit controls the action and its aftermath. The ending is stagy, but everything else rings true enough.

The plot is plausible and direct, yet what gives the play its strength is its characters—the complexities and openness of their feelings, their torn allegiances, their instinctive and acquired loyalties—in the time and place and circumstances that Mr. Carter has resurrected. All that passion and fire and



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abrasiveness between West Indians and American blacks in the West Sixties less than fifty years ago! Perhaps it shouldn't be so surprising, but it is. What is not surprising is the considerable humor in almost every situation, and what is certainly not surprising, at the N.E.C., is the quality of the acting by everybody concerned. The young lovers are very well played by Samm-Art Williams (a real discovery) and Shirley Brown. Ethel Ayler is an odd choice for a put-upon wife, but her chic white hair is concealed by a black wig and her dresses are drably correct, and she is completely believable. Barbara Montgomery gives a full-blooded, down-home performance as Aunt Lizzie, at her best when she recalls her first glimpse of her late husband, his white shirt rolled up over his black arms, as he walks toward her down a dusty road. (Mr. Carter writes as well for women as he does for men.) Ramona King is Annetta's loyal, brainy older sister, and Nate Ferrell and Laurence Fishburne III are their in-and-out rebellious kid brothers. But most interesting of all of them is fanatical Joseph Barton—formal in speech and insistent on formality around him ("Bacchanals in the home!" he shouts when he sees his four children roughhousing in the living room), determined to keep his black West Indian blood free of the impurities of black America's, still more determined to return to Africa, even if it means walking there on everybody's back. The role is Graham Brown's, and, needless to say, he rises to the occasion. Under Edmund Cambridge's direction, every aspect of "Eden" receives its full value.

THE estimable Chelsea Theatre, which operates out of the Brooklyn Academy, is winding up its brief season (lack of funds) with a revival of the late Edward Sheldon's "The Boss," which originally opened in New York in 1911, with Holbrook Blinn in the title role. The boss is a roughneck named Michael Regan and nicknamed Shindy Mike, who has risen from the saloon-ridden Fourth Ward of an Eastern lake-port city to become the head of a contracting company so powerful that it threatens the existence of the contracting company of an old, established family named Griswold. Some accommodation must be reached, and is. In order to save themselves, the Griswolds negotiate a secret arrangement with Regan, one of the terms being that the Griswolds' pretty daughter Emily, who has been making charitable forays into the Fourth Ward, marry Regan, although there is no question of the marriage's being consummated. It is the Griswolds who renege on the bargain, organizing a strike among the workers in the Fourth Ward, and, of course, Mike fights back, using the very methods that got him to the top in the first place. He almost loses, but not quite, and Emily gives him her first heartfelt kiss at the final curtain, after he has slightly reformed. (There *is* a curtain—God bless the Chelsea!—and it is used at the end of each of the four acts.) Since it had been obvious that she was mad about him all along, there was considerable foot-tapping in Row D, on the aisle, before she let him know it. Mike, indeed, is a fascinating fellow. True, he is a crook and a bully, and any number of victims of various kinds are scattered along his way up in the world, but his personal loyalty is impeccable. (He is literally prepared to sacrifice his life for a friend.) The Griswolds—respectable, self-righteous, and ultimately dishonorable—are absolutely awful.

The script, of course, is filled with the melodramatic lines and incidents indigenous to the period, and it is to the credit of Edward Gilbert, who directed, that there is no hint of travesty, for all the opportunities. But the show does go on and on and on, and the complexities of the plot, while made clear enough, become trying. Andrew Jarkowsky gives a tough, true performance as Shindy Mike; opposite him, Louise Shaffer, as Emily, is a bit too smiley-radiant for my taste, but her attraction to and for Mike is certainly believable. I enjoyed Tom-Patrick Dineen as Mike's close friend, Pamela Burrell in the tiny role of a society woman, and John Eames as a butler. The rest of the acting is only so-so (for the Chelsea, that is), but none of it gets in the way of the play. Good costumes by Carrie F. Robbins.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

The Adult Education Group in Conversation French recently held a French dinner at the Pemetic Elementary School, each member bringing a dish. The menu included soupe 'a e'orjou, quiche, the group had le'jumes 'a l'eveque, Ralotoville, Courzettes in 'eventails provencale, Salad du chec, jambon it fromage, and pain francais. Dessert and cafe' au lait was a pot de cre'me au chocolat and gateau a' l' orange avec des dattes. An enjoyable evening ended with slides of Paris provided by Ellen Brookes.—*Bar Harbor Times.*

Whose pain francais eased up just in time.

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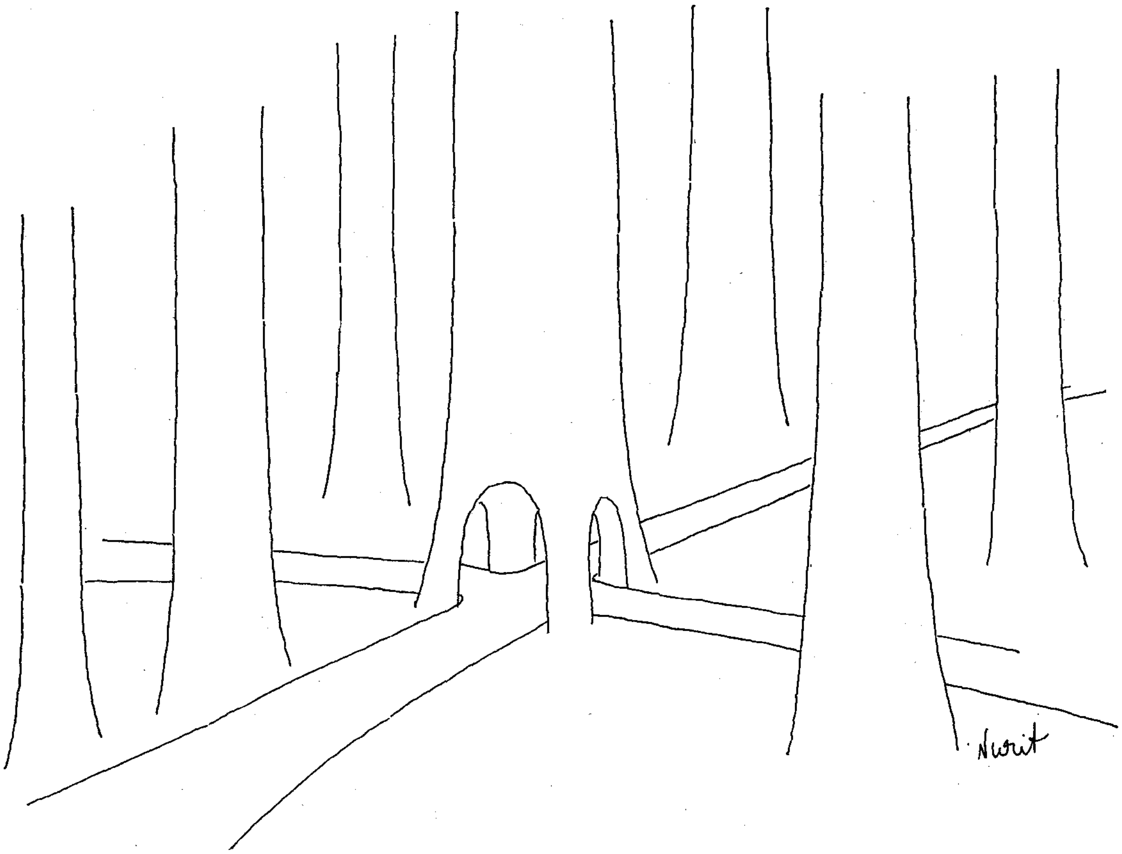
ANNALS OF WAR

FRIENDLY FIRE—III

IN April of 1971, I spent five days with Peg and Gene Mullen on their farm in Black Hawk County, Iowa—five days of listening to them talk about their opposition to the war in Vietnam, and about their son Michael, who had been killed by "friendly fire" in the war a little over a year earlier: what a fine, hardworking young man he had been, how he had been active in 4-H projects, how he had worked his way through college, how he would have been the fifth generation of his family to farm the land homesteaded by his great-great-grandfather John Dobshire a hundred and twenty years before. What impressed me most was how positive and unshakable the Mullens were in their opinions, as though they were responding to issues whose morality could be clearly and unmistakably determined—issues that were capable of being judged against existing standards of right and wrong. I was astonished by the seemingly inexhaustible volume of sources that their outrage fed upon. Draft inequities, Nixon's Vietnamization policy, farm-subsidy programs, the voting records of incumbent senators and representatives, *the machinations of the military*-industrial complex—each seemed to contribute to some consummate proof of a conspiracy on the part of the United States government to deceive Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Eugene Mullen, of La Porte City, Iowa, about the circumstances of their son's death. It became clear, however, that the Mullens' indignation, their sense of betrayal, stemmed from a vision of America as it might be depicted in an innocent history primer, one expressing a simple faith in a simpler America—an America that probably never even used to be. One other thing became clear, too, during those five days: the Mullens' surviving son and their two daughters would never possess so naïve a trust in this nation's purpose or its leaders. This seemed to me almost as great a tragedy as the loss of their son.

Peg and Gene Mullen rarely needed to be prompted or asked about their views—too much time had passed since anyone had encouraged them to talk. Many of their neighbors had been put off by their outspoken, relentless opposition to the war, and the Iowa news media, which had covered the early days of their anti-war efforts, had not sought their views for months. Sometimes, their voices were soft, gentle; at other times, their words seemed to *rip the air about us*. Equally expressive were sounds that were not spoken at all: a sigh, the slam of a hand hitting the table in rage, a breath caught because an onrushing memory was causing too much pain. Mixed in with their charges and complaints were numbers: the number of dead and wounded; the number of congressional amendments and of bills pending; the number of votes needed, letters received or sent, dollars paid out for postage, friends who had defected, new friends made; the number of documents received, copies run off, days used up, weeks lost, months passed, years wasted. Papers were always rustling in the background—letters, documents, telegrams, carbons, Xeroxes. And, too, there was a full panoply of emotions exposed: Gene belligerent, furious, impatient, confused, exhausted, tender, and, in the next instant, anguished, unsure of himself, inchoate, in tears; Peg abrasive, demanding, strident, maternal, protective, and then suddenly lonely and gutted, defensive and vulnerable, tired and exiled by anger and years.

"We are good, solid citizens," they had written in a letter to the editor of the Waterloo *Courier* thirteen months before. The Mullens had never seen themselves as any different from their contemporaries. Only after Michael was drafted and killed had they begun to feel singled out. Still, during those five days on their farm they described themselves over and over as "typical"—typical Democrats, typical Catholics, typical Iowans, typical parents.



ON the morning of Friday, April 16th, Gene, Peg, and I were sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee, and Gene said, "People ask us have we done anything. What have we accomplished? . . . Well, I think we've helped break through to the silent majority on Vietnam." He leaned back in his chair until its front legs were off the floor. "When I returned to work after Michael's funeral, the men would look at me and it was still 'We've got to have this war, Oscar. We've got to do it!' But in the last four, five months their attitude has changed. Now they come up to me and tell me, 'Oscar, we're

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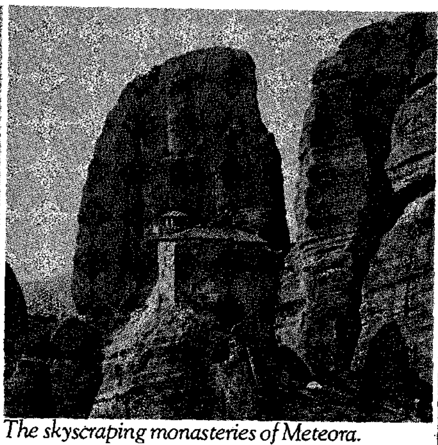

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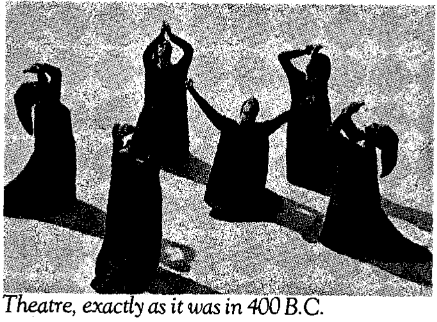
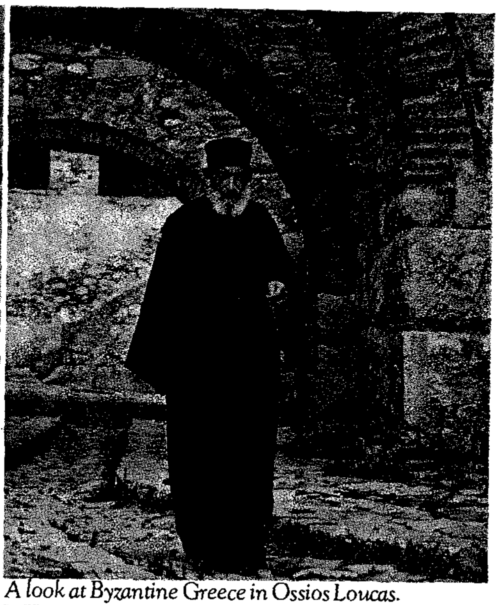
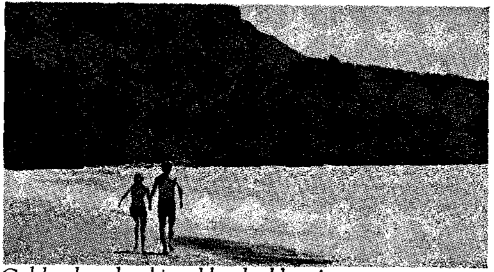


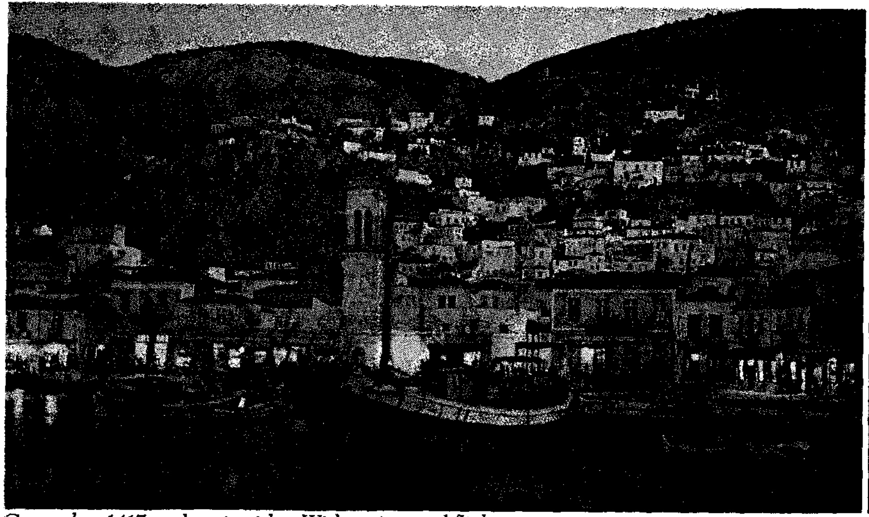
Theatre, exactly as it was in 400 B.C.



A look at Byzantine Greece in Ossios Loucas.



Golden beaches kissed by the blue Aegean.



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wrong!' They say, 'We've got to get out of there. How can we get out?' I tell them, 'Write a letter.' They say, 'They won't listen to my letter.' I tell them, 'Write a thousand of them—two, three, *four* thousand letters.' The attitude is changing here in Iowa. I had one hard-core Republican, one of those loyal to the Party, tell me just two weeks ago, the day after the President's decision to release William Calley from the stockade, he said, 'Oscar, I'm ashamed of my country. I'm ashamed that I voted for that man in the White House. What's wrong with my country?' " Gene smiled. "I said, 'Warren, what's wrong with my country and your country is you allowed it to happen.' "

"It's what's wrong with us all," Peg added.

"People keep telling Peg and me, 'You're going to destroy yourselves,' " Gene said. "They—"

"I don't care," Peg said.

"They say over and over again, 'You must stop. You're going to destroy yourselves.' But we don't think so."

"I don't care," Peg repeated.

"Do you think the past year has changed you?" I asked.

Gene shrugged, and looked over at Peg.

"Yes," Peg replied. "Yes, Gene, *you've* changed. I haven't. I don't think I've changed."

Gene pushed himself away from the table and walked into the living room. He returned with a framed photograph of Michael. Wedged in at the bottom, between the wooden frame and the glass, was a poem from one of the condolence cards sent to them after Michael's death. "When I think of my boy," Gene said, "I say that poem about him being happy in Heaven fifteen, twenty times a day."

Peg sighed and said, "Gene gets consolation from the fact that he thinks Michael is in Heaven. I don't." She paused for a moment. "See, Gene has accepted Michael's death. I haven't." There were piles of letters on the kitchen table, and she began pushing some of them back and forth across the table. "I don't know if I ever will."

No one spoke. Peg sat with her head lowered. Gene was rubbing his chin, looking down at the photograph of Michael, which lay flat on the table before him. He took a deep breath and let it out slowly, then turned to me. "I know you have to be leaving us soon, but I'd like to ask one favor of you before you go," he said. "I'd like you to

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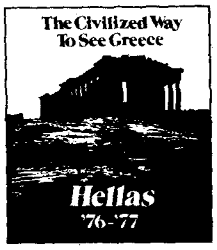

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drive over to the cemetery again to see Mikey with me. Will you do that?"

"Of course," I said. I looked over at Peg.

She shook her head. "I've got some letters to write."

Gene and I left the house together, and he paused by his car. "See that tractor in the shed there, the old red Farmall?" he said. "Mike was so small when he was six years old that when he used to go down after the cattle, down that eighty acres back there that my great-grandfather acquired from those two German Walker brothers, I'd put Mikey on the tractor, start him out on the road, put the tractor in low gear, and he used to have to stand up. He couldn't sit in the seat and steer. So he'd stand up, and I'd say, 'Now, Mikey, if anything happens, just take your knee and push in that button there, and that'll stop the tractor immediately.' See, it'd stall out in low gear. Well, at six years of age he used to go down to the pasture and bring the cattle back up here for milking time and— Oh! I had some Shorthorns. Great big cows. Well, they'd be up here in the cattle yard all winter, and they'd know that day in the spring of the year when they were supposed to go down to the bluegrass pasture. I had an old big white cow who was the lead cow. We used to take them down the road there, and the cattle had to make a right turn to get to the pasture. Well, Mikey would have to run ahead to get them to turn, and the cows would always run faster than him and scatter all over. So one year we bought him an English racing bike for Christmas, and all winter he was planning. 'Boy, I'm going to beat those cows down to the corner!' Well . . ." Gene smiled. "The day we put the cattle down to the pasture, we got them out onto the road and Mike got on his bicycle and tried to beat that old lead cow—he *tried*, but the cow was still just faster than he was on that English racing bike!" Gene lifted his cap and ran his fingers through his white hair. "I'll never forget it." He laughed, replacing his cap. "Never forget it!"

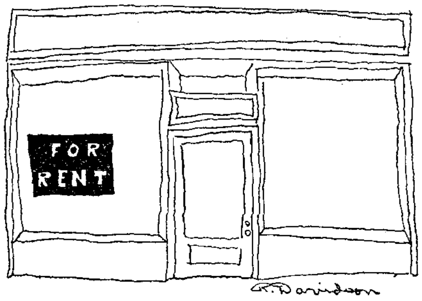
MICHAEL is buried in the Mt. Carmel Cemetery, at Eagle Center, about ten miles from La Porte City. His grave is at the top of a small hill, in the Mullen family plot. As we walked up the hill, Gene said, "I've been thinking about what you asked—had we changed? And Peg said I had? Well, she's right. I'm a very changed man. I'm not afraid to die. I go on and don't worry about the crops getting in. It seems like someone is watching over us all the time." He glanced at me quickly. "Maybe I sound foolish to think that?"

At the foot of Michael's grave, Gene prayed silently, then crossed himself. "He was so loved by his brother and sisters, so *loved!*" Gene stooped over and picked up a piece of scrap paper that had blown onto the grave. "I'll never forget that forlorn look on his face at the airport the day he was leaving for Vietnam, when he told us not to stick around." Gene crumpled the paper and shoved it into his pocket. "Peg used to put him out in the sandbox behind the house, where he played for hours and hours. Because I was working, I'd just watch him grow up as if from far away, but I was so *proud* of him! I just opened the fields to him, you know? I was so very proud of my son."

Gene looked up from the grave to the rolling hills that stretched to the distant horizon. "I could justify Mike's death if he had died of an illness. I could justify it if he had died in an ordinary accident—a car crash, or anything that had nothing to do with a war. But I just can't justify the way he was killed—I didn't say 'died,' I said '*killed*.' You can see what it says on the headstone—'Killed Feb. 18, 1970.' That's what we put there, because we can't justify the death of any boy in Vietnam."

We stood by Michael's grave in silence. Then Gene put his hand on my shoulder and said, "I thank you for coming." His hand fell away, and we both turned back to the car.

On the drive back to the farm, Gene said, "You've spent some time with us now. You've gotten to know Peg. She's a very forceful, righteous person. She's critical not because she sees evil but because she wants to see goodness. She has so much compassion for people. Everybody calls her Peg. Everybody. Little kids. Older people. She gets mail delivered addressed just to 'Peg, La Porte City.' Even some come 'Concerned Parent, La Porte City.' You've seen what she does all day long. Answering those letters. You've seen how many phone calls we get a day and the sort of people they come from. Good, decent people. And we get them every day. See, Peg has to do this. *She has to fight against this war!* Oh! Over there." Gene pointed through the windshield at the field to our right. "That's where my grandfather Patrick J. Mullen had his barn with all the horses. Each of his sons had eight working horses and his own driving team. Can you imagine the names they gave them?" He smiled, then shook his head. "All gone now." We drove on in silence for a few minutes, and Gene turned in at the farm.



"The only time Peg has trouble with her grief is when she sees things that Mikey did, like that basketball backstop behind the house," Gene said. He turned off the engine and sat gripping the steering wheel and looking through the windshield at the basketball backboard. "He was about fourteen when he put it up," Gene told me. "I said, 'Mikey, the wind'll blow it down. It'll never stand.' I wasn't trying to ridicule him. I was just trying to save him from failure. But he wasn't going to fail. He was going to put it up there. He was *determined*. And look at it. It's staying up there still." He turned to me. "You know, people think we're crazy. That we couldn't have had a boy like Michael, like we say he was. But we did. God gave me a boy like that and . . ." Gene looked away from me. "And I don't know why," he said.

Gene's hands dropped from the steering wheel. He removed the key from the ignition and opened his door. "I wish you'd known him," he said.

IN July, the Mullens went to Washington to talk with Michael's battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, who was at the Walter Reed Army Medical Center, recuperating from an operation on his spine. Initially, the meeting was tense and emotional, because the Mullens believed that Schwarzkopf—who they had convinced themselves was callous, self-seeking, hungry for promotion—was somehow responsible for Michael's death, or, at least, for suppressing the details of the investigation of it. By this time, the Mullens knew that Michael had been killed by an American artillery round that had fallen short of its target and detonated above Michael's unit. Since Michael's death had occurred during the firing of test rounds by American artillery and not during an engagement with enemy troops, he was classified by the Defense Department as a "non-hostile" casualty—a casualty that was "Not the Result of Action by Hostile Forces." The

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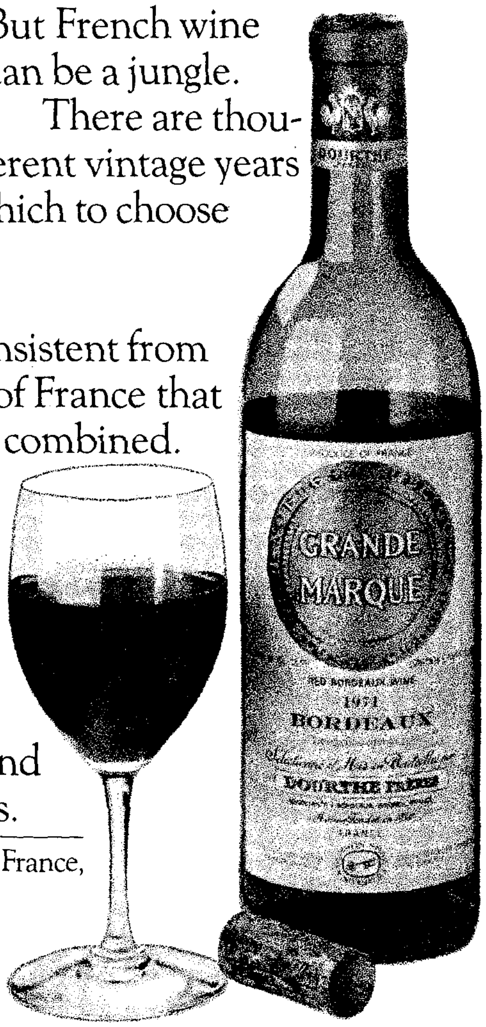

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Mullens suspected that the accident had been caused by a gun that was known to be faulty and had not been repaired, or that the men firing the gun had been drunk. In addition, their suspicions had been aroused by the fact that the artillery had been fired at nearly three o'clock in the morning, when no contact had been made with the enemy, but they failed to discuss this point with the Colonel. Schwarzkopf told the Mullens that the gun had not been faulty. He told them that some of the artillery men had been drinking beer but that none of them were drunk. Finally, he told them that the short round was not caused by any error or negligence on the part of the men firing the gun. The error had been made ten miles away, at a Fire Direction Center, by a lieutenant who, in calculating the elevation to be placed on the guns, failed to take into account the height of the trees surrounding Michael's unit. This explanation was confirmed in a conversation that the Mullens had later with Colonel Valentin Kuprin, the commander of the artillery battalion that fired the shell.

Schwarzkopf was open and coöperative with the Mullens during his meeting with them, and afterward their attitude toward him seemed to have softened. Although in describing the meeting to me they sought to portray Schwarzkopf as a chastened man, who was honest with them because he was overwhelmed by the amount of information they had gathered, they did not describe him as responsible for Michael's death, and they did not dispute his explanation of what caused it. The Mullens had now been given answers to most of their questions. But in their need to see a conspiracy, and to assign blame for Michael's death to some individual, they were still unsatisfied; they said that they would press on with their investigation. I decided to try to resolve their doubts by talking with Schwarzkopf myself and with some of the men who had been with Michael on the night of his death.

SCHWARZKOPF was born August 22, 1934, in Trenton, New Jersey. Two years earlier, his father, Captain H. Norman Schwarzkopf—who had spent three years in the Regular Army before becoming the first superintendent of the New Jersey State Police—had directed the Lindbergh-kidnapping investigation. Young Norm Schwarzkopf lived in the Lawrenceville-Princeton area while his father returned to active duty in the Army shortly before the Second World War. After the war, he joined his father at postings in Iran (1946-48), Germany (1948-49), and Italy (1950-51). He left Italy in the fall of 1951 to attend Valley Forge Military Academy on a football scholarship, and in 1952 he won an appointment to the United States Military Academy, at West Point. Schwarzkopf played football at the Academy during his freshman year, was a cadet captain, and, in June of 1956, graduated forty-second in his class of four hundred and eighty-five. He received a Regular Army commission as a second lieutenant, infantry.

Schwarzkopf's early career followed a predictable Army pattern: infantry and airborne schools at Fort Benning, Georgia, automatic promotion to first lieutenant following eighteen months of active duty, and then two years with the reactivated 101st Airborne—the new Strategic Army Corps (STRAC) division formed at Fort Campbell, Kentucky. He was next sent to Berlin for two years, returning to Benning afterward for the career-officer course. In the summer of 1962, Schwarzkopf, now a captain, was sent to the University of Southern California to pick up a master's degree in mechanical and aerospace engineering, and in 1964 he was ordered back to West Point to begin a three-year appointment as an instructor in the Department of Engineering Mechanics. He remained at the Academy for only one year, however. By February of 1965, several of Schwarzkopf's good friends had died in Vietnam. Eight American advisers had been killed in their compound at Pleiku; twenty-two more Americans had lost their lives in their barracks at Qui Nhon. That month, President Johnson ordered the commencement of Operation Rolling Thunder, the sustained air bombardment of North Vietnam. In March, United States Marines waded ashore near Danang and raised the total United States troop strength in Vietnam to more than twenty-three thousand men. By May, there were forty-two thousand; by June, seventy-five thousand.

Schwarzkopf was an infantryman. He chafed sitting at West Point, and felt he should be in Vietnam. The Department of the Army agreed to grant him his transfer request on the condition that when he had completed his one-year duty tour he return to the Military Academy to fulfill the remaining two years of his teaching obliga-

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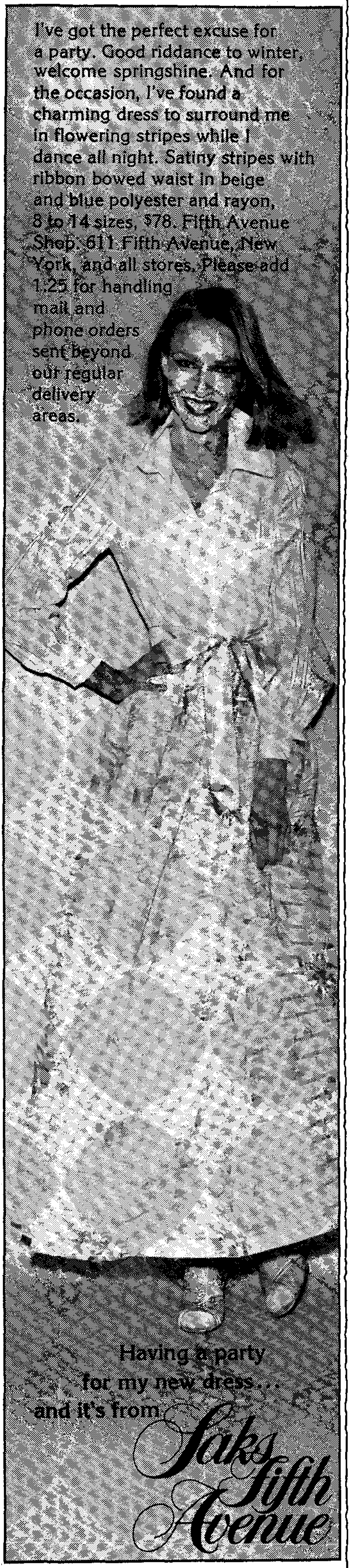
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tion. Schwarzkopf reached Vietnam early in the summer of 1965 and was assigned to the Vietnamese Airborne Division as a task-force adviser. Shortly after his arrival, he and two battalions of the Vietnamese Airborne spent ten days surrounded at the Duc Co Special Forces camp. At about the same time, he was promoted to major. In July of 1965, President Johnson announced an increase of United States forces in Vietnam from seventy-five thousand men to a hundred and twenty-five thousand.

Schwarzkopf returned to West Point in 1966, to complete his teaching assignment. In August of 1968, when he had just turned thirty-four, he was promoted to lieutenant colonel ahead of the majority of his contemporaries, and was sent to the Command and General Staff College, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. In the spring of 1969, United States military forces reached their peak strength in Vietnam—five hundred and forty thousand men. In July of that year, Schwarzkopf returned to Vietnam for a second tour. In December, he assumed command of the 1st Battalion, 6th Infantry, 198th Infantry Brigade of the Americal Division, and ten weeks later Michael Eugene Mullen, of the 1st Battalion's Charlie Company, was dead.

I visited Schwarzkopf in October of 1971. He had been released from the Walter Reed Army Medical Center and was recuperating at his home in Annandale, Virginia, with his wife, Brenda, a former T.W.A. stewardess, and their two-year-old daughter, Cindy. I had written to the Colonel asking if I might speak with him, and he had immediately urged me to come. Schwarzkopf had an apartment in a complex of identical new brick buildings. Annandale is one of those rapidly expanding bedroom communities that lie within the Capital Beltway around suburban Washington, D.C. I knocked on his door, and as I waited I recalled that Gene Mullen had described him as a "round-faced, blond, overgrown, boyish-looking man." There was nothing boyish-looking about the man who answered the door. Schwarzkopf was big, solid, more than six feet tall, and weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds. He wore a cast, which started at his hips and rode high over his shoulders, like football pads. He had dark-blond hair, short but not crewcut, and his expression—like his handshake and greeting—was open and friendly.

I asked him if he would mind my using a tape recorder, and he replied that he wouldn't mind at all; in fact, he added, he intended to use one himself. He explained that he had called the Pentagon to make sure that it would be all right for him to be interviewed, and that the Pentagon had placed no restrictions on him whatever but had recommended that he use a tape recorder, to insure that his answers would not be distorted or quoted out of context. He suggested that we might be comfortable if we sat at the dining-room table, where we could set up our machines.

We began by discussing Schwarzkopf's meeting with the Mullens. At one point, Schwarzkopf said, "I felt that what I had to do was tell them everything that happened. I didn't want to get into big arguments. I wanted to treat them with compassion, set their minds at ease. Frankly, my attitude toward them was conciliatory. I wanted to show them that their son's battalion commander wasn't a Nazi, wasn't an arch-right-wing military conservative. That I was a human being who felt like they felt, who had cared about their son. I wanted to make it very clear to them that nobody was more upset about Michael's death than I was. I was furious when it happened! Particularly since I'd had another friendly-artillery incident from the same artillery battalion only a month before. I was so damned mad when the brigade commander landed with the artillery-battalion commander at my position the following morning I couldn't even speak to the guy."

"Was this artillery-battalion commander Colonel Kuprin?" I asked.

"Right."

"Could you have told the Mullens, 'I could have killed Colonel Kuprin'?" I asked, quoting Peg Mullen.

"I may have," Schwarzkopf said. "Like I said, I was furious! But don't get me wrong. It wasn't because I blamed Kuprin directly, as the man responsible—it was just as if my unit had done something terrible, caused casualties in someone else's unit. The unit commander is responsible for everything his unit does or fails to do. I was tremendously emotionally upset about that whole incident. As I told the Mullens, nobody was more upset than I was."

"What was the Mullens' response to that?" I asked.

"Well, the whole conversation had started off in a rather accusatory fashion," Schwarzkopf replied. "Questions like 'Why did you do this?' and 'Why

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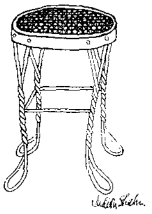
did you do that?' and 'Why did you cover up the circumstances of our son's death in your investigation?' I proceeded to explain that, first"—he tapped his cast—"I did not, in fact, conduct the investigation. Any time there is a friendly-artillery incident, the friendly artillery investigates it. And, second, it's all disinterested parties who are involved in the investigation. Therefore, I had nothing to do with the investigation whatever. Still, when I tried to explain how upset I was by Michael's death, Mrs. Mullen asked me, 'Well, when you flew out in your little helicopter, wasn't your first statement "Gee, it looks like the Vietcong did this"?' I explained again that *I didn't conduct the investigation*, that the artillery investigators were, in fact, the ones who flew in in the small helicopter. What happened was this: Colonel Joseph Clemons, the brigade commander, picked me up in his big helicopter as soon as he could get to my position. Kuprin was with him at the time. We next flew to Charlie Company's position—that would have been at about eight in the morning. Charlie Company had had to cut a landing zone large enough for our big helicopter to come in. We then flew back out prior to the artillery investigators' arrival." Schwarzkopf paused. "As I was explaining all this to the Mullens, the more we talked the more I recalled the circumstances of the entire thing. I remembered then that later someone in Charlie Company had said that in fact one of the artillery investigators had gotten out of the small helicopter and his first reaction was that it hadn't been done by American artillery at all but by the V.C. The point is, however, that the lieutenant colonel Mrs. Mullen was referring to—the one who flew in the small helicopter—wasn't me at all. It was the lieutenant colonel in charge of the investigation. He had been assigned by the division."



"About what time do you think they arrived?"

"About ten in the morning would be my rough guess."

I asked Schwarzkopf how far he had been from Charlie Company when the shell hit. About two or three kilometres, he said. Why, then, if the artillery round had killed two men and wounded six others at nearly three in the morning, had he not been able to get to Charlie Company until five hours later?

"No helicopters were available," he said. "Generally, I never had a helicopter at night. No one had a helicopter at night. No battalion commander, no brigade commander, no *anyone*. Med-evac—the medical-evacuation helicopter—got to Charlie Company. Med-evac will fly in all weather conditions, any time, any place, anywhere, under any circumstances. But that night the med-evac pilot had a tremendously difficult time even *finding* them. There was a thick haze; Charlie Company was down in the valley firing all sorts of flares and everything else." He picked up a sheet of yellow paper. "You had huge mountains on one side, very high mountains on the other." Schwarzkopf drew two ellipses. "It was once a river valley. A very narrow one." He pencilled in a thin meandering line between the two ellipses. "But on the left, on the south side of the river, was another piece of high ground, which rose in the middle of the valley. Charlie Company was on the top of that." He put an "X" on top of the small hill. "I was sitting on the mountain over here to the northeast, overlooking the valley. It was Hill 410."

"And that was where the artillery had been placed?"

"That's right," he said. "But let me explain this, because it's one of the ironies of these things' happening."

The maximum range of a 105-mm. artillery piece, the Colonel told me, was approximately twelve thousand five hundred metres. The artillery that would normally have supported Charlie Company was at Fat City, an Americal Division forward artillery base that was more than five miles from Charlie Company's position. For this operation the artillery would have been firing at its extreme range, and the greater the range the less accurate the artillery. Schwarzkopf wanted to insure that Charlie Company would be covered adequately, so he asked that the supporting artillery be moved forward. Colonel Clemons approved Schwarzkopf's request, and ordered Colonel Kuprin, the artillery-battalion commander, to place four 105-mm. howitzers in a position from which Charlie Company's operation would be well within range. Kuprin had the responsibility of selecting the spot from which the artillery would be fired, and he chose to place the guns on Hill 410, which was less than two miles from Charlie Company's position.

"Frankly, I would have picked Hill 410, too," Schwarzkopf said. "Hill 410 was the only location that far out where the guns could have been placed. You

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see, a hill is named by its metric height above sea level. 'Hill 410' means that the crest of the hill was four hundred and ten metres above sea level. There was another hill—Hill 707—and since we're talking in metres now, that would have placed the guns over two thousand feet high."

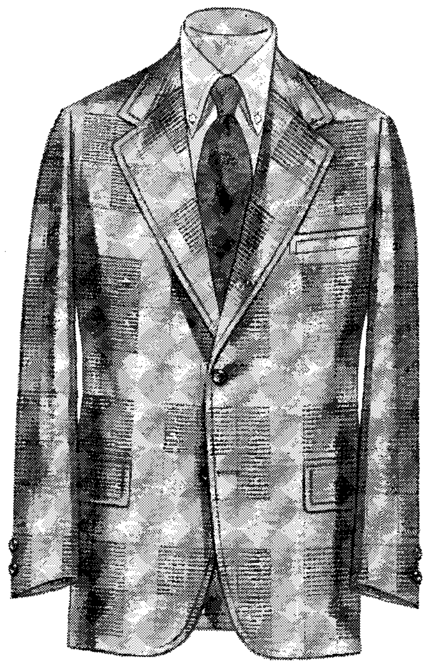
Was it essential that the guns be placed in a position from which they would have to fire over Charlie Company's heads?

Nobody at that time could have predicted whether the artillery would or would not have to fire over Charlie Company's position, the Colonel explained. If Charlie Company had set up on the north slope of the hill or on the south side rather than on the crest, it would not have happened. But where the company commander establishes his night defensive position is totally that commander's responsibility and prerogative. "In any case," Schwarzkopf added, "it's even more significant that Hill 410 had been used many, many times in the past for similar operations, and there had never been any incident whatever or any unsafeness involved. Therefore, I think it was not only the logical choice to put the artillery there but the *only* choice."

Schwarzkopf explained how a company commander, on moving into a defensive position, attempts to determine the most likely routes that an enemy might use to attack. He and his artillery forward observer select targets that would place artillery fire on those most likely routes, and then radio the location of the targets to the artillery unit. The artillery unit then fires test rounds at these targets—which are called defensive targets—to make sure that it has the correct aiming data for the guns. Firing at these targets is called "firing D.T.s."

Why had the artillery unit warned Charlie Company at eight that evening that its D.T.s were about to be fired and then not fired them until almost three the following morning?

"All artillery firing is done on priorities," Schwarzkopf said. "Obviously, a contact mission takes first priority. Say an infantry company over here is calling for D.T.s and the artillery unit is firing them when, suddenly, another unit, over there, is involved in a big fire fight. The priority of all the artillery units is going to shift to that unit that's under fire, in contact with the enemy." Each unit might select as many as twenty D.T.s, Schwarzkopf explained, and, with a number of units requesting D.T.s, and other units engaged in fire fights, which took priority,



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a unit's D.T.s would not be fired until firing time was available. "Sometimes this is very late," he said. "In Charlie Company's case, it was very, *very* late. The night Michael Mullen was killed, the scheduled artillery firing was postponed. It was not actually fired until seven hours later."

"Why did the round that killed Michael fall short?"

"This is . . . It was . . ." Colonel Schwarzkopf shook his head. "It was fate. As I said, Charlie Company was sitting on a hill between two mountains in what amounted to a valley. The artillery was to its northeast side on top of a hill, and the defensive target the guns at this particular time were firing was one to the southwest side of the hill Charlie Company was sitting on. The artillery fired the first round—the white-phosphorus, or W.P., marking round that is supposed to burst anywhere from fifty feet to fifty metres above the spot you want the high-explosive, or H.E., round to hit. The W.P. round did in fact burst fifty metres above that spot. Then, naturally, to make the H.E. round land in the right spot you would have to depress the tube of the gun to make the round land lower. The calculations of what data should be placed on the gun to lower the tube to account for this fifty metres of air space are all done at the Fire Direction Center—the F.D.C.—which, in this case, was ten miles away from the guns on Hill 410, back near Division headquarters, which were at Chu Lai. The F.D.C. is supposed to take into account the mask clearance of the hill along the line of fire and the tree heights on top of the land. In other words, you've got to make sure you're going to clear not only the ground but where the trees stick up from the ground, too. Well, evidently . . ." The Colonel paused. "In this case, this was not done. When the next H.E. round was fired, as it passed over the ridge to land on the other side it hit a tree quite a ways up. A tree right over Charlie Company's position." Schwarzkopf let his breath out slowly. "Michael's death was a terrible tragedy. A tragedy typical of a profane thing called war. Maybe 'typical' isn't the word—it isn't a *daily* occurrence. It's a unique thing, and happens on a very occasional basis. *But it happens!* I'm not an expert on artillery procedures—this is why I referred the Mullens to Colonel Kuprin. I know the results of the investigation, but I don't know all the nomenclature, the details involved. Still, what I wanted to try to tell the Mullens was that I—

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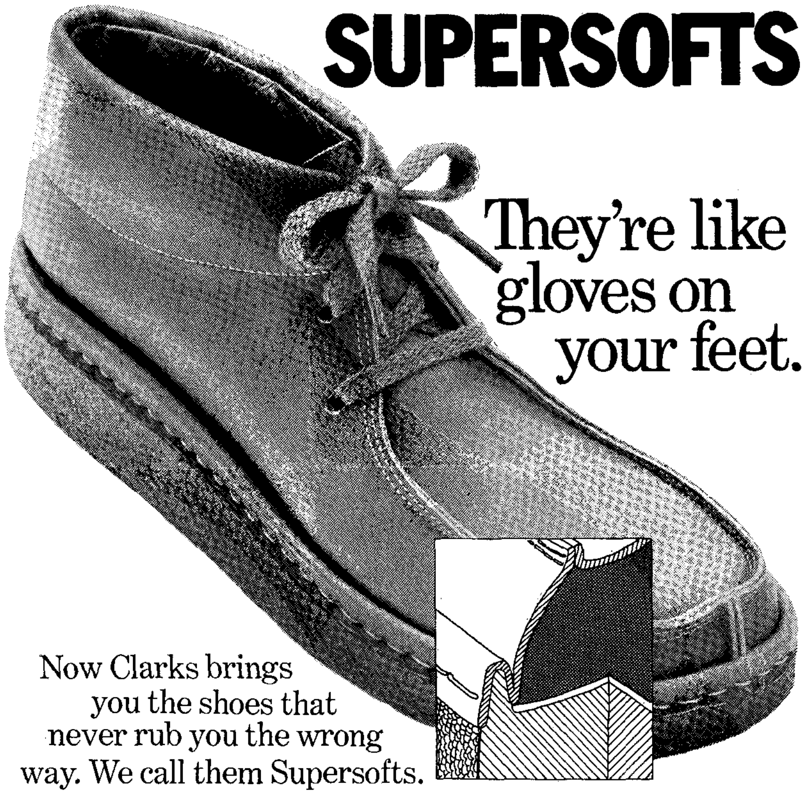

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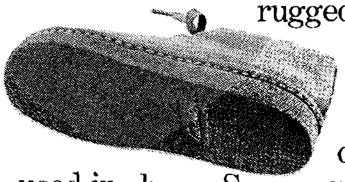

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I feel that . . ." Schwarzkopf paused again and rubbed his brow. "I don't know how to express this, but try to think of it this way: Michael was killed because of an error. It was a tragedy that Michael was killed. But I don't think it was an error of— of *deliberate negligence*. The error was made because of the unique set of circumstances surrounding this particular mission. All right, yes, it was an error committed by some individual, and I don't know the name of that individual. But I don't believe it's the kind of situation where whoever made the error can be pulled in and sent to jail for it, or anything like that. I know one officer in the F.D.C. was given a letter of reprimand, but what the guns had had set on them was what the F.D.C. had sent. The location of where the D.T. was to hit was, in fact, the target location sent from the field. It was just *this* weird, tragic set of circumstances of the guns' being located just exactly where they were, the line of flight being what it was, the fact that the D.T.s were bursting on the south side of the hill and had to pass directly over Charlie Company's position . . ." His voice trailed off.

And that's how Michael Mullen was killed. Just as both Colonel Schwarzkopf and Colonel Kuprin had told the Mullens, just as had been hinted at in correspondence from members of Charlie Company: someone back at the Fire Direction Center had failed to take into account the height of the trees on Charlie Company's hilltop night defensive position.

Two details remained to be cleared up: Who requested the firing of the D.T.? Were the men who fired it drinking?

Colonel Schwarzkopf wasn't sure who had requested the artillery. The forward-observer team usually consists of three men—a forward observer, his reconnaissance sergeant, and a radio operator. Each of them is qualified to call in artillery and to make corrections. Schwarzkopf believed that the D.T.s had been radioed in late that afternoon by Second Lieutenant Albert S. Rocamora, the artillery forward observer assigned to Charlie Company. It was clear, however, that it didn't matter who had requested the artillery, since, whoever it was, he had provided the correct target coördinates. That the artillery had not fired its D.T.s until almost three that morning had nothing to do with the forward-observer team; the delay was solely the responsibility of the artillery. They had fired only when firing time had become available. As for the drinking, Schwarzkopf said, "General [Lloyd B.] Ramsey, the commanding general of the Americal Division, had a policy when I first got to the division that there could be beer on fire bases and in the field, but then he had a serious incident. I think it was in the 196th Brigade. I think it was in one of their stand-down areas that a man got drunk. General Ramsey then put out the policy that there was to be no more beer in the field. Period. I assumed that it was enforced by everyone. I enforced it in my battalion. And then on this particular mission the artillery came out and set up in position on Hill 410, and the *next* morning—*not* at the time but the morning following Michael's death—when I went to look at the guns to try to conduct my own semiformal investigation into what had happened, I looked down and there was a whole bunch of fresh beer cans. I told the Mullens that it was obvious that someone had been drinking beer. I doubt, however, that this fact is even contained in the investigation. Why? *Because the error was not on the guns.* Again, the error that caused Michael's death was made back at the Fire Direction Center. So it was not a question of anybody on the guns drinking or anything else. I'm sure the reason there was nothing in the investigation about the drinking was because it wasn't drunkenness. The division commander's policy was no beer in the field, so don't mention the beer and don't make waves. But waves *were* made. Colonel Clemons was out there, he knew they had been drinking beer, and he raised holy hell with Kuprin about it. Heads were chopped. Corrective action was taken—but not through the investigation, simply because the beer was in no way a contributing factor to Michael Mullen's death."

"You mentioned an incident a month before in which artillery fire from an American unit landed on, I believe, Bravo Company?"

"That was in a different place," Schwarzkopf said. "It *was* Bravo Company. They were in a place called Dragon Valley, and there had been a great deal of enemy contact out there. I can't recall whether D.T.s were being fired or whether it was an enemy probe. I think it was a probe, but in any case the rounds fell short. Incidentally, no one was killed in the Bravo Company incident. There were some wounded. They conducted an investigation and found that on one of the guns there was a faulty elevating

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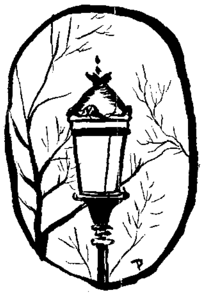
mechanism. It's a screw-type device, a bunch of teeth and a screw that turns to raise or lower the tube, and there had been a slippage in the teeth. As a result, the tube had dropped down to a lower angle than it should have and this is why the rounds fell short. Frankly, as an infantry-battalion commander I couldn't care less what caused it. My primary concern was to insure that it didn't happen again. And that is why, naturally, when the same guns that had an artillery-firing incident on one of my units has another exactly one month later, I'm furious!"



"When you said, just now, 'the same guns,' did you mean—"

"They weren't the same guns," Schwarzkopf said quickly. "What I meant was that they were guns from the same unit."

We spoke for a while about the sort of operations Michael had been involved in, and then Schwarzkopf talked about the Batangan Peninsula—the area of operations (A.O.) that his battalion was shifted into following Michael's death.

"The Mullens told me that from Michael's death, in February, 1970, through that April, your battalion lost about a hundred and twenty out of nine hundred men. Does that sound right?" I asked.

"Killed? No." He thought for a while. "We could probably have had that many *wounded* from February through *July*. But prior to that move south, during that period while Michael was still with us, I'd say we had fewer casualties than any other battalion in the division. In that second A.O., the Batangan Peninsula, our casualties were slightly above average. I don't think we were the highest, because some of the battalions of the 196th Brigade were having tremendous battles with North Vietnamese regiments and were taking sustained heavy casualties. The point is, however, that in our first A.O., where Michael was, we very rarely had contact with the enemy. We had contact only when the enemy wanted to kill us. But that second A.O. was, as far as I'm concerned, the worst thing I've ever been through in my life." The Colonel paused. "Look, to digress for a moment, the whole reason I volunteered for Vietnam the second time was that I honestly felt I could be a better battalion commander—could accomplish the mission with less loss of life—than a lot of the people who were going over there. I felt this because of the tremendous experience I had had fighting with the Vietnamese Airborne in 1965 and 1966. After my first tour, I came home with probably the greatest feeling of satisfaction I've ever had about anything I've ever done. I slept in the mud, ate rice and Vietnamese food with chopsticks for one solid year. Everywhere the Vietnamese went, I went. *I was one of them.* And I felt—I *really felt*—that I was honestly helping people. I met some fantastic people in that outfit—Vietnamese for whom I have the greatest respect in the world. These people were desperate. Many of them were people from North Vietnam who had fled the Communists in 1954. They were true patriots, fighting for their country, for their lives. I came home from that year feeling I had been fighting for freedom and democracy. Now, wait." He held up his hand in anticipation of an interruption. "When I volunteered for Vietnam in 1965, it was for 'God, Country, and Mom's Homemade Apple Pie.' I got to Vietnam and very shortly after I arrived we were surrounded at Duc Co. Well, when you get surrounded and the sun goes down with you sitting there thinking you may not see it come up again the next morning, it takes a hell of a lot more than God, Country, and Mom's Apple Pie—those words emblazoned across the sky—to keep you going."

Schwarzkopf pushed himself up from his chair and stood facing me. "I think we went to Vietnam in the first place for the principle of democracy. I'm not saying that that's what it all turned out to be, and I'm not saying that that was the end result. I'm saying only that this is the principle we went to Vietnam for. Well, what kept me going while we were surrounded was that by that time I had met enough truly fine, dedicated South Vietnamese officers in the Vietnamese Airborne Division who sincerely and honestly believed that we were fighting for their country, for their freedom, and that I—as an American taught from the time I was knee-high to a grasshopper that one stands up and fights for democracy—was over there to help. Look, to go back over this whole business of why I volunteered a second time for Vietnam, I *know* Mr. Mullen says the only reason why I went back was to get promoted. Well, that's— that's *hogwash!* I didn't need to go to Vietnam a second time, you know? I didn't need to get a ticket punched. I didn't need any medals." Following his first tour, the Colonel's decorations included the Combat Infantryman's Badge, the

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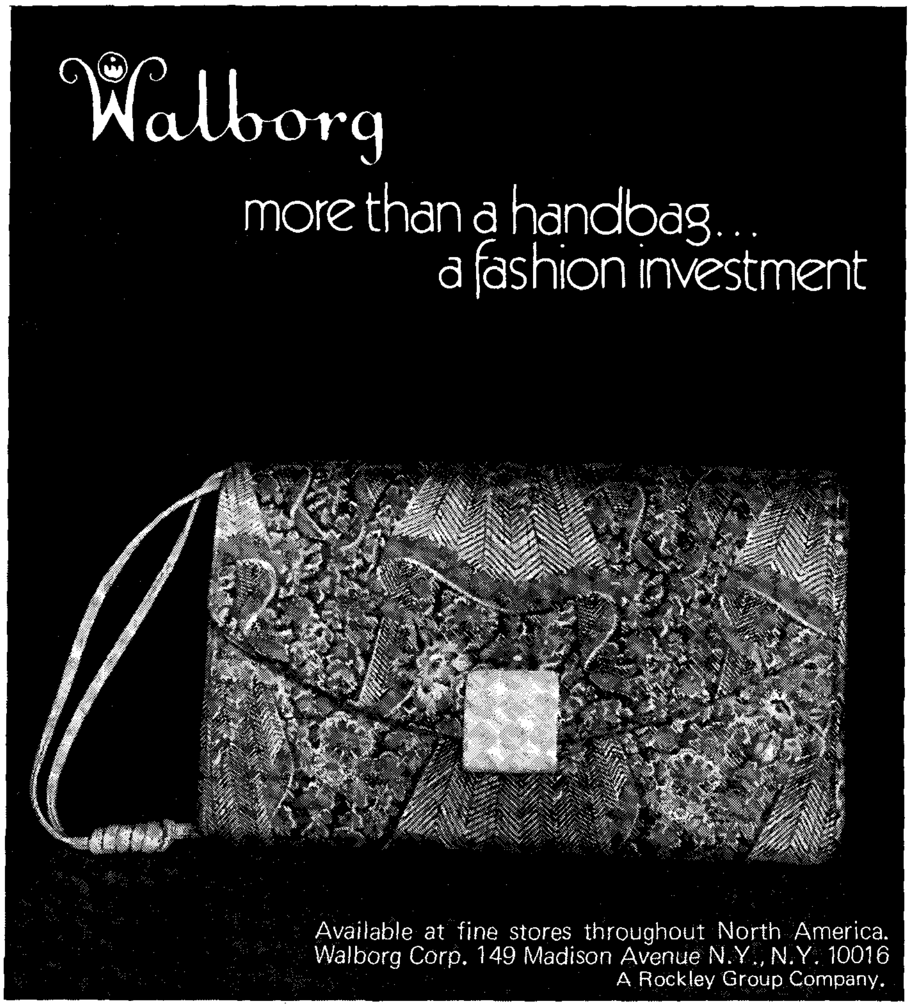
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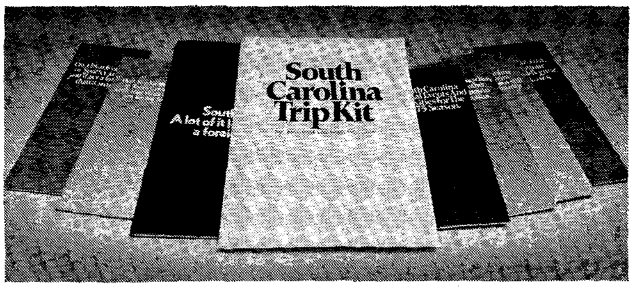

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"And majors don't get battalions?" I asked.

"No—majors are generally staff positions," Schwarzkopf said. He sat down. "A captain was a company commander, a lieutenant colonel commanded a battalion. Commanding a battalion, for an infantryman—a battalion *anywhere*—is, uh, 'career-enhancing.'" He winced at the phrase. "I've also explained that most of my friends didn't get commands at any time, and what is really important is to show that you *can* command, and not so much where you do the commanding. I would be foolish if I said I was unaware that commanding a battalion in Vietnam would help my career. Of course it would! But there were other things to consider."

He went on to say that following his tour of duty at West Point he had been assigned to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and had been scheduled next for a staff-level job in the Office of the Chief of Research and Development, at the Pentagon. He would more than likely have been sent back to Vietnam after that. He and Brenda had at that time been married only a year, and had no children. "Frankly, I had to face the fact that if I got killed in Vietnam this time Brenda was still young and beautiful and had a good job," he said. "She wouldn't be hurting for money, or anything of that sort. However, if after three years at the Pentagon they sent me to Vietnam, by then we might well have a family, Brenda would have quit her job, and if I got killed then, it would be so much harder for her to adjust. Naturally, I considered this. But my first and foremost reason, as I have said, was that, based on my experience that first tour with the Vietnamese Airborne, I felt I definitely had something I could contribute as a battalion commander. I felt I could accomplish the mission with the minimum loss of life—none, if possible, which is what it's all about, really. After all, this was what I had been trained for, what the Army kept me around to do, and I felt it was my obligation to do it. And, all right, *yes*, commanding a battalion successfully in Vietnam has enhanced my career. But if I turn around and make a mistake in my next assignment or get a bad efficiency report, my career will suffer just as much as it would have otherwise. The only difference between an officer and anybody else is that the officer has got the responsibility and you get into terrifying situations because you *flat have got* that responsibility."

Schwarzkopf picked up a pencil and began rolling it back and forth between his palms. Each time it crossed his West Point ring there was a slight metallic click. "You know," he said after a while, "out at Walter Reed, when the Mullens came to see me, was my former artillery-liaison officer, Bob Trabbert. And he's still there right now. He's just had another operation on his head. He's missing his left arm above the elbow. His left leg above the knee. He's got a great big hole in his head. Bob always went with me. Everywhere a battalion commander went, his artillery-liaison officer had to go. The day this happened to Bob was the day Bravo Company got trapped in a minefield."

Schwarzkopf told me how the men of Bravo Company had been on the edge of panic, feeling their way out of the minefield, and how he had felt terror at having to cross the field to quiet a young private whose leg had been broken when a mine exploded near him, and how Trabbert had been horribly wounded when a man beside him had, at Schwarzkopf's request, moved to cut a limb from a small tree to use as a splint and had detonated a mine.

"When I threw Bob on that helicopter, I didn't think he'd live. But he did. And the only reason I wasn't killed or terribly maimed—all I got was one fragment in the chest and another in the arm—was that I was over taking care of this kid. And for that they gave me my third Silver Star. But, as far as I'm concerned, I had no other choice. It was my responsibility. I had to do it. And being there where I was, taking care of that kid,

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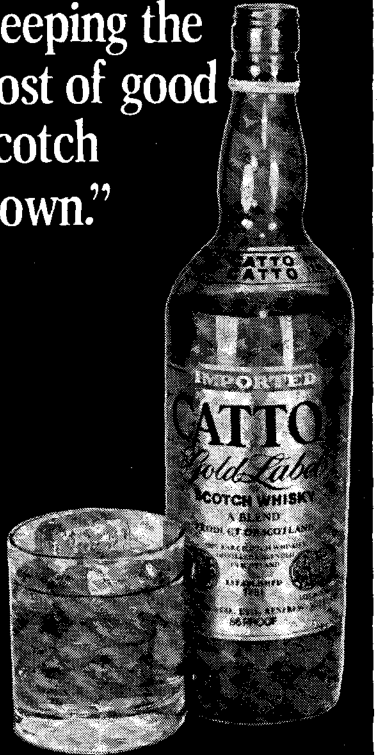

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saved my life. But you live with these things. You become terribly fatalistic in combat."

"When did this happen?" I asked.

"It was the twenty-eighth of May, 1970. Almost a year and a half ago."

"And Trabbert's still in the hospital."

Schwarzkopf nodded. "And his wife has divorced him. She was nineteen when they married and—well, I guess . . ." Schwarzkopf shook his head sadly. "But, to go back to the point I was making when you asked about the casualties after Michael's death, I want to emphasize that this Bravo minefield incident was in the Batangan Peninsula—an *entirely different* A.O. from where Michael Mullen got it. The mines and booby traps there were unbelievable. It was terrifying to me, and I know it was terrifying to the men. It wasn't easy being a battalion commander in Vietnam. It was hard going into the hospitals and looking at those kids that were wounded—*terrible* wounds from mines and booby traps. It's hard even to convey to you what an awful thing it was to go in to a young man who had just lost a leg or even two legs and who had just woken up. What do you say to that kid? You have to say *something*."

"What did you say?"

"Normally, not much," Schwarzkopf answered. "Ninety-nine per cent of the time, these kids would carry the conversation, start talking first. The first thing they'd say—or close to the first thing—would be 'Sir, I'm sorry.'" Schwarzkopf looked up at me. "Here's this kid in bed who's lost his legs and he wakes up and apologizes to *you!*" He shook his head in wonder. "Generally they would ask, 'Did I hurt anybody else? Was anyone hurt?' The kid who had triggered the mine felt guilty, because he thought he should have picked up the trip wire and avoided it. But here would be this kid lying there terribly maimed and his first words would be, 'Sir, I'm sorry.' 'God,' I'd say, 'don't *you* be sorry!' And I'd do what I could—find out if his parents had been notified, get a phone call through so that he'd be able to talk directly to his folks if possible, so they'd know he was alive. You'd do whatever you could. Always, as soon as I had a man wounded, I would get to the hospital as rapidly as I could to see the guy. It was *hard* seeing those kids. It was even harder when people would give you the impression that they felt you were deliberately sending these kids to their deaths."

"Who made you feel this?" I asked.

"Well, No. 1, the Mullens," Schwarzkopf said. "The Mullens told me that in just so many words. And, No. 2, the whole public seems to have the impression that the military deliberately wastes people. That we're a bunch of callous bastards and that human lives don't mean a thing to us. Well, when people feel this way and then you have to see these young men with such terrible wounds, it's tough to take."

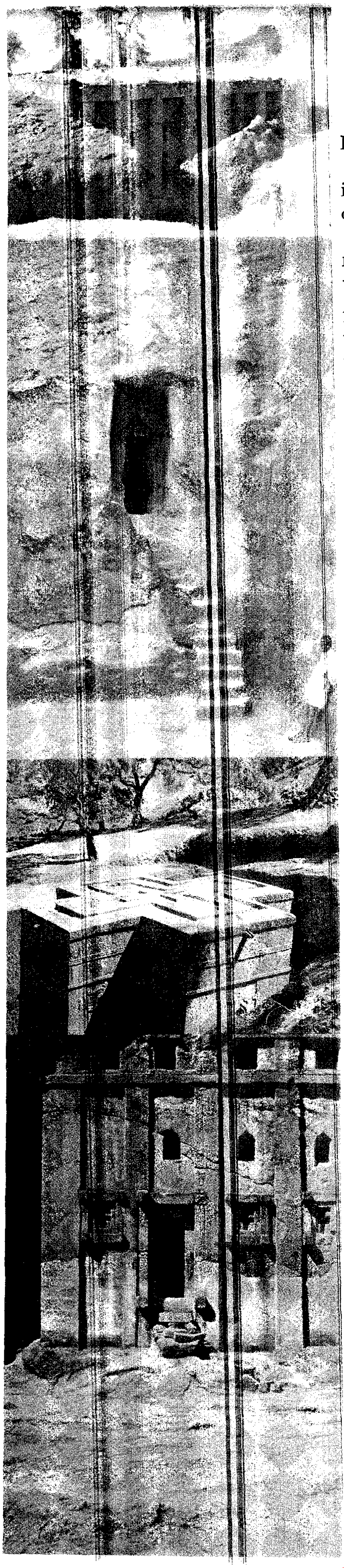
We spent the whole day discussing Michael's death, the Mullens, and what the war had done to the country and to the military. Schwarzkopf invited me to stay for dinner, and afterward he insisted on driving me back into Washington, where I had reserved a hotel room. He said he needed the air and maybe it would help him sleep. Because of his cast, he said, he was never able to sleep more than a few hours at a time. I finally asked him about his cast, and it turned out that he was in it because of the accumulated strain and pounding that his back had taken over the years—in football, in parachute landings, in combat—until the doctors at Walter Reed decided that an operation might alleviate some of the pressure on his lower spine. He would be free of his cast in another couple of months, he told me.

During the drive, I asked him about his correspondence with the Mullens and whether they had sent him Michael's letters.

"The only letter I ever got was from *Mrs.* Mullen. It arrived in May, as I recall, shortly after I was wounded. She told me she had taken Michael's gratuity pay and spent it to buy a newspaper advertisement. I think she sent me a copy of the ad and excerpts from his letters, and that was about it." He thought for a moment, then said, "I was very upset by the *tone* of her letter. I wanted to write an answer. I got in touch with Division and was told that I shouldn't, that I should forward the letter to Division instead, and they would handle it from there. And so, of course, that was my guide."

"Why wouldn't Division want you to answer?"

"I don't think it was a question of not wanting me to answer," he said. "I think it was because it involved friendly-fire casualties—in fact, any casualties at all." He explained that the policy in situations involving casualties was for Division to write and coördinate all letters sent to next of kin. The purpose of this policy was to in-



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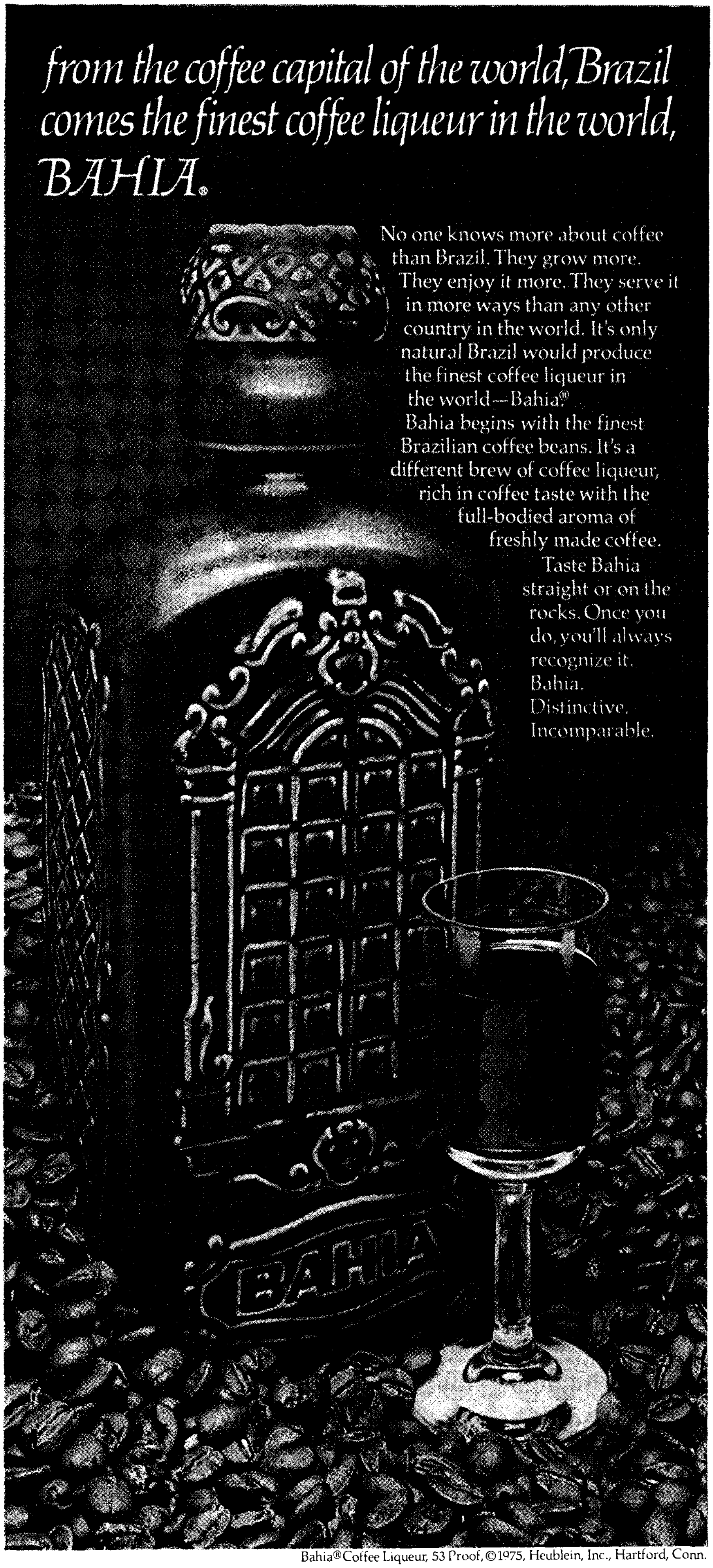

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sure that no conflicting details were released, and thereby to spare families the sort of anguish that such a conflict might cause. But the result in the Mullens' case was clearly the opposite. It was precisely the studiously coördinated evidence from headquarters that started the Mullens out on their search to learn what had happened to their son.

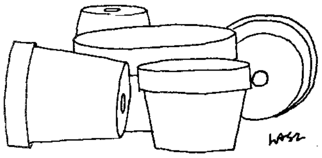
THROUGH Schwarzkopf, I was able to locate Michael Mullen's former company commander, Tom Owen Cameron. Captain Cameron, though still in the Army, was then attending the University of Alabama, in Tuscaloosa, working toward a master's degree in business administration. We spent three days together in mid-January of 1972.

Through Cameron, in turn, I was able to find Abraham Aikins, the black former senior medic with Charlie Company's headquarters section. Aikins was newly married and was living in suburban Long Island, where he worked as an assistant manager in a finance office while attending night courses to complete his studies for a college degree. I met with Aikins in mid-February.

During the first week in March, I spoke with Martin Culpepper, the young, black former assistant machine gunner in Charlie Company's 3rd Platoon. Culpepper had been the first of Michael's friends to correspond with the Mullens. He had married nine months after his return from Vietnam and was back at his old job with the Rath Packing Company, in Waterloo.

Around the middle of March, I received permission to visit Willard Polk, at the federal penitentiary in Terre Haute, Indiana; he had been court-martialled in Vietnam, and had between three and nine months of a prison sentence left to serve. Polk had been asleep next to Michael Mullen when Michael was killed. The Mullens believed that Polk had gone berserk as a result of the accident, and that his subsequent actions that night had resulted in his being court-martialled. However, the incidents for which he had been court-martialled had not occurred the night Michael was killed but eight days later, when Charlie Company had returned from that operation and was resting and reassembling at Hill 76, a mortar base camp about five miles southwest of the Americal Division headquarters. Polk had been found guilty of striking a superior officer and a noncommissioned officer and of two counts of "wrongfully and willfully discharging" an M-16 rifle and an M-79 grenade launcher "under circumstances such as to endanger human life." The presiding judge at Polk's court-martial was Colonel Kenneth A. Howard, who presided over the trial of Captain Ernest L. Medina, of My Lai. Polk's trial lasted a day and a half.

On April 12th, I was finally able to meet with the young rifleman who had been nicknamed the Prince, and who had lost his left leg below the knee when the shell hit the tree above Charlie Company. Everyone I had spoken with in Charlie Company liked the Prince and mentioned his courage that night. His real name is Gary Samuels, and when I talked with him he was living with his mother and stepfather in Caldwell, New Jersey.



Samuels, Polk, Culpepper, Aikins, and Cameron separately confirmed the details of the incident that had brought about Michael's death. Each of them had been on that hill that night; each of them furthered my conviction that Schwarzkopf had told the Mullens the truth. After speaking with them, I felt that, insofar as any man can know another's death, I now knew Michael's.

THE operation on which Michael Mullen was killed began at Bayonet, the 1st Battalion's base camp, on a ridge overlooking Chu Lai and Division headquarters. On February 15, 1970, Captain Cameron briefed his platoon leaders and platoon sergeants on the mission they were about to undertake. He explained that Intelligence had come to suspect that a North Vietnamese Army rocket-battalion command group had moved into the Song Quan Valley, ten miles to the west and almost within rocket range of the division headquarters, and that Charlie Company, along with other units of Colonel Schwarzkopf's 1st Battalion, would take part in an extended operation to locate and destroy the enemy. Cameron stressed the point that, because battalion command groups did not travel without sizable security forces to protect them, Charlie Company should anticipate being engaged.

On February 16th, the night before the operation, Cameron briefed his platoon leaders and platoon sergeants once more. He unfolded his map, spread it on the ground in front of them, and reviewed the plan in detail. Charlie Company, along with Echo Company's reconnaissance platoon, would take part in a coördinated helicopter-borne combat assault into the east end of the valley in which the North Vietnamese rocket-battalion command group was thought to have established itself. Delta Company was to be sent into the valley's west end, to serve as a blocking force. Four 105-mm. howitzers from an artillery battalion headquartered at Bayonet were to be airlifted to the top of Hill 410, which overlooked the valley. From that hilltop position, any fire-support mission that the battalion's rifle companies might call for would fall easily within the airlifted howitzers' range. The men of Charlie Company would be taken to the east end of the valley in two helicopter lifts, and Captain Cameron specified who would be in the first lift and who would be in the second. He explained what his position would be in relation to the platoons during the combat assault. He pointed out their initial objective: a small, steep, wooded hilltop in the middle of the valley, surrounded by tall mountains, a few hundred metres southeast of the abandoned village of Tu Chanh. Unlike the other hills that figured in this operation, Charlie Company's objective was not identified by the height of its peak. Charlie Company would spend its first night on that hilltop, then move along a ridge line toward Delta Company the next morning, in the hope of flushing out the N.V.A. rocket-battalion command group. Charlie Company's secondary mission was to search out hidden enemy rocket caches.

Because the men in Charlie Company's Mortar Platoon would be carrying their 81-mm. mortar tubes, bipods, and heavy base plates, men from other platoons were needed to carry the mortar ammunition that the extended operation would require. The 1st Platoon had the least experienced platoon leader; Second Lieutenant Fletcher B. Joslin had been with the company only a few days. Cameron therefore decided that the 1st Platoon should fly in last during the combat assault. The Mortar Platoon's ammunition was assigned to the 1st Platoon's men. Michael Mullen, Gary Samuels, and Willard Polk were among those to whom the 81-mm. mortar rounds were assigned.

At five o'clock the next morning, the men were ordered to move out. It was cool and dark. To reach the pickup zone, which was at the base of Hill 76, they had to cross about a quarter mile of the paddy fields, which were shrouded in mist. Some of the men began slipping

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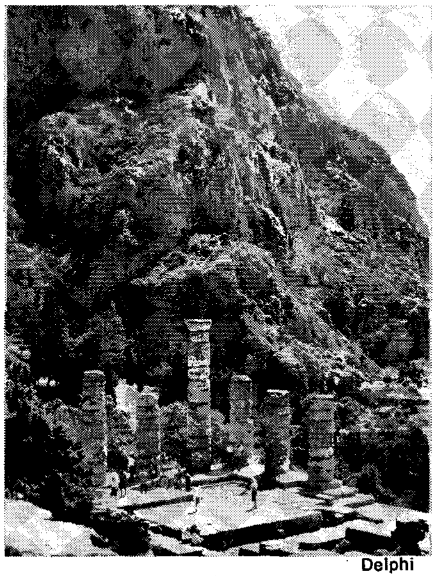

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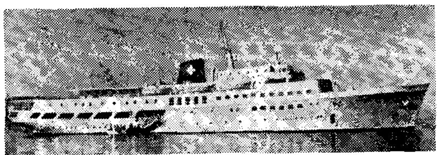

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off the slick dikes into the water. Thick mud clung to their boots and became an additional weight. Cold and wet, the men kept having to be hauled, cursing, out of the paddies. Willard Polk, carrying a full thirty-five-pound rucksack, an eighteen-pound mortar round, and his M-79 grenade launcher and ammunition, twice fell in over his head. Michael Mullen helped him out. The first time Polk slipped, Mullen told him to unblouse his trousers, because there was no point in carrying the extra weight around. Polk let his fatigues hang free, and the water poured out. When he straightened up, Michael readjusted his pack for him. Captain Cameron, who was moving up and down the dike to check on the progress of his men, passed Polk and Mullen and told them to catch up. Polk struggled forward, but, unused to the weight, he could not keep his balance. Again and again, he slipped and fell, sometimes off the dike and into the water and sometimes just to his knees.

At the pickup zone, there was time for a final head count. Squad leaders passed among their men, checking and readjusting the men's equipment. Platoon sergeants positioned the squads according to where they would board their lift. The rising sun silhouetted a distant ridge line. Then the deep, resonant beating of approaching helicopters could be heard. Ten camouflaged helicopters appeared out of the haze in staggered formation. Each was capable of carrying from six to eight men in addition to its crew. The thirty men of Echo Company's reconnaissance platoon would be loaded into the first five helicopters. Captain Cameron, his headquarters section, and some members of the 2nd and 3rd Platoons would fill the rest. Michael Mullen, Gary Samuels, Willard Polk, the other members of the 1st Platoon, and the remaining members of the 2nd and 3rd Platoons would be in the second lift.

"Hey, Prince!" someone yelled to Samuels. "Here comes your royal chariot!"

The whole "Prince" business had started on the day, almost four months earlier, when Gary Samuels and Don Montuori were waiting together at Fort Lewis, Washington, to be shipped to Vietnam. Samuels had been in a strange mood that day—not really down but certainly not up, either. He had been sitting quietly on his bunk thinking about Vietnam. Suddenly he had draped his poncho around himself like a cape and announced, "Montuori? I've got divine powers. I'm Prince Lovely. That's my new name."

"You must be kidding," Montuori said, smiling.

"The Prince does not kid," Samuels replied.

From that moment on, Montuori called Samuels the Prince. When they arrived in Vietnam and were both assigned to Michael's squad in the 1st Platoon the nickname stuck. Even Captain Cameron called Samuels the Prince, and, like the rest, smiled good-naturedly when Samuels made announcements like "The Prince does not patrol." Eventually, as replacements arrived and other men were rotated home, fewer members of Charlie Company knew the Prince's real name.

The approaching helicopters' engines changed pitch as each lift ship hovered over the pickup zone and set down. The men ran forward, ducking beneath the swishing rotor blades to board. The last man assigned to each ship would barely be inside before the engines increased speed, the pitch again changed, the nose dipped into the mushrooming dust, and the helicopter was off.

While the first lift headed out, the division's artillery at Fat City was pounding the landing zone from which Charlie Company would commence its ground assault on its objective. The purpose of the artillery fire was to destroy any enemy troops who might be awaiting the assault. Colonel Schwarzkopf, the 1st Battalion commander, was aboard a light helicopter with his artillery-liaison officer and his helicopter-flight commander, hovering east of the landing zone. They were radioing any corrections necessary to insure that the artillery fire was striking the proper place. Through his helicopter-flight commander, Schwarzkopf was also in touch with the lift ships, and as the first helicopter carrying men from Echo's reconnaissance platoon appeared, Schwarzkopf's artillery-liaison officer called for the artillery fire to cease. Two white-phosphorus rounds were exploded over the landing zone to indicate the "all clear," and as Colonel Schwarzkopf's pilot swooped down and made a low, flat pass over the landing zone, the Colonel dropped a colored-smoke grenade to mark where the lead lift ship was to touch down. It was necessary for Schwarzkopf to designate exactly where

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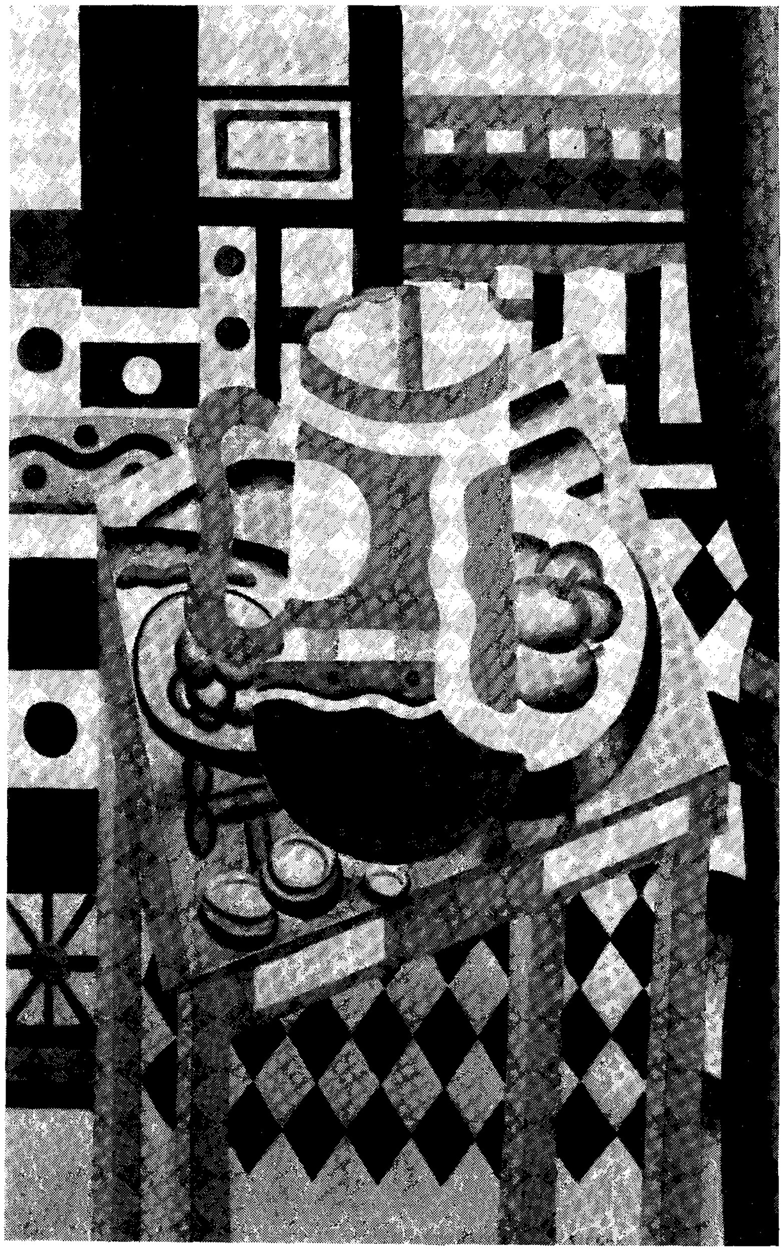

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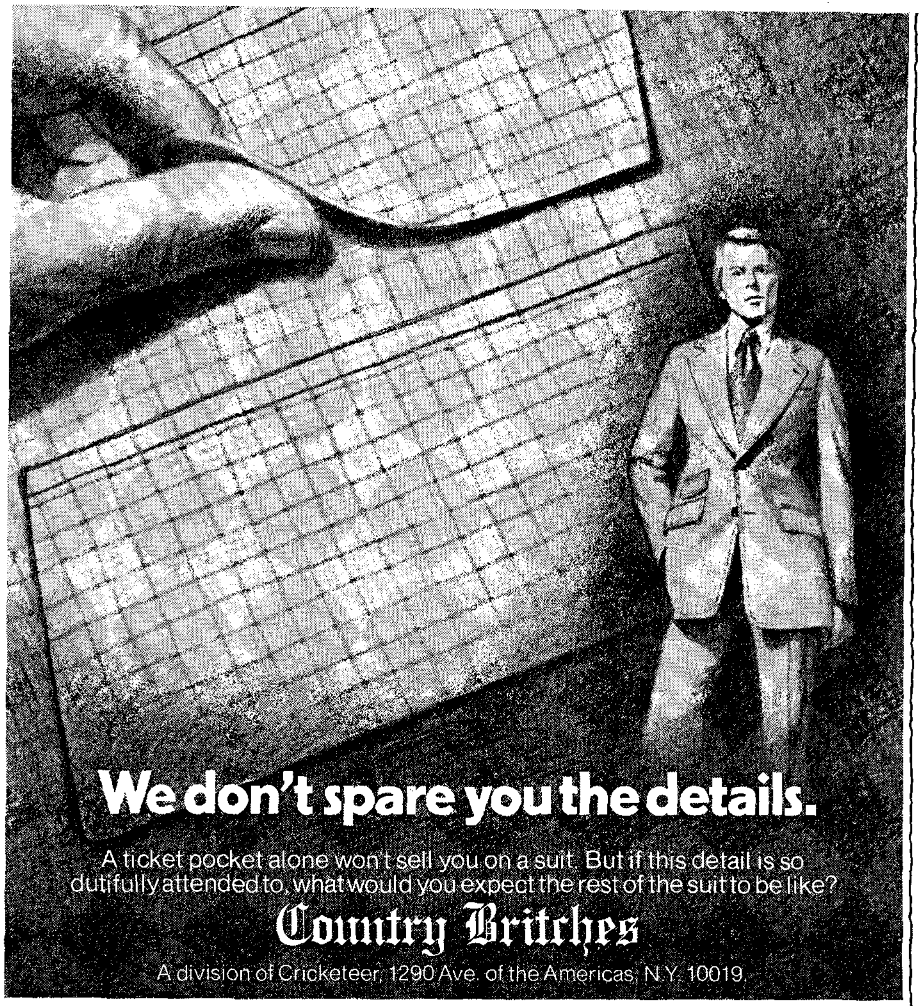
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the first helicopter was to land in order to avoid mistakes. There was no point in having a sustained artillery preparation devastate the area if the helicopters were then to unload their men in the wrong spot. The pilot of the lead helicopter acknowledged that he had the smoke in view, and Schwarzkopf's helicopter flared up and out of the way. The lift-ship outboard door gunners opened fire, to pin down any enemy in the area.

The flight from the pickup zone at the base of Hill 76 to the landing zone took less than ten minutes. The helicopters flew at a few thousand feet, and Captain Cameron, looking out an open door at the sunrise and watching the haze lift from the paddy fields, felt uncomfortably warm. With thirty-five pounds of gear on his back, he was about to lead his rifle company into an area where North Vietnamese regulars were presumably operating. Abe Aikins, the senior medic attached to Cameron's headquarters section, was in the helicopter with the Captain, as were Cameron's radio operators and Lieutenant Rocamora's artillery forward-observer team.

Charlie Company's landing zone was egg-shaped, flat, not very wide—thirty by eighty yards at the most. The grass was six feet tall where Cameron's helicopter landed; twenty yards north of the landing zone there was no grass at all—just small bushes and trees. The landing zone was in the midst of what had long ago been a system of paddy fields. The fields now were overgrown.

Echo's reconnaissance platoon secured the forward edge of the landing zone. The men from the 2nd and 3rd Platoons who were in the first lift fanned out to cover the other edges. There was a creek bank on the eastern edge of the landing zone that would provide some safety and concealment in case of attack, and from which the second lift could be covered when it landed. Cameron and his platoon leaders were moving their men into position, while two gunships raced back and forth overhead, spraying the hillsides off Charlie Company's flanks. The sky was overcast, and the air was cool and humid. The cool humidity, however, would become hot humidity as soon as the haze burned off. By about seven-fifteen, Cameron and his command group had taken a position at the southeastern edge of the landing zone. He was huddled next to one of his radio operators and was trying to make contact with Schwarzkopf.

"Black Smoke Six, this is Black Smoke One," Cameron said, giving his own and Schwarzkopf's call signs. "Do you read me? Over."

"Black Smoke One, this is Black Smoke Six," Schwarzkopf replied.

"Black Smoke Six, this is Black Smoke One. We have no contact. Repeat, no contact. Our L.Z. is cold."

"Uh, roger, Black Smoke One. This is Black Smoke Six. Out."

Schwarzkopf now knew that Charlie Company had landed without resistance. He ordered the second lift in.

ALTHOUGH the straight-line map distance from the landing zone to the top of Charlie Company's initial objective, the hill, was only about three hundred metres, it took the men almost six hours to reach the crest. The moment the lead elements crossed the creek bed, they entered jungle, and the hill seemingly shot straight up. The ground was muddy and slippery. The men climbed single file, chopping their way through the dense growth. It was not the sort of broadleaf-plant jungle that Hollywood war movies had prepared them for. It wasn't woods, either. There was heavy foliage—an undergrowth and an overgrowth. Hanging vines snagged packs and equipment. Brush gave way to trees; trees gave way to brush. The triple-canopy jungle made it impossible for the ground to dry. As each man followed the man in front, the trail became muddier, slicker, steeper. Over and over again, a man would lose his footing, slide backward, claw at the vines to catch himself, and fall. Repeatedly, the column had to stop.

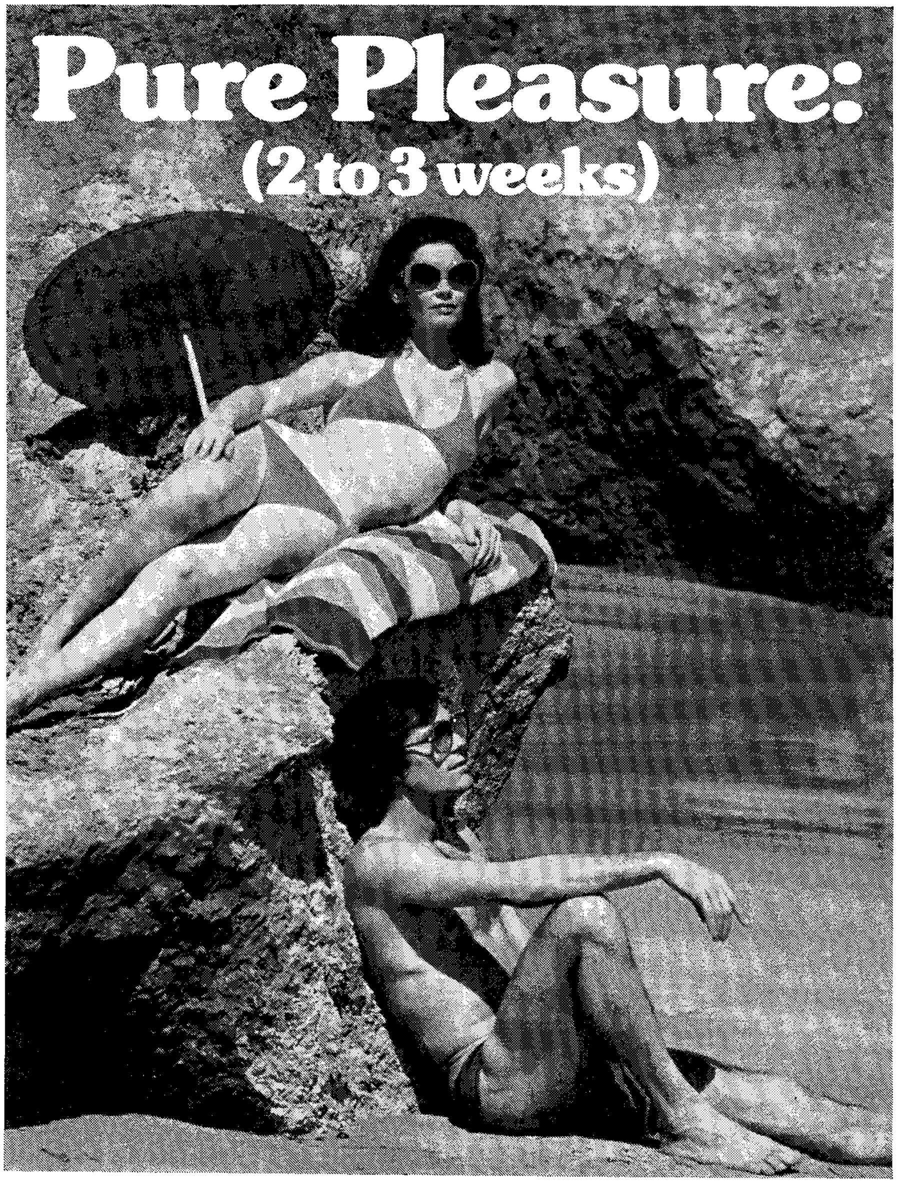
Polk welcomed every opportunity to rest. He had sweat his fatigues wet. The thick mud clung to his boots. Again and again he would slip, the heavy pack would pull him backward, and he would start to flail. Mullen would catch him from behind.

Ahead in the column, Martin Culpepper could hear the men talking in low, excited voices.

"Look," said a man called Razzle-Dazzle, a black in the 3rd Platoon. He was pointing at tracks on the ground.

"Jesus!" Culpepper said. "A tiger! It must weigh three, four hundred pounds!"

The tracks, at least eight inches across, were clearly defined in the soft mud. More than anything in his life, Culpepper wanted to see that tiger. He had always wanted a tiger skin. Now, seeing that the tracks were fresh and wet and huge, he began to hope for a chance to shoot a tiger. But farther on, as Charlie Company continued up the



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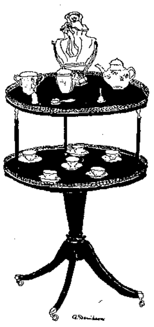
hill, the tracks veered off, and Culpepper saw no trace of the tiger again.

BY the time Charlie Company started up the hill, Delta Company had been "combat assaulted" into its landing zone, and the four 105-mm. howitzers had been airlifted to the top of Hill 410. Some members of Alpha Company had been placed on Hill 410, too, to secure the area. Colonel Schwarzkopf, whose command post had been set up to one side of the guns, was in radio contact with his company commanders and knew the progress each had made. He was not worried about Charlie Company's slowness in reaching its objective, but he, too, was surprised that the hill was so steep.

CHARLIE COMPANY's hill had two humps. The easternmost, smaller hump, which the men first climbed, was approximately three hundred feet high; it was attached to the western hump, which was five hundred feet high, by a narrow ridge. When Charlie Company reached the top of the first hump, the Echo reconnaissance platoon continued over the northern side of the hump and took up a position at the base. Charlie Company turned west and squeezed single file up the narrow ridge to the crest of the western hump. There Captain Cameron immediately began selecting his company's night defensive position.

The Captain had discovered in the course of a helicopter reconnaissance survey a few days earlier that the north face of the western hump was a cliff, and he now saw that it dropped nearly eighty feet straight down. He initially assigned the 3rd Platoon the south slope of the hilltop, with the 1st Platoon to the north, overlooking the cliff, but before the men dug in he switched the two platoons around. The right flank of the 3rd Platoon and the left flank of the 1st Platoon were tucked together. The 2nd Platoon was assigned the approach from the west. All three platoons were pulled in tight to form a close perimeter. Within that perimeter were Cameron's command post (or headquarters section), Lieutenant Rocamora's artillery forward-observer post, and the Mortar Platoon.



The most vulnerable position was the 2nd Platoon's. There the men were facing a clearing—the only open space around except for a small hole in the trees above the Mortar Platoon. That break in the jungle canopy provided the mortars' overhead clearance to fire. The right flank of the 3rd Platoon dug in at the edge of the cliff. Although visibility was limited because of the heavy foliage, Cameron thought it unlikely that an attacking force would attempt to scale the cliff. On the south side of the hill, where the 1st Platoon had been placed, the land was heavy virgin jungle. Some of the trees had trunks two feet thick and rose fifty feet in the air. The jungle was so dense and the hillside dropped off so sharply that the men of the 1st Platoon could see only twenty yards or so ahead. Nevertheless, any Vietcong or North Vietnamese troops would have as difficult a time scaling that slick, steep hill as Charlie Company had had, and Cameron, in spite of his respect for the Vietcong's ability to sneak around, doubted whether they could climb that hill without making some sound.

Captain Cameron discussed the placement of the Mortar Platoon with its leader, a young black lieutenant named Roderick Bayless. Bayless and Cameron were both satisfied with its position, behind the 3rd Platoon. From there it could fire support missions not only for Charlie Company but for the Echo reconnaissance platoon as well. Cameron made one last tour of his company's defensive perimeter with his platoon leaders. He was confident that he had placed his men properly and that they were digging in well. The men dug both foxholes and sleeping positions. Each man carried in his pack twelve olive-drab plastic bags, which, as he dug, he would fill with dirt for sandbags. A foxhole was large enough to provide a fighting position for three or four men. Behind the foxhole was the men's sleeping position. This was dug just below ground level, so that anyone shooting low could not strike the men within it. The olive-drab plastic sandbags were piled on all four sides of the combined area of the foxhole and the sleeping position. The men would then camouflage the sandbags so that everything would blend with the ground.

While the men were digging in, Captain Cameron set up three listening posts along the most likely routes of attack. Each listening post was occupied by three men equipped with a radio. He established the first listening post approximately fifty metres east of the linked flanks of the 1st and 3rd Platoons, on the narrow ridge that the company had had to cross single file. The second listening post was fifty

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metres west of the 2nd Platoon's front, at the edge of the clearing. Cameron situated his third listening post over the lip of the hill in front of the 3rd Platoon, where the jungle was so thick that the platoon's field of fire was severely limited. Once the listening posts were set up, Cameron met with his artillery forward observer, Lieutenant Rocamora, to select the defensive targets.

Lieutenant Rocamora was small and thin, like a race-track exercise boy. Although he was born in the Philippines, he had been brought up in California. He and Cameron were close, and it was understood that if Cameron became a casualty and someone was needed to take command immediately, that commander would be Lieutenant Rocamora. Rocamora had attended Officer Candidate School, and upon receiving his commission as a second lieutenant he had been ordered to the artillery school at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. After completing the artillery officers' course, he served as an instructor at Fort Sill for two months and then he volunteered for Vietnam. (When Cameron's tour in Vietnam was completed, Rocamora was due for a job at the rear. Instead, he volunteered to remain in the field to help break in Charlie Company's new commander. He then volunteered to stay an additional month in the field to alleviate the shortage of qualified forward observers. He survived and returned to California.)

As soon as Rocamora saw that Cameron had the platoons in position, he approached with his maps. Cameron and Rocamora used to compete with each other to see which of them could come closer to locating their exact position on the map. The maps in Vietnam were often erratic, and an infantry company deep in a jungle could rarely see far enough to find references that would enable it to pinpoint its position. That night, however, Rocamora and Cameron agreed on their exact position.

"O.K.," Cameron said. "I think their most likely approach will be through that clearing toward the 2nd Platoon. It's relatively flat in relation to everything else around us. It's a natural attack and escape route."

"You've put a listening post somewhere out there, haven't you?"

"Right here," Cameron said, pointing out the spot on his map.

"And how close do you want those D.T.s?"

"Another two hundred metres out from that L.P., max," Cameron said. "If someone comes at me and I hit

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back, they'll have to stop and face me or take their chances escaping through our D.T.s."

Cameron and Rocamora felt that two additional D.T.s were needed on either side of the hill, and Rocamora left to radio their coördinates in. His forward-observer post was being dug behind the 2nd Platoon, but his radio link with the artillery on top of Hill 410 was already established. A few minutes later, he walked back to Cameron and said, "Your No. 1 D.T. is too close. They won't fire them two hundred metres out. For safety reasons, they said, the D.T. has to be at least four hundred metres away."

"That won't do us much good if someone's firing at us from fifty feet," Cameron answered. "Oh, well, tell them four hundred metres is O.K. We can always adjust if we need to—get them to drop." He followed Rocamora back to his radio. A few minutes later, Rocamora told him, "They'll fire them at four hundred metres. They said to tell you 'No sweat.' "

BY twilight, Charlie Company's defensive perimeter was set. The riflemen's foxholes and sleeping positions had been dug, and each platoon's machine-gun squad had finished its emplacements. The men were able to relax, eat their C rations, talk, and move around quietly. Over on the north side of the hill, in the 3rd Platoon's area, Culpepper had waited for the light to fade, then strung his hammock five inches above the ground. He would not sleep where the leeches could reach him. He would rather take his chances on waking up and having time to get into his foxhole if trouble arose. He stood now looking from his machine-gun pit out over the cliff. Abe Aikins wandered over and, glancing down, said, "Jesus, Pep, you'd better not do any sleepwalking in the middle of the night. That must be a hundred feet straight down."

"Straight up, too." Culpepper smiled. "Nobody's climbing that. Tonight, I'm gonna get me some sleep."

WILLARD POLK was sitting with Michael Mullen on the lip of the foxhole they had dug. Michael had finished the fruit in his C-ration can of peaches and, with great pleasure, was drinking the syrup. Polk liked Michael—called him Mulligan. Michael never hassled him. He was like a chaplain in some ways, Polk felt, because he was always so concerned with other people's problems. Polk was telling Michael about some trouble he had been in in Dearborn. "I'd been locked up for misdemeanors," he said. "Trespassing on Ford property, simple larceny—things like that. I was with some dudes who knocked out a store window and got busted for carrying a concealed weapon, assault on a police officer."

Michael looked at him with surprise.

"I was drunk at the time," Polk explained. "And, besides, he was hassling me. I got drafted just after I got out of jail. I'd been in for sixty days, on account of violation of parole. And the only reason my mother paid to get me out was I had this draft notice waiting, see. She knew they'd put me in the Army. She didn't know they'd send me here, though. But I'll tell you, Mulligan, I'm gonna get me outta here. One way or another, I'll get out." Polk slapped at some mosquitoes. "Hey, you got a cigarette?"

"Don't smoke," Michael said.

Polk shrugged, and took a pack of Salems from his fatigue-shirt breast pocket and lit one. "What're you gonna do when you get out?"

"I'll have to see. There's a girl I like. And I've been thinking I'd like to get me something like a VW bus and drive around the country, see all the different states. Just take it easy for a while."

"You're getting short, aren't you?"

"If I get my early out, to go back to school, it'll be about a hundred days."

Polk picked up his plastic bottle of bug repellant and sprayed his fatigue pants. "There ain't *nothing* good about this place."

"Sergeant Mullen?"

Polk and Michael looked up. It was their platoon leader, Second Lieutenant Joslin. Michael rose to his feet. "Sir?"

"Tell your squad to put on their steel pots and to get in their foxholes. The artillery is going to fire the D.T.s."

"All right, sir." Michael went around to the members of his squad, but he could not find the Prince. He knew that Samuels shared a foxhole with Leroy Hamilton, so Michael asked Hamilton if he'd seen the Prince.

"He was talking to the chaplain," Hamilton said.

"Where's he?"

"By the command post, I think," Hamilton said.

Michael, heading for the command post, met the Prince walking back to his foxhole. "They're going to fire the D.T.s," Michael warned him.

"I heard," Samuels said. "You

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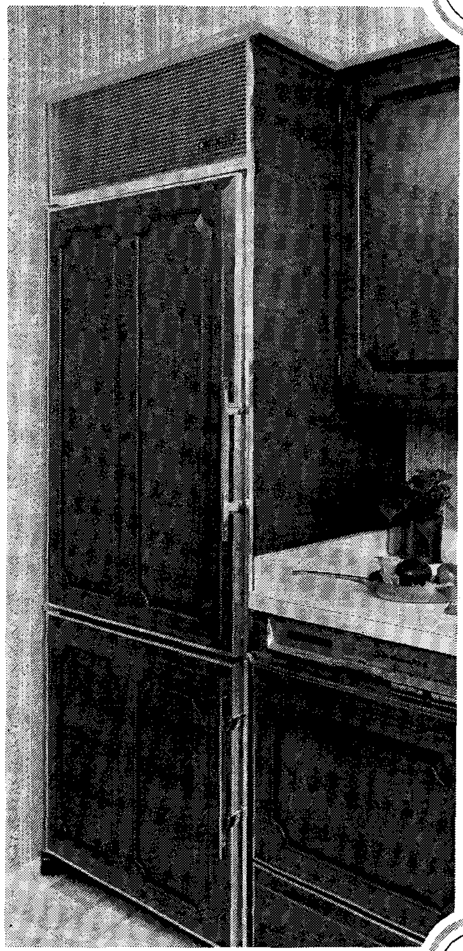

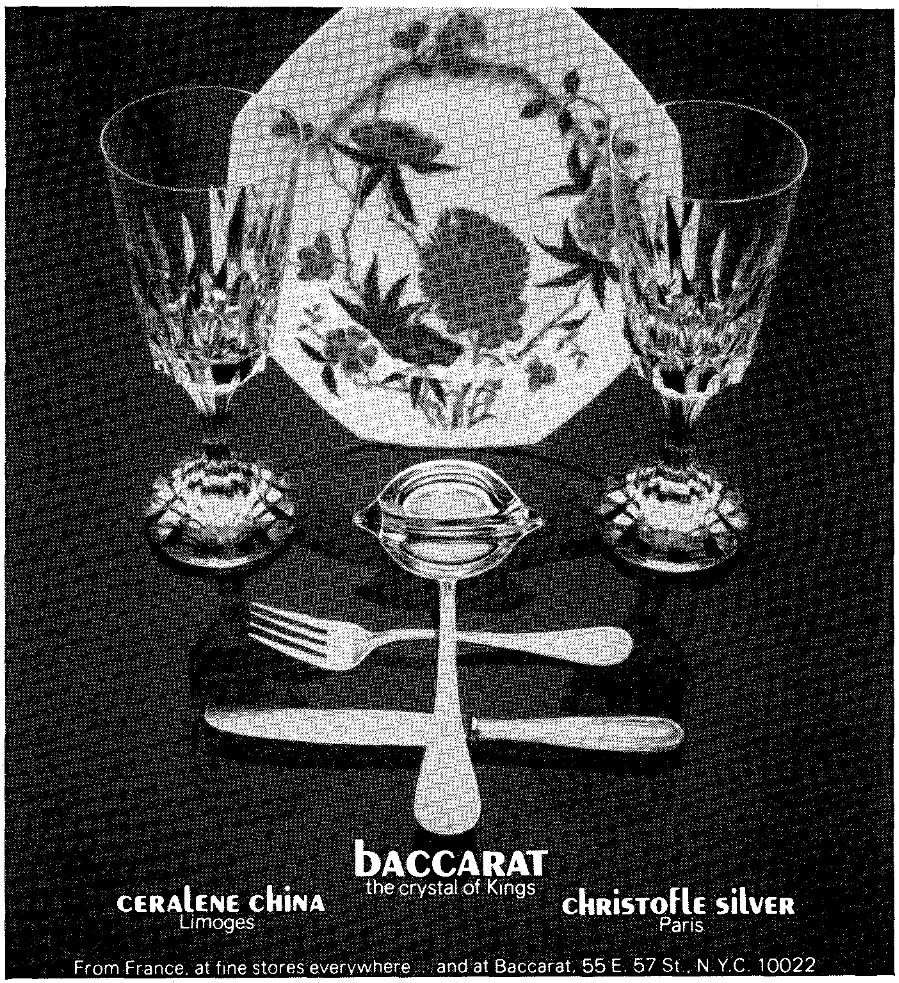

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know what the chaplain's name is? It's Do-Good, can you believe it? It's spelled D-u-g-u-i-d."

"What's he doing here?" Michael asked.

The Prince shrugged. "Don't know. He just said he thought he ought to be here." The Prince slipped into his foxhole and squatted down. Michael's foxhole was just to the right.

IT was eight-thirty and dark. The men sat quietly talking in their foxholes. They all were tired after chopping their way up the hill, digging their foxholes, and carrying the extra-heavy load that the extended operation required. After an hour had passed and the D.T.s had still not been fired, some of the men left their foxholes, stretched out in their sleeping positions, and dozed off.

Two other men shared the foxhole occupied by Michael Mullen and Willard Polk. Their nicknames were Cactus and Dead-Eye. During the eight hours or so of darkness, one man in each foxhole would be awake and on guard. In Michael's foxhole, Cactus had guard duty first, Polk second, Michael third, and Dead-Eye last. Polk, however, wanted to switch with Michael, and Michael said, "O.K. I'll pull guard next, after Cactus."

Later on that night, when Cactus came off duty, Michael moved forward to take his place. He sat at the edge of the foxhole, his M-16 across his knees, and swatted the mosquitoes away from his face. He tried wrapping himself in his poncho liner, for protection against both the bugs and the dew. Fog had descended into the valley at dusk and was now rolling back up the hill. There was a noise to Michael's left, and his hand dropped to the M-16's trigger guard. But the noise was only Leroy Hamilton, shifting in his sleep.

Everybody liked Leroy Hamilton. He was a big, strong, blond-haired country boy. The men had come to realize that he was very brave. On several occasions, Cameron had watched Hamilton search through dense jungle growths that he knew he himself would have hesitated to enter. Hamilton, seemingly unmindful of the risks, did it without being asked, and did it thoroughly and uncomplainingly.

When it was time to change guard again, Michael reached back to the sleeping position and woke up Polk. Polk had been sleeping on the right side of the position, so Michael simply took his place. He knelt in the space vacated by Polk, stretched his poncho beneath him on the ground, and lay down. Polk was settling himself into the foxhole when Michael looked over at him and whispered, "Stay awake!"

"Don't you worry none about that," Polk replied. "Ol' John Wayne's on duty now. Nothing can go wrong." There was a cruh-*whump!* cruh-*whump!* in the distance, and Polk, startled, whispered, "Hey, Mulligan, what's that?"

"The arty on 410," Michael said. "They must be firing over Delta's position."

"You think they're under attack?" Polk asked.

"No. Probably just their D.T.s," Michael said. He yawned. "Maybe it's H. and I.—harassment-and-interdiction fire. I don't know." He yawned again. "It's going to feel good to get some sleep."

Over to the left, someone whispered, "Hey, Prince, it's after midnight. How come they got you pulling guard?"

"The Prince does not pull guard," Samuels answered. "The Prince wins hearts and minds."

Polk sat on the edge of the foxhole, straining to see into the darkness. He tried to remember what was out in front of him—the exact position of the nearest bushes and trees. He'd been told to memorize the layout, because at night the bushes would seem to move. New men would empty their magazines at nothing whatever, and the noise and muzzle flash would give their positions away. Polk sat in the dark wishing to God his guard duty would end.

Culpepper, too, was on guard. He could hear the artillery on Hill 410 firing, and was trying to judge its distance by the sound. Rocamora, Culpepper knew, was the best at that. The young artillery officer could tell where a round had impacted within a hundred feet. In the jungle, in double- and triple-canopy cover, that was very, very good. Still, Culpepper told himself, Rocamora had been trained for it.

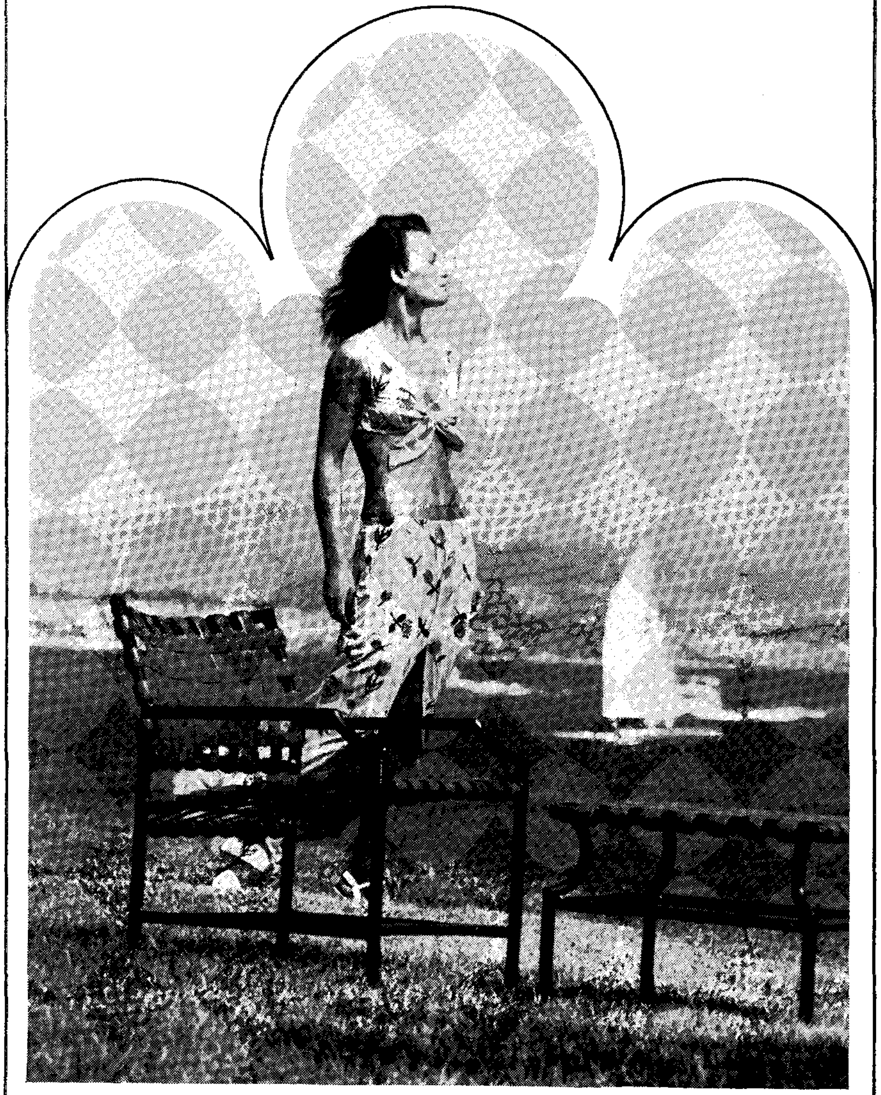
CULPEPPER and Polk came off guard a little after two-thirty, and at just about the same time Rocamora's radio operator shook Abe Aikins.

Aikins came awake immediately. "Yeah? What is it?"

"Your radio watch."

"Right," Aikins said. "Thanks." He relieved the headquarters-section radio operator and climbed into the foxhole. Rocamora's radio operator was in his foxhole, a few yards away.

Samuels, hearing Aikins move, saw that it was time for him to be relieved,



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too. He woke up Leroy Hamilton, who stretched, yawned, and said, "O.K. I'm awake."

Hamilton picked up his helmet and M-16, then reached behind him for his flak jacket. He moved to the foxhole, put his flak jacket beneath him as a cushion, and sat on the rear lip of the foxhole, with his legs dangling down into the pit.

Polk had already waked Dead-Eye. He now squeezed himself between Cactus and Michael Mullen in the sleeping position and stretched out in Dead-Eye's former place.

Culpepper woke Russell Schumacher, another Iowa boy in the 3rd Platoon's machine-gun squad, and told him it was his turn to stand guard. Culpepper laid his rifle beneath his hammock, watched Schumacher settle into the foxhole, and fell asleep.

Samuels, like Culpepper, could not stand the leeches. He was using sandbags as a mattress, so he wouldn't touch the ground. He began wrapping himself in his poncho. Starting with his legs, he wound the poncho about him like a mummy's covering all the way to his shoulders. He straightened himself out, lay back, and pulled the final bit of poncho over his head, so that nothing could crawl over his face.

The artillery radio crackled, and the reconnaissance sergeant leaned closer to it. Aikins, in the nearby headquarters-section foxhole, could barely hear what was said. The recon sergeant woke Lieutenant Rocamora. "Sir? They're going to fire our D.T.s now. Do you want me to wake the men?"

Rocamora looked at the luminous dial of his watch. It was a quarter to three. There had already been one false alarm. The D.T.s were being fired four hundred metres out—more than twelve hundred feet from the closest man. "Let them sleep," Rocamora told his sergeant. "You'd better inform the Captain, though."

"I'll do it," Aikins said.

Captain Cameron, asleep in his flak jacket and wearing both his helmet and glasses, awoke quickly. Aikins explained that the D.T.s were to be fired. Cameron waved his hand to show he had heard, and lay back.

"Roger. Willy Peter, airburst. Fifty metres up," the recon sergeant was saying.

Moments later, Cameron heard the white-phosphorus marking round chuff overhead. There was a loud, hollow *whaing!* and the shell exploded four hundred metres southwest of their position, fifty metres in the air. The recon sergeant looked over at Rocamora. Rocamora nodded back. The round had exploded exactly where they wanted it. No corrections were needed.

The next round would automatically be the high explosive, the H.E.

Lying there in the dark, Cameron heard the H.E. round coming, and for some reason he just *knew*. He could tell. His brain clicked. *That son of a bitch isn't going to make it!* The pitch was different. It was a strange, flat, rumbling noise—the sound of a shell pushing the air down rather than away and over his head. He didn't have time to speak, to shout any warning, to take any evasive action. He could do nothing but listen to that terrible, low, flat, terrifying rumble coming closer and closer and closer, until it hit.

There was a sudden blinding light, the bright incandescence of thousands of flashbulbs popping all about, then almost simultaneously a sharp, immediate, echoless, explosive *crack!* followed by a hurricane of shrapnel, dirt, stones, tree branches, loose equipment. Small branches hit Cameron's head and shoulders. His first thought was *God, stop them before they fire again!* He knew that it had been one of their own rounds. There was no question in his mind whatever. "CEASE FIRE!" he shouted to the radio operators. "CEASE FIRE!"

Cameron could hear Rocamora shouting over the artillery radio, and he yelled at Rocamora, "TELL THEM NOT TO FIRE AGAIN!"

Cameron heard people running, smelled the cordite in the air. He was able to see wisps of smoke in the trees, and dust drifting down to the ground.

Aikins heard Cameron and Rocamora shouting, and then silence. He didn't feel any pain, but he was dazed and unsure of what had happened. Instinctively, he put his hands up to his face and brought them back down to look for blood. His head hurt, but he could not see any blood. He shook his head to clear it.

Samuels, too, had been dazed by the explosion. He felt that it had happened directly overhead. Specialist Fourth Class Rodriguez, a squad leader in the 1st Platoon, ran by shouting, "Prince! Grab your rifle! We're being overrun!" Samuels sat up, reached for his rifle, and instantly knew something was wrong. His hand, brushing his leg to grasp his rifle, had come up wet, covered with blood. There was blood all over his fatigue pants, but he couldn't feel any pain. He couldn't feel a thing! Cautiously, Samuels looked down. He

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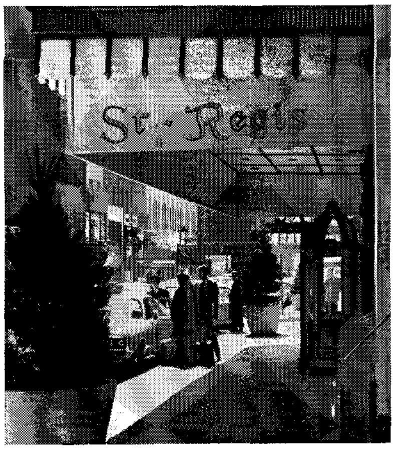

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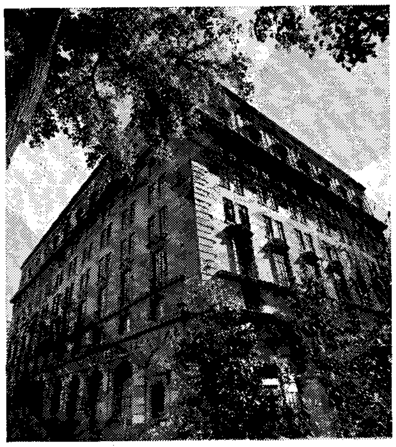

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saw that his left leg was flipped crazily to one side midway down from the knee. There was no way his leg could be lying like that and still be attached! Rodriguez, too, had stopped suddenly, turned back in midstride to stare in horror at the Prince's leg. And Samuels, seeing confirmed in Rodriguez' expression what he himself had dared not believe, let out a high, keening, animal cry of bewilderment and pain.

"Get the medic over here!" Rodriguez shouted. "Get a medic to the Prince!"

Someone else was yelling, "A light! I need a light! Get me a light!"

The Prince was screaming, "Doc! DOC! Oh, God help me, DOC!" Aikins, who had had to run back to the sleeping area for his medical kit, was hurrying toward him.

Cameron's senior radio operator was calling battalion headquarters. "Black Smoke, Black Smoke? This is Black Smoke One Oscar. Over."

"This is Black Smoke Six," Schwarzkopf answered.

"This is Black Smoke One Oscar. We need an immediate dust-off [a medical-evacuation helicopter]. An urgent dust-off."

Schwarzkopf had monitored Charlie Company's call for a ceasefire, but he had no means of knowing how bad things were. "Are you sure you need a dust-off? Let me talk to Black Smoke One." It was pitch black. Hazy. Schwarzkopf knew how difficult it would be for the med-evac helicopter to find them.

Cameron took the hand mike from the radio operator. "Black Smoke Six? This is Black Smoke One. We took a short round. We need an immediate dust-off. We may even need a jungle penetrator. I don't know yet."

A jungle penetrator is a basket device lowered by winch from a hovering helicopter. The helicopter must hold its position and guide the basket through an opening in the jungle canopy. The procedure is dangerous and difficult, and is used only when it is absolutely necessary. Cameron had mentioned the jungle penetrator because he could not yet determine whether or not he would be able to get a landing zone with enough clearance for the med-evac helicopter to put down.

POLK didn't know what had happened. He had heard and felt the shell explode, and had awakened to find Cactus screaming to his left—the scream a thin, metallic ringing in Polk's ears. He saw blood on Cactus's face, and felt a terror that was hot, like fire,

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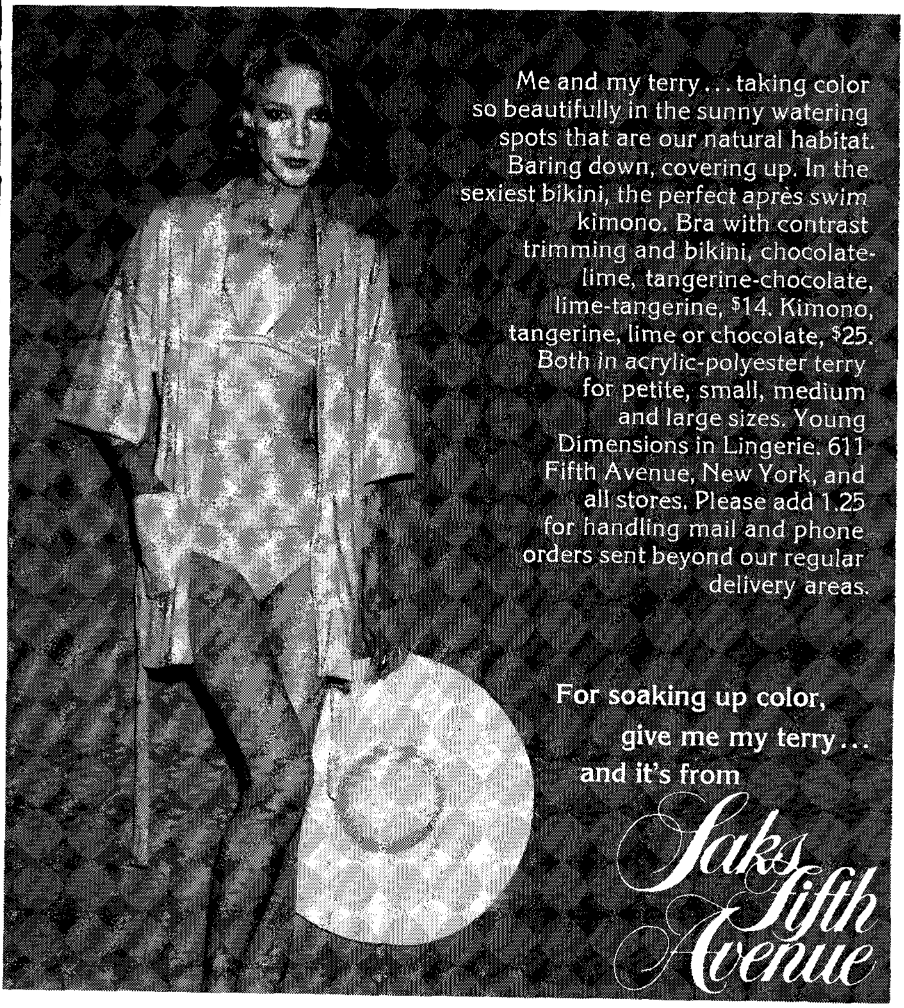

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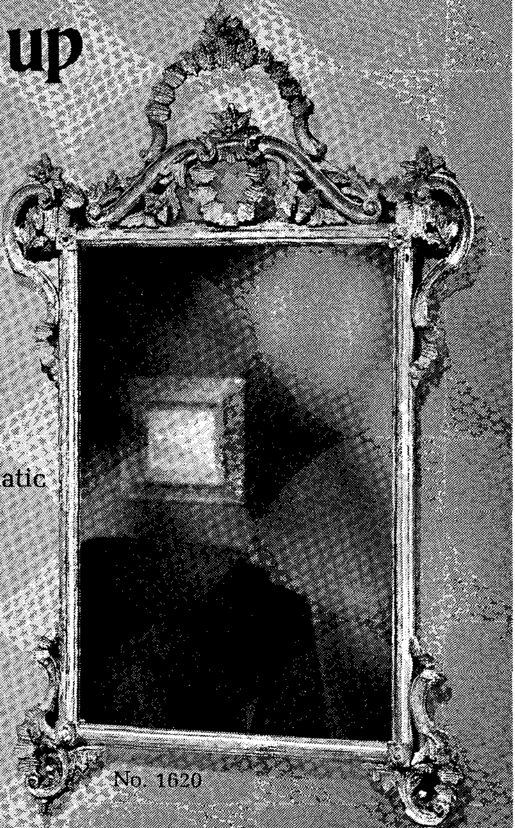

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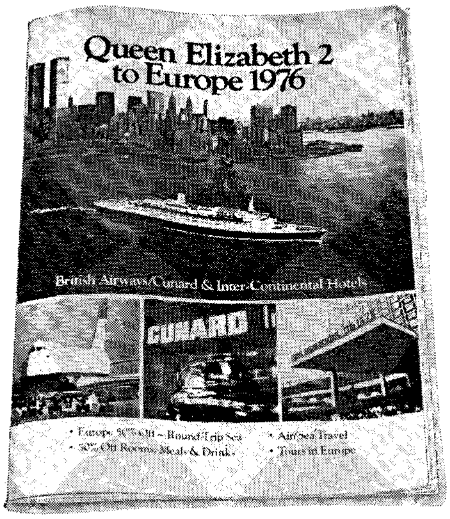
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surge from his stomach to his chest. Polk sat up, patted his body searching for blood, then rolled toward Michael Mullen, asking, "Mulligan? Mulligan, you all right?"

Michael didn't move. Polk heard only the hiss of air escaping from Michael's lungs.

"MULLIGAN!" Polk wailed, the panic rising heavier, hotter, higher. He jerked himself to his feet. Babbling in terror, he ran past Staff Sergeant John Wetsel, the 1st Platoon's new platoon sergeant, and saw that he, too, was wounded. Polk didn't stop. He ran over the lip of his foxhole, fell to his knees, and vomited again and again.

As soon as Cameron finished speaking with his battalion commander, he heard someone calling for a medic and some light. The young company commander grabbed his flashlight and headed for the voice. He almost tripped over Sergeant Wetsel. Wetsel was lying on his back, his knees tucked up to his stomach; he was holding his bleeding left hand in his right hand against his stomach. He was rocking back and forth, moaning softly.

"Wetsel, this is Captain Cameron. Where are you hit?"

"Stomach, sir. My hand and my stomach."

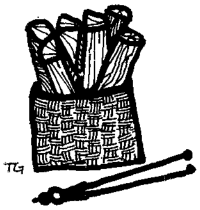
"Let me take a look." Gently, Cameron pulled Wetsel's hands away from his stomach, and he was relieved to see that the platoon sergeant had been wearing a flak jacket. He must have been sleeping on his back with his hand across his abdomen when the shell hit. A piece of shrapnel had passed through his left hand and embedded itself in the flak jacket. The shrapnel had not passed through the jacket, but it had punched his stomach with such force that Wetsel believed he had been hurt badly.

Cameron started to break out a bandage, but he was interrupted by Lieutenant Bayless. "I'll take care of this one, sir," Bayless said.

Bayless, the Mortar Platoon leader, had been trained as a medic before going through Officer Candidate School.

"Fine, Bayless," Cameron said, and he straightened up. He could hear Samuels screaming, and never in his life had Cameron heard anyone cry out like that.

Abe Aikins was leaning over Samuels. The Prince's face had turned a ghostly white, his lips were curled back with pain. Aikins realized at once that the Prince had suffered a traumatic amputation. The whole lower part of Samuels' left leg below the knee was out to one side, and connected to the rest of his leg only by muscle and a few nerves. Aikins wasn't prepared for a traumatic amputation; he wasn't sure he could cope with something like that. He desperately tried to recall what he'd been taught at the medics' school about traumatic amputations. He knew he would have to clamp the leg, put a tourniquet on it, straighten the leg, and tape and bandage it in place. He also knew how painful that would be for the Prince, who was already in unbearable pain.



As was typical of a traumatic amputation, Samuels' leg had stopped bleeding almost immediately. The hot shrapnel had cauterized the wound, and the shock had made the vessels retract. Aikins filled a syringe with morphine. He knelt down and began to talk gently to the Prince, trying to soothe him. At the same time, he was thinking that the doctors would have to operate and it was his understanding that they did not like to do so if the man was under morphine. Aikins knew that if he gave the Prince the shot now, it wouldn't take hold for a half hour or forty-five minutes. The dust-off helicopter would have evacuated the Prince and had him in the hospital by then. But Samuels was in such pain, he was screaming so terribly. Aikins gave him the shot.

The 1st Platoon's medic ran up. He had been directly under the shell, and was dazed, too. Each platoon had its own medic, and Aikins was the medic for the headquarters section; counting Lieutenant Bayless, Charlie Company had six trained medics in all. "I'll work on the Prince," Aikins told the 1st Platoon medic. "You go check on the others, and when you're through, come on back."

Captain Cameron was relieved to see that his men had responded properly as soon as the shell hit. The platoon leaders and platoon sergeants had seen to it that the men took cover in their foxholes. The only people still moving, other than the medics, were the young lieutenants: they were moving among their men, calming them down, assuring them that it wasn't an attack—that they had taken a short round and that the artillery had ceased firing. Cameron went over to Samuels to see if he could help.

Cameron hated seeing the Prince wounded. It could be pouring down rain, at a time when the company had not received any hot meals or mail for three or four days and Samuels had been assigned some dirty detail, and still he would smile and tell Cameron, "Fetch my chariot! The Prince must be off!" When a company had someone who could make light of the worst in Vietnam, Cameron believed that man was worth his weight in gold. Now he knelt beside Samuels and spoke to him, tried to comfort him. Aikins said, "God damn it, hold him down!"

Samuels was trying to push himself up to see his leg, and Aikins didn't want him to look. He had not known that it was Captain Cameron kneeling beside him. Cameron took Samuels' shoulders and gently eased him back.

Samuels' head fell back. He felt himself slipping into shock, and, opening his eyes to fight it, saw the 1st Platoon medic working on Leroy Hamilton less than a foot away. "*Hamilton?*" the Prince whispered.

"Don't worry about him," Cameron said. "I'm going to see how he is myself." As Cameron rose, his place was taken by Chaplain Duguid.

Cameron came to Specialist Fourth Class Terry Ivey, the 1st Platoon leader's radio operator. Ivey had suffered a massive wound in his back and a lesser wound on each hip. A medic had already stripped Ivey down and rolled him over onto his stomach. "Ivey?" Cameron asked. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, sir," Ivey said. "I'm O.K."

Cameron looked at him in disbelief. The hole in Ivey's back was large enough for Cameron to have pushed his fist through, Ivey's rib cage showed, a portion of his spine and intestines had been bared—and yet Ivey was absolutely coherent. He wasn't moaning or crying at all. "I'll be all right, sir," Ivey said, twisting slightly to see the Captain's face. "You go ahead, and take care of everybody else."

Leroy Hamilton had suffered the worst wound of all. His left side had been torn open from the armpit down to the hip. He was alive but unconscious, and a medic was trying hard to bring him around. The shell must have exploded just behind Hamilton. The impact had blown him out of the foxhole and left his legs completely untouched. As the medic attempted to cover Hamilton's wound with a dressing, part of his intestines spilled out onto the ground.

SAMUELS was asking Aikins how bad his wound was. "Will I be able to walk?"

"Sure, Prince, you'll be O.K.," Aikins said. "I won't kid you—it's bad. But you'll be able to walk

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again." Aikins knew that Samuels would lose his leg, but he lied to prevent him from going into shock.

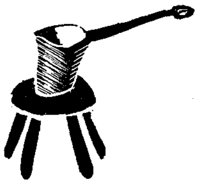
Samuels was biting his lip to keep from screaming while Aikins taped his leg. "There's just one more thing, Doc," he said.

"Yeah? What's that?" Aikins had done everything he could for Samuels, and he straightened up.

"Will I be able to waltz?"

"Waltz?" Aikins laughed. "Sure, Prince, you'll be up and around in time for the Coronation Ball."

"Hey, Doc?" Aikins felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up. Captain Cameron was leaning over him. "You'd better take a look at Leroy Hamilton. He's hurt real bad."



Samuels twisted to look. The medics were still hard at work on Hamilton, and Samuels realized that if the shell had hit five minutes earlier he would have been in that foxhole instead of Hamilton.

Hamilton was now on his back. His eyes were open, but when Aikins touched his arm he found that Hamilton's body was cold. Aikins didn't understand how that could happen so fast. Shock? Loss of blood?

"Abe," the 1st Platoon medic was saying, "I think I'm still getting a slight pulse."

Aikins moved his fingertips to Leroy Hamilton's neck. He tried to find a pulse, too. If there was one, it was too faint for Aikins to detect. "Well, try mouth-to-mouth on him," Aikins told the medic. He didn't think there was much that anyone could do. As the medic tried breathing air into Hamilton's lungs, Aikins put more bandages on the wound. But the wound was so huge he didn't see how Hamilton could survive. "Keep working on him," Aikins said. "Maybe you can bring him around."

"Doc," someone else said. "Mullen's been hurt, too."

At first, no one had known about Michael. Only Polk had realized that Michael was hit, and Polk had been too sick to talk. The others around Michael had thought that he was sleeping, since he hadn't moved. Aikins grabbed his flashlight and hurried over to Michael's sleeping position. Another medic had already taken off Michael's shirt to expose the wound. Aikins could see where a tiny, crescent-shaped piece of shrapnel had cut through Michael's back and must have entered his heart. His body was still warm, and though Aikins wasn't sure, it appeared, in the dim glow of his flashlight, that Michael might still be breathing. He taped a clean dressing across Michael's wound and rolled him over onto his back. There was no exit wound. Aikins tried giving Michael mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. He continued it for a few minutes, then straightened up and felt for a pulse. There was none. Aikins applied mouth-to-mouth again, and kept at it. But Michael wouldn't breathe, and Aikins still couldn't find any pulse.

Aikins saw the 1st Platoon medic working on Hamilton, then heard the medic tell Captain Cameron, "I don't think he's going to make it. I'm not getting a pulse anymore."

"Keep working on him," Cameron said. "He's strong and he's young."

It was no use. Samuels, only inches away from Hamilton's boots, flinched when the medic covered Hamilton's body with a tarp. "Aw, for chrissake," Samuels said. "Poor Hamilton. He was such a nice, straightforward guy, you know? I mean, Jesus, what did he ever do to deserve that garbage, huh? What did he do to deserve getting killed?" Samuels grimaced. "These goddam leeches are gonna eat good tonight," he said.

Aikins saw the medic cover Hamilton's body, and he knew that Michael Mullen, too, was dead. There was nothing for him to do but see who else had been hurt. He crossed to where the medics were working on Ivey.

"Hello, Doc." Ivey smiled up at him. Ivey was still on his stomach and had had to raise himself slightly to see Aikins' face.

"You're looking good," Aikins said. "You're gonna be all right."

"I know that," Ivey said. "How are the rest?"

Aikins shook his head. "We got some hurt pretty bad." He patted Ivey's shoulder. "You take it easy, O.K.? I'm going to check the others."

"Sure, Doc," Ivey said. "Don't worry about me."

Aikins looked at Ivey for a moment. "You're a good man, Ivey. Take care." He started away, and passed Captain Cameron, who was moving toward Mullen. Aikins grabbed the Captain's shoulder and held him back. "Sir, Mullen is dead," he said.

"Oh, son of a bitch!" Cameron said. He crossed to Michael and shone his flashlight down. Michael looked so peaceful, so untouched that Cameron couldn't believe he was dead. He knelt and felt Michael's chest, and then slapped him twice to get a reflex, a flinch, a response of any kind. As he was going to slap Michael again, someone took his arm. "We already tried that on him, sir," a medic said. "It's no use. Sergeant Mullen is dead."

"O.K.," Cameron said softly, sadly. "You'd better cover him up."

At that moment, the radio operator told Cameron that Colonel Schwarzkopf was trying to reach him. The Colonel was clearly upset. He told Cameron to remain at the radio. Schwarzkopf needed to know what was going on. "Are you sure you need a jungle penetrator?" he said. "You know they're risky even in the daylight."

"Sir," Cameron answered, "the only thing I can tell you is that two of my people have bought the farm, and if I don't get it two more will."

"O.K.," Schwarzkopf said. "That's what I needed to know."

"How long before we get the dust-off? We— Wait, Six," Cameron said.

Lieutenant David Miller, whom Cameron had sent to the clearing near the 2nd Platoon's position to find a landing zone for the med-evac helicopter, was saying, "Sir, we've got you an L.Z."

"Are you sure?" Cameron asked.

"Yes, sir," Miller said. "All we've got to do is chop down one or two trees."

Cameron clapped the young lieutenant on the back, "Good enough! Get some men with axes and machetes, and get to it." He picked up the hand mike again, "Black Smoke Six? This is Black Smoke One. Send the dust-off. We can bring him in close enough to the ground to get everybody on board. I repeat, send the dust-off. We have an L.Z."

"This is Black Smoke Six," Schwarzkopf said. "Good work. Dust-off's on the way. Stay in touch."

"Roger, this is Black Smoke One. Out." Cameron handed the microphone to the radio operator. "Stay with me," he told him. "We'll go down to check the L.Z."

Aikins caught up with Cameron and reported on the wounded. Samuels and Ivey would need litters. So would Sergeant Gonzales, one of the 1st Platoon's squad leaders, who had been wounded in one foot and one arm. Sergeant Wetsel could walk, but the shrapnel wound in his hand necessitated his being evacuated. Cactus, who had been sleeping next to Polk, was more sick and scared than hurt. He had been hit on the forehead by a rock and said

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it impaired his vision. "So you might as well let Cactus go, too," Aikins said.

Cameron sent Sergeant "Mac" MacPhearson to round up a litter detail to move the wounded men to the landing zone.

CAPTAIN CAMERON had finished pacing off the clearing to make certain that there was adequate clearance for the helicopter rotor blades by the time the litter bearers reached the edge. He was kneeling with his radio operator, watching two Cobra gunships circling high overhead. They were dropping flares, and as the sky lit up, the litter bearers ducked and worked their way deeper into the shadows at the edge of the clearing. It was weird watching the slowly descending flares. Each man realized that the enemy now knew exactly where they were. The brightly burning flares, swaying gently back and forth beneath their parachutes, illuminated the clearing and etched the lines in the men's upturned faces. The moment one flare started to fade, a fresh one would pop.

"Black Smoke Six? This is Black Smoke One," Cameron was saying into the radio. "We have flare ships, but where in God's name is dust-off?"

Aikins knelt beside his company commander in the grass. "What's the problem, sir? It shouldn't be taking this long."

"Black Smoke One? This is Black Smoke Six." Colonel Schwarzkopf explained that the helicopter had had a radio malfunction and had returned to Chu Lai. "They'll slide the radio out and slap in a new one," Schwarzkopf said. "Your dust-off will be airborne again in a few minutes."

"Roger, Black Smoke Six. I hope to God he hurries." Cameron handed the microphone to his radio operator and turned to his senior medic. "Stick with the Prince, Abe. Tell him dust-off will be here soon."

Cameron then positioned four men with red-lensed flashlights at the corners of the landing zone, and placed Lieutenant Bayless, with a pocket strobe, in the center of the clearing, to mark where he wanted the helicopter to put down. "Don't turn that thing on until I tell you," Cameron said. Bayless nodded.

AIKINS, with Samuels, saw that the Prince wasn't joking anymore. Chaplain Duguid was squatting beside the litter, and the morphine was at last taking hold. Aikins drew a big "M" with his grease pencil on Samuels' forehead, so the doctors back at the hospital would know that the wounded man had been given morphine.

"Where's that dust-off?" Samuels asked.

"It's coming," Aikins said. "How do you feel?"

"It still hurts, Doc," he said. "But I'll be O.K."

"You want a cigarette?"

"Sure."

As Aikins tapped one out, Polk asked for a cigarette, too. "The Prince said he was thirsty," Polk added. "Is it O.K. if I give him some water?"

"Water?" said Willie Kleeman, one of Samuels' friends from the 1st Platoon. "The Prince drinks only wine."

"This Prince would settle for a beer," Samuels said.

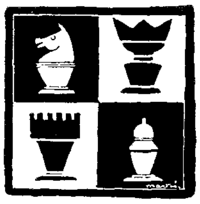
"We could all use one," Chaplain Duguid agreed.

CAMERON made radio contact with the Cobra gunships, and from them he learned that the medical-evacuation helicopter was at last inbound. "Bayless!" he called out. "Make sure that as soon as dust-off gets close you turn off that strobe light, or you'll blind the pilot."

"Right, sir!" Bayless called back. "Shall I turn it on now?"

"Turn it on!"

The gunships were still dropping flares. Every now and then, they would call down to Cameron to ask if he had had any enemy contact. Cameron would answer, "Negative." Lieutenant Bayless, in the middle of the cleared landing zone, turned on the strobe. The light began to pulse, shooting an intense beam, visible for miles. Cameron soon heard the dust-off approaching. Its engine made a different sound from that of the gunships; the med-evac noise suggested a piston beat more than a turbine, and there was something strange about its pitch.



"He's really beating the air," Cameron's radio operator said.

"Yeah," Cameron said, realizing why the engine's pitch had seemed odd. "He must be coming in at max speed." He had given the med-evac a vector off Hill 410 as a compass direction to follow. He knew that the med-evac would be familiar with Hill 410; the helicopters were out there every day flying around. The men with red-lensed flashlights were properly stationed at the corners of the L.Z.; Bayless was holding the strobe light up as high as he could. Cameron believed that the med-evac might even be able to see the strobe from 410. He took the hand mike from the radio operator and began talking to the med-evac, telling the pilot where Charlie Company was and what the L.Z. was like, and waited for confirmation. There was no response.

"For chrissake! Dust-off doesn't answer!" Cameron said. He called the Cobra gunships and said, "I can't talk to dust-off."

There was an electronic crackle. Then the pilot of one of the gunships identified himself and explained that the med-evac's radio had malfunctioned again. The helicopters could talk to each other, but the dust-off couldn't talk to the ground. "Tell me the details," the Cobra pilot said. "I can relay."

"Roger," Cameron replied. "I have four corners marked with red lights. Strobe marks my center. I've got five packs—three ambulatory, two litter." Cameron was still describing the L.Z. when the medical-evacuation helicopter came screaming in, low and fast. Bayless wasn't able to extinguish the strobe, and the helicopter suddenly banked sharply, dropped down over the side of the hill, and disappeared.

"Oh, my GOD!" Cameron said, and he waited for the crash.

"I can't get the strobe off!" Lieutenant Bayless shouted. He was shaking it and banging it against his palm.

"Put the goddam thing in your pocket!"

The helicopter shot up in the air on the other side of the hill and swung back around to the L.Z. Cameron positioned himself in the center of the L.Z. and held his arms out horizontally to show the pilot he would be the one to guide him down.

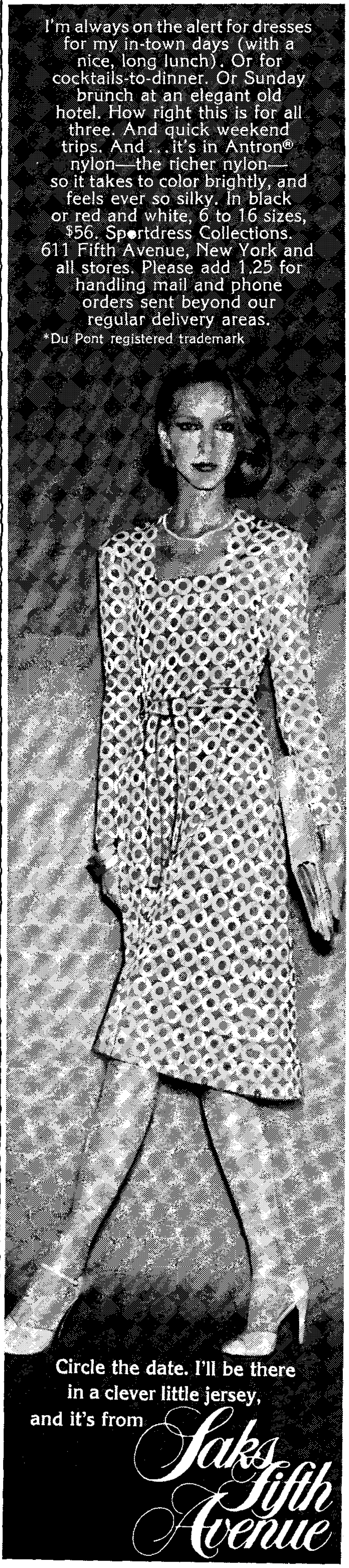
The pilot headed directly toward Cameron, then hovered while Cameron, waist high in the tall grass, slowly lowered his arms to put the helicopter on the ground. The instant the skids settled, the litter detail hurried forward and the pilot motioned Cameron closer.

"How many you got?" the pilot asked.

Cameron saw, to his surprise, that the pilot was an Oriental. "I've got five," he said. "And listen! Tell the doctors two of the men have been given morphine."

"Right," the pilot said. "Let me know when everyone's on board."

Cameron walked around to the starboard side of the helicopter. Samuels had been loaded head first and the litter pushed as far back as possible, to



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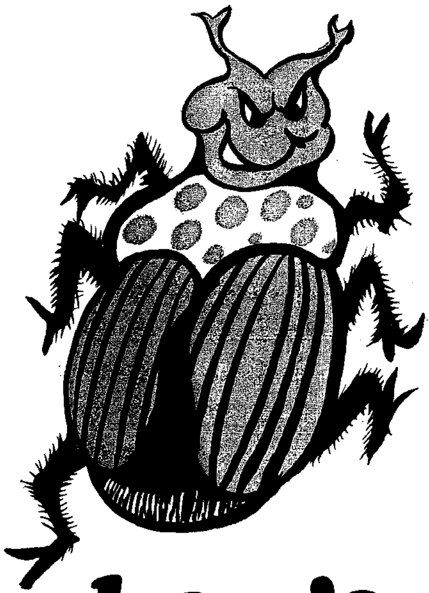

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make certain his leg was completely inside. "Well, Prince," Polk said. "At least you're getting out of here."

Samuels nodded and gave a little wave.

Ivey's litter was loaded next. Culpepper helped Schumacher push the litter in and stepped back. "Hey, Pep," Schumacher said. He was pointing to the nickname painted on the helicopter's nose. "Did you notice what it's called?" The nickname was Tired Angel.

Sergeant Gonzales was helped inside the helicopter, and Cactus and Sergeant Wetsel were able to board by themselves.

Cameron checked with Abe Aikins. "Is that everybody?"

"Everybody who's going," Aikins replied.

Cameron went to the pilot's side and held his thumbs up. The helicopter jumped up into the air, fell off to one side down the hill, picked up momentum, and was gone. As soon as the helicopter disappeared, Cameron returned to his radio to report to Colonel Schwarzkopf that the medical evacuation was completed. The gunship pilot called back to ask if Charlie Company needed anything else. "Negative," Cameron told him. "I appreciate what you've done."

"Uh, roger," the gunship pilot said, and before the last flare had sputtered out, the Cobra gunships, too, were gone.

BACK at the company's night defensive position, on the hill, Captain Cameron walked among the survivors from the 1st Platoon, speaking gently and quietly with each of the men. When he was satisfied that all of them were all right, he moved to the 2nd Platoon and asked Sergeant MacPhearson to have some people from his platoon take care of Hamilton and Mullen.

MacPhearson chose three men and had them gather ponchos, wrap Leroy Hamilton's and Michael Mullen's bodies carefully, and move them up to the command-post area. Then MacPhearson made certain that the ponchos were neat, the bodies wrapped tightly and well covered. They were left there for the night.

Cameron found Aikins sitting on the edge of his foxhole with his head lowered. He thought Aikins was probably upset, and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm a little sick."

"How? In what way?"

Aikins held up his right hand; it was

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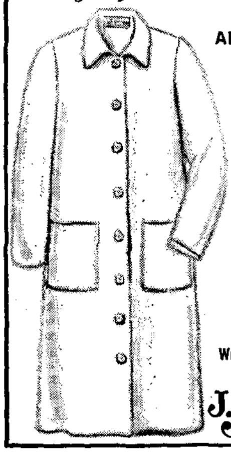

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covered with blood. "I took a piece of shrapnel," he explained.

"Why in the hell didn't you say something about it before?" Cameron asked. "I could have had you evac'd out!"

"More important things needed to be done."

"I'll get you out first thing in the morning. Is it bothering you enough for you to take a shot of morphine?"

"Naw," Aikins said. "Anyway, we don't have any morphine left. I'm all right, sir. I'm just going to sit up here for a while. You get some rest."

Cameron nodded and went back to his radio. He and Colonel Schwarzkopf spoke for a while, and the battalion commander said, "I'll have a chopper out there at first light to get your killed-in-actions out."

Cameron returned to his sleeping position and sat down. He was suddenly terribly thirsty. He drank a canteen of water and half of another, then lay back and attempted to go to sleep.

WILLARD POLK was too nervous to sleep. He was talking with Razzle-Dazzle. Razzle had just said that Lieutenant Rocamora was the man who had called in the artillery.

"*He* called it in?" Polk said. "I'm gonna kill that mother. I'm gonna lay my M-79 upside his head!"

Razzle smiled lazily. "Aw, no, you ain't," he said.

BY a little after seven o'clock, the sun had risen high enough to burn off the morning haze. A light utility helicopter from the 176th Aviation Company, the unit that normally flew resupply and utility missions for Schwarzkopf's battalion, approached Charlie Company's hilltop clearing and set down on the L.Z. Michael Mullen's and Leroy Hamilton's bodies were gently loaded on board, their rucksacks and equipment slid in next to them. Aikins had awakened with one finger so swollen he couldn't move it, and, at Cameron's insistence, he boarded the helicopter to have the wound looked after at the rear. No supplies were brought in on this trip; the helicopter came only to take Aikins and the dead men out.

A FEW moments after that helicopter departed, Lieutenant Colonel Schwarzkopf, with Lieutenant Colonel Valentin Kuprin, the commander of the artillery battalion, and Colonel Joseph Clemons, the brigade commander, landed at Charlie Company's position. The men had filled in

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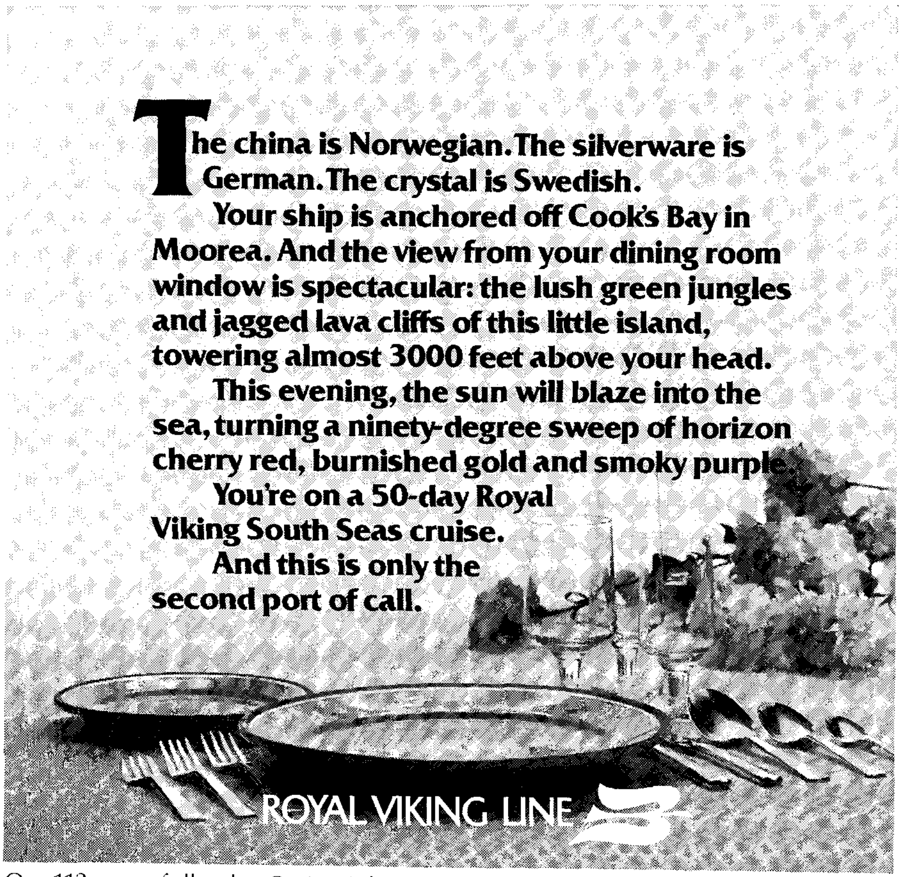

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their foxholes in preparation for moving out and were standing on the hilltop with their gear packed, awaiting orders. Schwarzkopf told Cameron that his company was to remain on the hill a second night. The artillery investigators would be coming soon and would need time to complete their survey. Colonel Clemons asked Cameron to report on what had happened the night before. Cameron said that Charlie Company had taken a short round. The shell had exploded in a tree directly above the 1st Platoon. "Two men were killed and six wounded," Cameron said, and he described the sort of wounds received. Colonel Clemons also asked the forward observer, Lieutenant Rocamora, a few questions, asked to see the company's defensive perimeter, and then announced that he had seen what he had come to see. Schwarzkopf, Clemons, and Kuprin climbed back into their helicopter and left.

The artillery investigators landed next. They surveyed Charlie Company's position, measured the trees, searched for pieces of shrapnel, asked a lot of questions, and took a lot of notes. The men of Charlie Company watched the investigators warily.

One of the artillery investigators asked, "Are you sure that it wasn't the V.C. shooting at you? That it wasn't a V.C. mortar?"

A man in Charlie Company answered, "It wasn't no mortar."

"Are you *sure?*"

"You goddam well know what it was!" the enlisted man answered. "You know goddam well who fired it and where it hit!"

"All right, take it easy," the man's platoon leader said. "They're only trying to do their job."

"We have to look at all the possibilities," the investigating officer explained. "Maybe it wasn't an error. It might have been the enemy."

Every one of the men in Charlie Company knew that it had been their own gun.

ON February 20th, two days after the shell had hit, Samuels awoke in the hospital at Chu Lai to discover Colonel Schwarzkopf standing beside his bed. Schwarzkopf said he had been able to put a telephone call through to Samuels' mother, in Caldwell, New Jersey, and Samuels would be able to speak with her soon. Thirty minutes later, Samuels was on the phone with his mother. He told her that he was all right and was going to Japan. He did not tell her that his leg had been amputated. She later received a telegram from the Army informing her of that.

ON February 23rd, Charlie Company was walking back out of the mountains toward Hill 76. No trace had been found of any North Vietnamese rocket-battalion command group, nor had Charlie Company made any contact with the enemy.

IN March of 1972, almost exactly a year after I had first met Gene and Peg Mullen, I drove back through La Porte City to visit them. As I approached the last gentle, rolling hill south of the Mullens' home town, I felt a sense of relief. It was a relief born of the anticipation that at last I could offer the Mullens some comfort. I could tell them definitely what had happened on the night of February 18, 1970. I felt I could relieve their anguish because I believed that the truth would set them free. Around noon, I checked into La Porte's one motel and called the Mullens. Peg said come out right away.

Peg hugged me the moment I appeared at their back door. Gene warmly, tightly gripped my hand. We stood by their kitchen table smiling, happy to see each other again. Peg wanted to feed me lunch, observed that I was looking thin, while Gene stood with his fists pushed deep inside his overall pockets, shifting his weight from foot to foot. Suddenly he blurted out, almost shyly, "We've got a real treat for you tonight!"

"Oh?" I asked, surprised. "What's that?"

"A pork tenderloin," he said. "Just about the best cut you can get from a hog. It's from one of our own."

"For heaven's sake, sit down! Sit down!" Peg said, pushing me over to the kitchen table and pulling out a chair. "Tell me now, how was your trip?"

"Did you see many trucks?" Gene asked.

"Come to think of it, I didn't," I said. "Why do you ask?"

The amount of truck traffic, Gene explained, is an indicator of the economy. The Mullens began to tell me about the changes that had taken place in Iowa during the year since I had last been there. Industries were laying off employees or reducing their work week. Gene himself was on a two-month layoff from his job at the John Deere tractor plant in Waterloo. Farm costs were rising. However, not all the changes were economic.

"You know, I'll tell you some-

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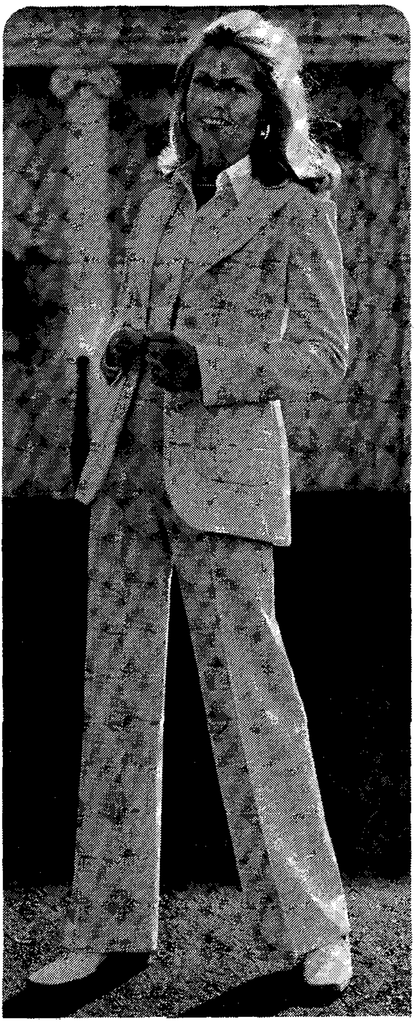

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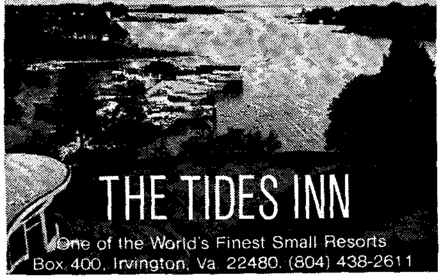

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thing," Gene said. "We appeared in this Another Mother for Peace film for television, and when it was shown here—well, the next day, when I went to work, people came up to me and said, 'I saw you on television, Oscar.' They wouldn't say anything more. But a year ago, last year, they would've said, 'You sonuvabitchin' *Communist!* You *traitor!*,' and they don't say that anymore."

"The change in a year is unbelievable," Peg said.

"We went to this funeral of Cecil Joens—" Gene said.

"He was here when we came back to the farm after the war," Peg said. "Lived in that gray house across on the corner there—the one with the big stone in the field. They used to light fires on top of that stone to guide settlers home."

"Let me tell you about that funeral," Gene said. "We were telling you about the change this past year. Well, at Cecil's funeral there were people who know how we stand who came up to talk to me; I never opened the conversation myself, but these people walked up to me with smiles on their faces and they said hello. And I returned the cordiality, and when they spoke to me and I spoke to them it just sort of broke the ice." Gene thought for a moment, then added, "I shouldn't say I enjoyed the funeral. I didn't *enjoy* the funeral. But it did two good things for me. It helped me pay my respects to a man I had great respect for, who was a very, very good friend of mine. Mikey spent part of his last day at home with Cecil. And, O.K., I paid my respects to him along with all the rest of his friends. But I had a number of people who even wanted to talk to me! The change is unbelievable."

"Let me tell you something else," Peg said. "People were thinking about us, because Cecil's funeral was almost two years to the day since Michael's. And a lot of the concern at that funeral was for us. There's a couple who publish an advertising sheet here, and they walked up to me in the dining room and said, 'We've just thought about you constantly today. We've thought about you for two years continually. We think about you all the time.' But they'd never approached me on this subject before."

The conversation turned, of course, to the war. After a few minutes, Gene walked over to the window looking out on the barns, and then he faced me and said, "You know, I could say something violent— I will! I will say it!

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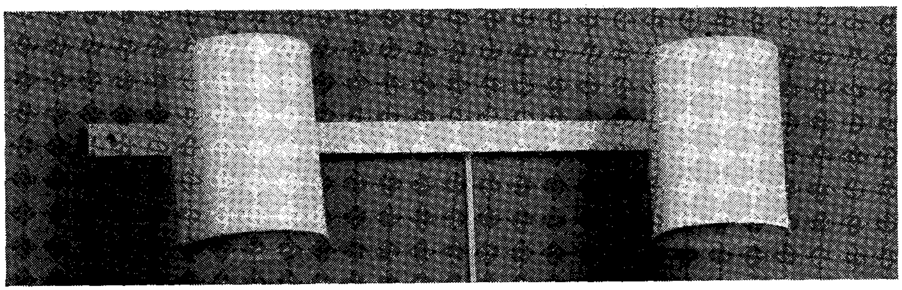

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GOD DAMN what's causing *this!*" He walked back to the table and stood gripping the back of his chair. "We have boys all around here in this area who are 'basket cases'—"

"That story in the Des Moines *Register*," Peg said. "How many legless boys did it say are in Iowa?"

"I don't know," Gene said. "Twenty-six, I think."

"*Twenty-six!*" Peg said.

"There are two right over here about ten miles away, in Hudson, Iowa. One has both legs off, the other just one. Well, God *damn* it! I— We— I can tell you, people, well-to-do people up here? They get on the telephone and call us. 'How do we get our boy out of the service? Please help us get our boy out!' And now their boy is out and they— If— I— This war!" Gene sat down, speechless with frustration.

Peg suddenly asked, "Was Michael or was he not the platoon sergeant? Now, this you've learned."

"He was not," I said.

"Why not?"

"Because a new sergeant came into Charlie Company who had a higher rank. He had been with the company one or two days the night Michael was killed, and he was wounded then."

"Who was he?" Peg asked.

"His name was Wetsel. He was a staff sergeant. Michael was an *acting* platoon sergeant—it was only temporary."

"We know that," Gene said curtly.

"Michael didn't want to be platoon sergeant," Peg said. "Why was Michael made a platoon sergeant to begin with?"

I explained that Michael's previous platoon sergeant had rotated home. While Charlie Company was awaiting the replacement, Michael, as the ranking sergeant in the 1st Platoon, was appointed acting platoon sergeant. Michael was a sergeant (E-5) with three stripes. When Wetsel, a staff sergeant (E-6) with three stripes and one rocker, arrived in the company, he relieved Michael and became the platoon sergeant himself. "Look, I don't know whether this is the proper time for this or not," I went on. "It's up to you. But if you'd like, I can cover with you two now all the information I've been able to get and—"

"Oh, I don't know whether that's necessary or not," Peg said, looking distressed.

"It's up to you," I said.

"Michael was hit in the back, wasn't he?" she asked.

"Yes, a piece of shrapnel entered his

back and pierced his heart. He died right away. In his sleep. There's no question about that."

"Yes," Peg said. "They all told us that."

"But what I meant, Peg," I said, "is that I can give you the background of the operation he was involved in—what their mission was, if you want to know any of this. What it was like—"

"There's something I want to know," Gene said. "Something that has always bugged me: *Why was it covered up?*"

"That was the thing," Peg said. "Why wasn't it ever in the news?"

"In our letter from General Ramsey's adjutant—" Gene said. He turned to ask Peg, "You have that letter, don't you?" and then turned back to me. "The adjutant told us that the incident had been investigated and the investigation was on record at the Logistics Center at— at—"

"Long Binh," Peg said.

"Long Binh—that's right," Gene continued. "And he said it would be released to us immediately. But it never was."

"First of all, Gene," I said, "I don't believe that the incident was deliberately covered up. I don't believe that there was ever a deliberate conspiracy to prevent you from learning what had happened to Michael. The details given to you in that first letter from the battalion commander, dated March 2nd, which you received soon after Michael's funeral, were in fact correct. The reason you were never sent the results of the investigation was that the report was classified 'For Official Use Only'—a very minor security classification, but one that would nevertheless prevent it from being released to civilians without a 'Need to Know.' It doesn't count that you are Michael's parents. Besides, the investigation would obviously contain hypotheses about what might have happened, and these hypotheses might be open to misinterpretation, depending on the point of view of the reader. If, for example, the report mentioned that a lieutenant back at Hill 410 with the guns was asleep at the time of the incident but that his being asleep had nothing to do with the incident, you might still believe that if he had been awake Michael would have been spared. I don't know whether I've made myself clear, but the reason the report was not sent was to spare you more anguish."

"I don't buy that," Gene said flatly. "No, I don't buy that. The simple reason the report was not sent was that this was the second artillery incident to have happened in twenty-one days."

"Did Schwarzkopf mention that to you?" Peg asked me.

"Yes, we talked about it."

"Schwarzkopf did tell you about that?" Gene asked, clearly surprised. "It was actually the *third* incident that had happened in a little over a month with this same artillery unit. That's why they tried to hush it up."

"There wasn't a third incident," I said. "The previous incident, the one in which some men from Bravo Company were wounded—none, incidentally, were killed—was caused by a faulty artillery piece. There were teeth missing on the elevating gear, and when the tube was raised the mechanism indicated a higher elevation than was actually on the guns, because of the slippage caused by the missing teeth. As a result, when the artillery piece was fired the round fell short. In Michael's case, however, the guns were fine. The round fell short because a lieutenant back at the Fire Direction Center had failed to take into account the height of the trees on top of the hill where Charlie Company had set up."

"What happened to that lieutenant?" Peg asked.

"He was given an official reprimand."

"Yeah, see, Schwarzkopf said he would have had him court-martialled," Peg said.

"What about the boys who were drinking?" Gene asked.

I explained how the drinking had not made any difference, because the error was not on the guns. The men at the guns had done exactly what they were told to do. The investigation confirmed that the target information shown on the guns was exactly what had been forwarded to them from the Fire Direction Center.

"O.K., now," Gene said. "Who called in the D.T.s?"

For the next couple of hours, I answered the Mullens' questions as best I could. Who asked for the D.T.s at that time of night? Who adjusted the artillery? How could someone correct the artillery if he couldn't see where the shell hit? Why were the D.T.s postponed? If the artillery wasn't firing for Charlie Company, then why did the boys write that they heard artillery firing all night long? I explained that Charlie Company was not the only infantry company operating in that area at the time—that Delta Company was to the northwest and had re-

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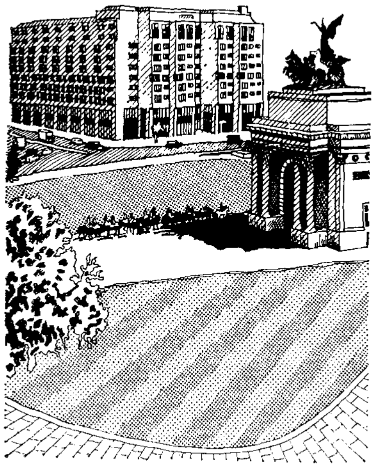

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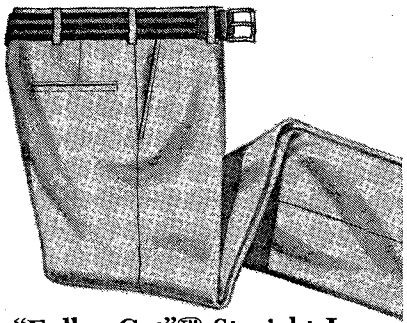

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quested D.T.s as well. I told them about the artillery's priorities, which would cause fire to be shifted if a unit made contact. And Peg asked me why the boys who wrote were threatened with court-martial.

I explained that if the boys had written they would have directly disobeyed the order from Americal Division's headquarters stating that all communication with next of kin was to emanate from Division. It was not a policy I agreed with, I said, but the purpose behind it was to insure that parents were not given conflicting facts and false accusations.

"We didn't get any facts!" Peg protested.

"In other words," Gene said, "they only give out the facts they want the parents to know. To fit the story."

"But there wasn't any *story*," I said.

"So that's why the platoon wasn't allowed to write us," Peg said. "I see now. It has to be covered up."

"It wasn't covered up, Peg," I said. "What you were told was true." I went back through my notes until I found a copy of the first letter sent to the Mullens over Schwarzkopf's signature. I read the second paragraph to them, and then I said, "Michael's unit *was* in its night defensive position, where the letter says it was. The unit *was* 'adjusting artillery to provide a predetermined range of fire in the event of enemy contact.' Michael *did* receive 'a fatal missile wound when an artillery round fell short of its intended target and detonated near his position.' Admittedly, you were told the barest minimum, but what you were told was the truth."

"Well," Gene said, "Schwarzkopf had destined his life for the Regular Army. But he's all through because of—"

"—because of his back," Peg said.

"His back has healed," I said. "He's out of the cast now and he's all right."

"Look, O.K., now, this so-called event they went out on," Gene said—and he began rapping the kitchen table for emphasis—"was Schwarzkopf's [bam!] own [bam!] planned [bam!] adventure! He thought there were some Vietcong out there and this was the first [bam!] time [bam!] that Schwarzkopf had ever been out on a search-and-destroy mission. The first time that the chaplain had been out. That the company clerk had been out. The first sergeant. Did Schwarzkopf tell you that?"

"Gene, it wasn't the first time Schwarzkopf had been out. Or the

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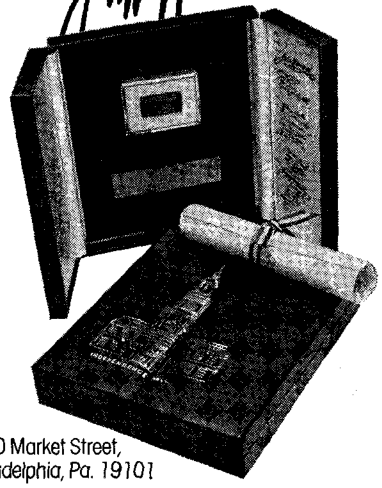

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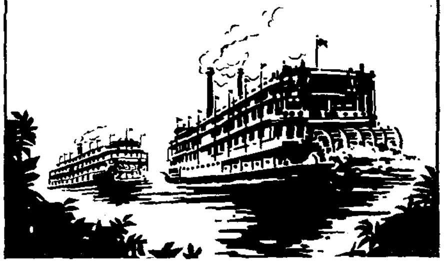

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chaplain. I don't think the company clerk was with them that night, but I'm not sure. I do know that the first sergeant went out any time the executive officer came in. There was a conflict between—"

"Schwarzkopf used to come out in his helicopter," Gene interrupted.

"He'd never stayed out all night on a mission with them, had he?" Peg asked.

"Yes, he had," I said. "But he wasn't on the hill with Charlie Company. He was on another hill—Hill 410—with the artillery unit."

We began discussing the meeting that Gene and Peg had had with Schwarzkopf at Walter Reed. "When I first sat down with Schwarzkopf, I told him that I could correct what he said, that I was going to give evidence that what I said was true," Gene said. "And he started out, and of the three items he mentioned I told him, 'You're wrong, Colonel. You came in there at twelve minutes after ten and there were four of you.' And he said, 'Yes, that's right.' I corrected another statement he made, and I said, 'From now on, Colonel, you tell me the truth!' "

When I disagreed with some of the details of Gene's account, he said, "Now, listen, I'm going to tell you something. You're hearing my side now. You've already heard his side. Schwarzkopf has had plenty of time to think of his own self, his story."

"The thing is that it's over with," Peg said. "Schwarzkopf has had time to take care of his story."

"He's had time to plan," Gene said. "When I looked at him out at Walter Reed, I saw a defeated officer of the United States Army. I don't care what *any*body says, he's got a guilt complex. He's trying to cover up his guilt at someone else's expense and make it easy on himself. That's all there is to it!"

"But, Gene, he didn't kill Michael. You know that. What should he feel guilty about?"

"Because he was hungry!" Gene answered angrily. "He wanted to be a brigadier general at thirty-five. He made that brag, and we can get the boys to prove it to you!"

"Well," Peg said uncertainly, "I'm not sure whether we can or not." She went on, "One thing I want to know: What was the company out there for? There wasn't anything in that area, was there?"

"They went out for two reasons," I said. "Their primary mission was to provide security against rocket attacks on the Americal Division's headquar-

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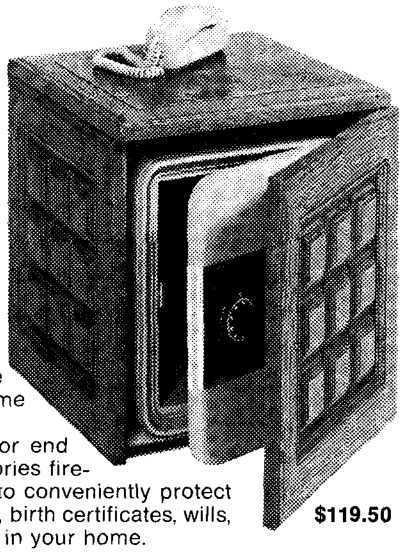

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ters, at Chu Lai. On this particular mission, however, Division Intelligence had had some 'unidentified radio intercepts.' They had picked up Vietnamese talking on radios where there weren't supposed to be Vietnamese operating. So Charlie and Delta Companies from Schwarzkopf's battalion were sent in to make contact. But they didn't find anything."

"You know damn well they couldn't find any Vietnamese radio!" Gene said.

"They were looking for a North Vietnamese Army rocket-battalion command group they believed were using the radios," I explained.

"The whole incident was Schwarzkopf's stairway to a brigadier general," Gene said, and he shrugged.

"No, Gene," I said. "Let me try to correct you on this, because you've mentioned it again and again. Schwarzkopf was a lieutenant colonel. He still had to be promoted to full colonel before he could make brigadier general, and—"

"He could make that in sixty days," Gene said.

"Gene, no one's made colonel in sixty days since the Army Air Corps days of the Second World War," I said. "And we can talk about this if you like, but we'll just go around in circles some more and end up with my having to defend the military, the government, the system, or whatever, and this is not what I came back out here to do." I sat there for a moment, looking at them. Gene was angry with me; Peg was clearly upset. "I thought if I could find out the truth for you," I said, "learn what really had happened to Michael, how he had died, what had caused the shell to explode over his position—"

"Now," Gene said, "I'm not going to like the truth if it isn't in my favor."

"Oh, Gene!" Peg said, and she laughed.

"You can understand that," Gene said, ignoring Peg.

"Yes," I said. "But I also understand that the truth is neither in your favor nor in their favor but somewhere in between."

"The truth is in *their* favor?" Gene asked, starting to get angry all over again.

"Of course, Gene doesn't want the military to ever look good," Peg said. "We have a very strong bias. A hatred for the military. And there's nothing that will change it, I suppose."

"O.K.," I said. "Again, I don't want to be put in the position of having to defend our military involvement in Vietnam, but I *do think* it's important for you to understand that both Schwarzkopf and Captain Tom Cameron, your son's company commander, were fine officers, fine men."

"Well, I don't buy it," Gene said. "I don't buy Schwarzkopf and I don't buy the military."

"Here's the whole thing," Peg said. "The military didn't want us to think our son had just simply died because somebody, his own men, had shot a gun at him. How do you explain this? They don't want to admit how many boys were killed by their own comrades. And you know *thousands* of them died, *not just* Michael. I wrote Nixon about three weeks ago. There was a picture in *Time* magazine showing the 1st Air Cav being combat-assaulted, and the picture showed three boys being airlifted into battle. I cut it out and sent it to Mr. Nixon, saying, 'Maybe you'd be interested in the faces of these young men. What strikes me most,' I wrote, 'is that none of these young men has a father who is a President or a senator or a congressman.' But, of course, I get no response to any of this mail anymore, because I'm a 'crackpot.' I still wonder about those boys. They lost two or three boys a week out of that outfit for two months, and I think about those three boys. I really do."

"And we know we're not getting the right casualty count even now," Gene said.

"That first week that they had a casualty count of two?" Peg said. "Well, we had three deaths in Iowa alone. I wrote Jerry Friedheim [a Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense]—they were all listed as nonhostile, see—and I said, 'Well, you'll just have to do a little better job on your homework. Three bodies returned to Iowa but only two died nationwide.' I had a two-page letter from him saying the news media goofed in Saigon."

Gene started in on Schwarzkopf again: the Colonel had had time to change his story to suit himself; he was only interested in making brigadier general; the only reason he had spoken with the Mullens was that he was "scared." Nothing good had been accomplished in Vietnam, Gene went on. We were being brainwashed by the Army. Schwarzkopf had been pulled out of Vietnam. He was finished because of his back injury.

Finally, Peg said, "You two have been at it long enough."

During dinner, we talked about the coming Presidential primaries, about farming and the price freeze ("Gas went up, fuel oil went up, telephone rates went up—oh, what a freeze!" Peg said, laughing sardonically), and, of course, about the war. But as we covered the same ground again and again, I began to detect a pessimism that hadn't been present in the Mullens' attitude before. Gene turned the conversation to the foxhunters who turned up in the neighborhood of the farm. "Why do they want to kill a fox?" Gene asked. "Foxes have been on earth for years and they'll continue to be. They haven't done any real harm. If they were going to do irrevocable damage, they would have done it by now. But that's the way man is—destructive. He'll destroy himself."

I was surprised to hear Gene talk that way. "What hope do you have if you feel like that?" I asked.

"Well, I hope we can learn to live together," he said. "Here you are. We talk. You have your thoughts, I have mine. You haven't imposed your thoughts on me, and I've tried not to impose my thoughts on you. We sit here and we talk, and I feel very much at home with you. Tonight, we had pork tenderloin and biscuits, and you enjoyed it. Why can't we get along with the other people in the world?"

THE following morning, March 3, 1972, was the second anniversary of Michael Mullen's burial. Gene was still asleep when I arrived at the farm, but Peg was up and gave me some coffee. "Here, read this," she said. "I found this letter last night, and I thought it might interest you."

The letter, written on inexpensive white stationery in a rough, unschooled hand, had been mailed from a small town in Iowa a few days before.

DEAR MRS. MULLEN:

They say my son gave his life for his country, that is not true. He was murdered by his country.

The book written by Robert Scheer, *How the U.S. Got Involved in Vietnam* should be required reading by all Americans; but Norman Mailer says the people in this country like war. Thank you for telling it like it is.

My wife died when Roy was five years old. I cooked, sewed on buttons, worked and farmed 240-acres. Roy was Salutarian of his High School class, 6′2″ and 185 lbs. After 2 years college he was drafted. After five months with the Air Cavalry he became a machine gunner on a chopper.

The way the world is going I should think of him as being safe, but I can't get over it.

Thanks again,
P—— M——

"That poor guy," Peg said when she saw I had finished reading. "He doesn't

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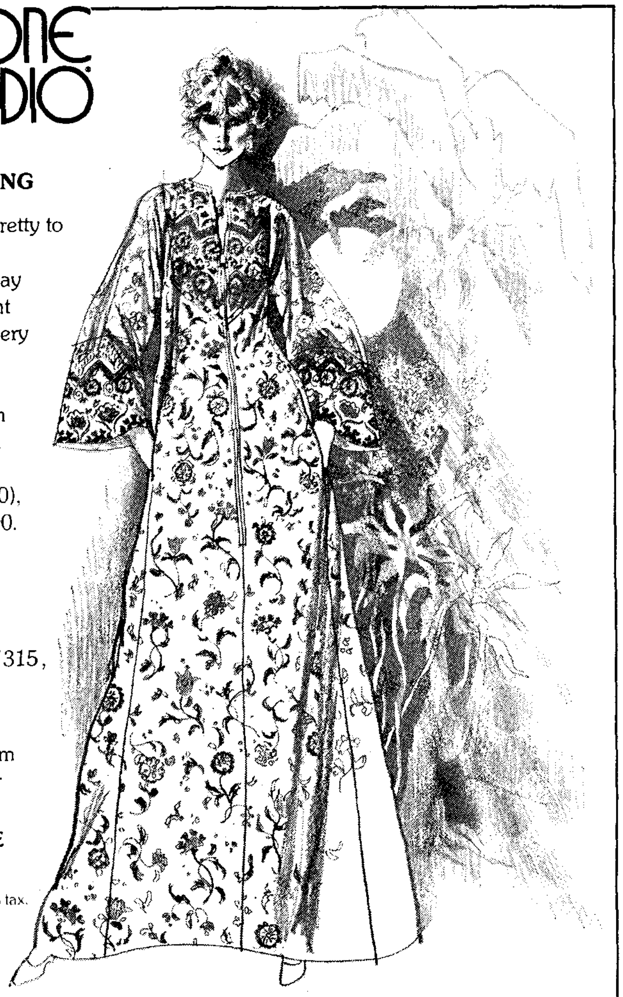

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say how his son was killed, does he?"

Gene lumbered sleepily into the kitchen, and said good morning. A few minutes later, when Peg started talking about the shootings at Kent State and at Jackson State, Gene said, "There've been a lot of bloody incidents in this country lately in the name of democracy, haven't there?"

"But, Gene," I said, "can you think of any other country you'd rather live in?"

Gene thought about it. "No-o-o," he said, "but I'm losing my country."

"Our country is losing *us!*" Peg corrected him. "But what can you do about it?"

"Nothing," Gene said. "Nothing you can do about it."

"If you really believe that," I said, "why have you done all the things you've done so far?"

"Well . . ." Peg said, shrugging. The telephone rang, and she got up to answer it.

Gene took a sip of coffee, then asked, "Are you going with me to visit Michael's grave this morning?"

"I'd like to very much," I said.

We could hear Peg trying to comfort someone over the telephone.

"Listen to her," Gene said. "That's the kind of phone call we get all the time."

Now Peg was reading a series of telephone numbers that the caller should try: Senator Harold Hughes' office; the Senator's military-liaison adviser; a lawyer who specialized in military cases. Peg was telling the person not to cry, not to worry—everything was going to be all right. A few minutes later, Peg hung up and slumped down at the kitchen table.

"Who was it?" Gene asked.

"A widow with six children. Her oldest son was a helicopter gunner in Vietnam, and, God knows how, he survived. He's back at Fort Hood now, and this is the third time he's gone AWOL this year to come home. He was worried, because his mother hasn't been well—she was the one who just called—and he'd come home to see her. So she called to ask what she could do to help him so he wouldn't have to go back into the stockade. But when she got to crying, I just thought, Oh, God, *that poor woman.* She said, 'They got my one boy, but they'll never get the other.' " Peg rubbed her eyes. "Here's the *thing.* Here's what really gets me: How can I do anything for these people? *How can I help them?*"

"You already have," I said. "You gave her the names and phone numbers of people to call. That's all she wanted. There was nothing but quick-

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sand beneath her feet when she telephoned, and all of a sudden there you were, Peg. Solid as a rock."

Peg looked over at her husband. He had buried his face in his hands, and she scolded him. "No, Gene! Don't you start!"

But Gene couldn't help himself. He was crying, and the tears wouldn't stop. He looked up at me, his cheeks glistening. "Are we crazy?" he asked. "*Are we?*"

I shook my head.

"*How long* can we do this?" he asked.

"A lady came out here, she had lost her son *fifty years* ago!" Peg said. "She sat there and talked about him for four—" Peg's voice faltered, and she, too, started to cry. "For four hours," she said. "And I thought to myself, My God, am I going to be doing this for the rest of my life?"

"I love my country," Gene was saying. "I *love* my country. It hurts me to see what's happening. I don't understand it."

"The thing that gets me is that I'm still angry," Peg said. "How in the hell can you live a lifetime of being angry? How can you?" She struggled to regain control of herself. "I just think I have to be mad about Michael's death because it was *obscene!* I think I have to be angry, but how do— *Oh, God!*" Peg buried her face in her arms and gave in to her tears. Gene walked around the kitchen table to comfort her. He himself was still crying as he laid a hand on her shoulder. Peg rubbed her eyes against her sleeve, and then, looking up, patted Gene's hand.

"Why don't both of you get out of here?" she said. "I'll clean up the breakfast dishes while you two visit Michael's grave."

ON March 29, 1973, the United States' direct military involvement in Vietnam was formally terminated with the departure of the last American troops. The Defense Department's official casualty report for the Vietnam war lists 45,958 combat deaths and 10,303 non-hostile deaths for the period between January 1, 1961, and March 31, 1973. Of the 10,303 non-hostile deaths, 3,060 occurred in aircraft crashes and 1,075 in motor-vehicle crashes. There were 1,172 deaths by suicide or accidental self-destruction, 1,163 homicides, and 102 deaths from drug abuse. And 3,731 men, Michael Mullen among them, are listed as having died of other causes.

—C. D. B. BRYAN

(This is the last part of a three-part article.)

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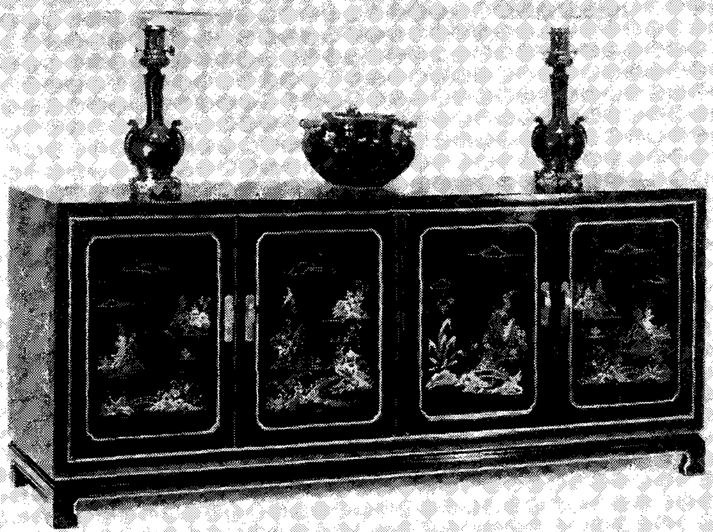

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AROUND CITY HALL

Nomenclature

AS its contribution to international diplomacy, the Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Affairs Committee of New York's City Council voted last month to give the name Zion Square to the southwest corner of United Nations Plaza, the seven-block-long promenade in front of the United Nations buildings. Proposing this name for an area so close to United Nations headquarters was, of course, a symbolic gesture reflecting the deep anger of many residents of this city and elsewhere over last fall's General Assembly resolution equating Zionism with racism. At the time the resolution was adopted, that anger was scathingly and eloquently articulated by Daniel Patrick Moynihan, then the American Ambassador to the United Nations. During the committee hearing on the bill, its sponsor, Henry Stern, of Manhattan, who is an earnest, bearded young man and is the Council's only Liberal Party member (of the forty-two other members, five are Republicans and thirty-seven are Democrats), was unable to suppress an occasional faint smile of satisfaction at having at last introduced a bill that most of his colleagues were willing—indeed, passionately eager—to support. The large number of witnesses in favor of the bill included Mrs. John Loeb, City Commissioner for the United Nations and the Consular Corps, who testified that the Zion Square designation also had the full approval of Ambassador Moynihan. Among the handful of witnesses against it was M. T. Mehdi, secretary-general of the Action Committee on American-Arab Relations, who suggested that the name Zion Square would be more appropriate for "your garment district," and added that, if the bill passed, another section of United Nations Plaza should be renamed Palestine Liberation Organization Square. Councilman Herbert Berman, of Brooklyn, said that the meaning of the bill was "We have declared war on the United Nations and its resolutions." One of the bill's opponents retorted, "It's not up to you to declare war," but even the suggestion of being associated with such historic action had provided a heady moment for the little-esteemed Council.

The resolution passed the eleven-member committee with ten ayes and one abstention. The abstention was that of Councilman-at-Large John Gangemi, of Brooklyn, who is running for Republican district leader against his fellow-councilman Angelo Arculeo in a district where Syrian and Lebanese immigrants have settled. Despite the disapproval of a *Times* editorial writer, who called the Zion Square proposal "inane" and, like the original General Assembly resolution, "counterproductive," an easy passage by the full Council was predicted, since the bill already had forty co-sponsors. The sponsors represented all ethnic groups of the Council, which includes eighteen Jews, eleven Italian-Americans, seven Irish-Americans, four blacks, two Puerto Ricans, and Councilman Robert Wagner, Jr., of Manhattan, whose heritage is German, Irish, and English. In the city, as in Africa, many of the black leaders—particularly those whose communities have large numbers of Black Muslims—now tend to be sympathetic to the Arab position in international affairs. (Last October, after Moynihan had denounced Idi Amin, the President of Uganda, for his United Nations speech recommending the "extinction" of Israel, Clarence Mitchell, a black member of the American delegation who had defended Moynihan's speech, was hanged in effigy on Harlem's 125th Street.) However, all four of the black Council members joined in sponsoring the Zion Square bill, perhaps partly because some of their colleagues reminded them that the word "Zion" has traditionally held an honored place in their communities, appearing in the names of many black churches. The three councilmen who declined to sponsor the bill were Gangemi, Arculeo, and Luis Olmedo, also of Brooklyn, who is said to be indignant because his bill to rename Brooklyn's Graham Avenue the Avenue of Puerto Rico has not been taken under consideration by the committee.

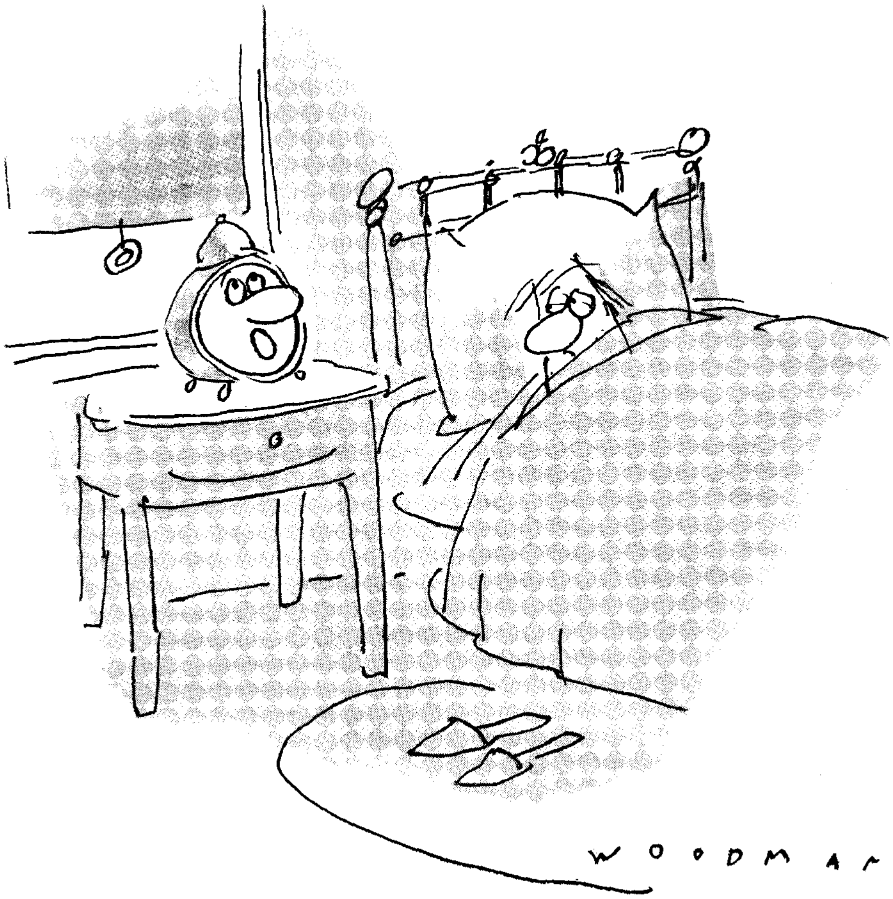
FIVE days after the Council declared war on the United Nations, its Committee on Public Safety was debating a bill, sponsored by Bronx Councilman Michael DeMarco, that would make it illegal to consume alcohol on any of the city's streets. Councilman Theodore Silverman, of Brooklyn, argued that the local police need the law, so they can arrest teen-agers who stand around on street corners in the Bronx and Brooklyn drinking and "passing disparaging remarks to women and young girls." The only councilman to vote against the bill at the committee hearing was thirty-year-old Robert Steingut, of Brooklyn. Two weeks later, it passed the full Council (the vote was twenty-five to twelve), with young Steingut again leading the opposition; he argued that the law, which it was taken for granted would most often be used against unruly blacks and Puerto Ricans, was discriminatory and also unconstitutional. It had earlier been criticized by three of the city's district attorneys—Robert Morgenthau, of Manhattan; Mario Merola, of the Bronx; and Eugene Gold, of Brooklyn—who suggested that it was probably unenforceable and that their offices already had enough problems prosecuting more serious offenses. Politely, nobody concerned pointed out that among the more serious cases on District Attorney Gold's calendar was one involving Councilman Steingut, against whom, last November, a grand jury handed up a two-count felony indictment charging him with "corrupt use of position or authority" in promising a nonpaying, honorary position in the Police Department to a Bronx haberdasher in exchange for a twenty-five-hundred-dollar contribution to his 1973 campaign for election to the Council and a second indictment charging him with failure to report the haberdasher's contribution.

The fact that the city's legislative body has a felony suspect as one of its active members has attracted little comment, possibly because the State Assembly in Albany has *three* members under indictment. The chairman of the Assembly's Committee on Ethics, Alan Hochberg, of the Bronx, was charged last month with trying to buy off a potential opponent in this year's legislative election by offering him a twenty-thousand-dollar legislative job and other inducements. And in December the Assembly Majority Leader, Albert Blumenthal, of Manhattan, was indicted on eight counts of perjury, based on charges that he had testified falsely about a meeting with state health officials at which he is said to have defended a nursing-home proprietor under fire for poor conditions at one of his homes, the proprietor having made large contributions to the campaigns of both Democratic and Republican politicians in the state. Blumenthal's alleged perjury was committed at hearings of the Temporary Commission on Living Costs and the Economy, which spent much of its time investigating abuses in the nursing-home industry. The commission's chairman, who, although he is a Democrat, was appointed, in 1973, by Governor Nelson Rockefeller, was Andrew Stein. Stein, who in 1968, when he was twenty-three, spent a quarter of a million dollars winning his first race for the Assembly, is a son of the millionaire publisher Jerry Finkelstein, former chairman of the New York City Democratic Committee, who in recent years has been a Rockefeller ally. The Stein commission's final report did not dwell at any length on Governor Rockefeller's handling of nursing homes in the state. This was in sharp contrast to a report by a special commission that Governor Hugh Carey appointed last year to look into the history of the same state-regulated industry. While blaming numerous political leaders of both parties for possibly indictable sins of omission and commission, Carey's investigation laid the prime responsibility for the abuses at the door of former Governor Rockefeller.

The third Albany legislator in serious trouble with the law is Assembly Speaker Stanley Steingut, who was named in the first indictment with his son Robert, charged with having helped to arrange the twenty-five-hundred-dollar contribution to the Councilman's 1973 race. A few weeks before that election, Speaker Steingut, doing a turn at a musical satire put on as a fund raiser by the Brooklyn Democratic organization, changed the title of "Sonny Boy" to "Bobby Boy," and sang to his son, "You want the City Council? I'll buy you the Council," and also promised in song that someday he would make Bobby mayor of the city, "like I did Abe Beame."

Respect for the integrity of the criminal-justice system in New York is at so low a level, and the notion that criminal indictments of politicians may have as much to do with the political concerns of the prosecutor as with law enforcement is so widespread, that few commentaries on the Steingut indictments failed to mention the possibility that the filing of the charges might be related to District Attorney Gold's interest in running for the United States Senate this year against Senator James Buckley—most particularly to Gold's desire to establish himself as an anti-boss candidate by demonstrating his independence of the Democratic machine in Brooklyn, where he started out in politics as a member of the Madison Democratic Club. Stanley Steingut was for many years the Brooklyn Democratic chairman—the formal term for "boss"—and he is still head of the Madison Club (of which Mayor Beame has been a member all his political life). Until recently, Steingut was also a partner in the insurance business with the present Brooklyn boss, Meade Esposito. The fact that the statute under which the Steinguts were charged had been invoked only twice since it was passed, in 1892, did nothing to discourage speculation about the District Attorney's motive. The Steinguts contend that the statute in question is discriminatory and unconstitutional.

At the first legislative session after the charges against Speaker Steingut were published, members of the State Assembly made their view of the indictment clear: assemblymen from both sides of the aisle gave him a standing ovation. Aside from the fact that if agreeing to barter an honorary title for a campaign contribution were routinely prosecuted as a felony most politicians everywhere would have to look for another line of work, the Republicans' sympathy with the Democratic Speaker was almost certainly influenced by their recollection that in January of 1974, when the Republicans still controlled the Assembly, the Republican Speaker, Perry Duryea, was under indictment, along with the Majority Leader and one other Republican assemblyman. The charge against the Republican politicians was that in twelve districts around the state in the 1972 Assembly elections they had interfered with the normal electoral process by arranging for the printing and distribution of campaign literature supporting Liberal Party candidates so that the districts' less conservative votes would be split between the Liberal and Democratic contenders, giving the Republicans a better chance of winning. The suspicion was that Nelson Rockefeller, who had just resigned as governor in order to pursue the Presidency, had persuaded Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz, a Republican, to provide evidence for the indictments in order to keep Duryea, not a Rockefeller man, from entering the gubernatorial primary that year, and so leave the field to Rockefeller's chosen successor, Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson. The indictments were eventually thrown out, on the ground that the law under which they were brought was unconstitutional, but the legal problems did keep Duryea out of that year's race, and in August of 1974, after Gerald Ford designated Nelson Rockefeller as his choice for Vice-President, Mrs. Perry Duryea, in dramatic violation of the Eleventh Commandment according to Ronald Reagan—that a Republican should not speak ill of another Republican—announced in telegrams



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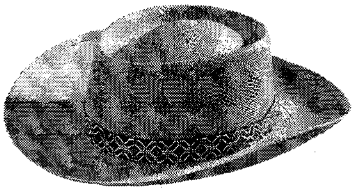

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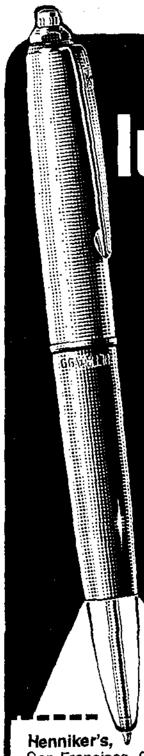

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to Ford and legislative leaders that Rockefeller was not fit for the Vice-Presidency or any other office, because he was responsible for her husband's indictment, which she called "tantamount to political assassination."

Things didn't turn out in New York as Rockefeller may have planned, of course, since his candidate, Wilson, was beaten in the election by Democrat Hugh Carey. The Duryea episode may have been one of the events that caused Carey to answer a reporter's question as he did last month. The subject was the jurisdictional legal controversy whose charges and countercharges have made almost daily headlines recently (in the eyes of many New Yorkers, a welcome change from the seemingly endless fiscal crises). Carey's late-December announcement that he was replacing Maurice Nadjari, the Republican Special State Prosecutor named by Rockefeller in 1972 to prosecute corruption in the city's largely Democratic criminal-justice system, was countermanded by Attorney General Lefkowitz (who, by a technicality, had actually appointed Nadjari). Lefkowitz gave Nadjari until June 30th to continue his investigations, which Nadjari had announced would prove corrupt actions by Patrick Cunningham, the Bronx Democratic chairman, who, at Carey's insistence, had been named the state chairman of the Party. Asked if he thought that the Vice-President might have been behind this maneuver, which virtually insures the filing of indictments damaging to the Democrats a few days before the July 11th opening of the Democratic National Convention, Carey said, "Perish the thought."

ONE of the charges in the indictment against Stanley and Robert Steingut describes a meeting in September of 1973 that they were alleged to have had with the prospective campaign contributor at Ratner's Dairy Restaurant, on Delancey Street. That is not a part of town where the Steinguts customarily spend much time, but, as it happens, it was not far from Delancey Street that the family started its long run in local politics. At the beginning of the century, the Irish rulers of the lower East Side, which was the heart of Tammany power, generally tolerated their new Eastern European neighbors in the clubhouses only as errand runners and minor helpers. Simon Steingut, the Speaker's grandfather, who became a protégé of Tammany leader Big Tim Sullivan, was apparently the first of the downtown Jews to work his way up to "neighborhood mayor," in his case the unofficial "Mayor of Second Avenue," an honor that allowed him to dispense services and some patronage for the area he lived in.

Like many other immigrant families who prospered, the Steinguts moved across the river to Brooklyn after the First World War, and the current Steingut officeholders are, of course, members of later generations. Yet a very considerable amount of power in the government of this city and state is today in the hands of men who themselves, beginning in the early years of the century, lived in, survived, and ultimately managed to escape the airless, often bathless ghettos south of Fourteenth Street—an area that was in some places more densely settled than Bombay and that was the "World of Our Fathers" recently described by Irving Howe in his book of that title. Attorney General Lefkowitz, for example, was born on East Sixth Street, in 1904. (At a local Republican dinner last month, Rockefeller compared Lefkowitz to Lincoln, seeing a resemblance even in their backgrounds. Where Lincoln had lived in a log cabin and read by the light of a fireplace, Lefkowitz, he pointed out, was born in a lower-East Side cold-water flat and had studied by the light of the Staten Island ferry.) One of New York's two United States senators, Jacob Javits, was born on Stanton Street, also in 1904. Mayor Abraham Beame grew up on Pitt Street, having been brought there by his Polish immigrant parents a few months after his birth, in 1906. Former Judge Simon Rifkind, who played a leading role in bringing the city through last year's fiscal crisis (a former director of the Municipal Assistance Corporation, he was the head of a team of lawyers who devised the intricate legal arrangements, now being administered by the state's Emergency Financial Control Board, that ultimately made it possible for the city to avoid bankruptcy), was born in Russia but was brought to this country nine years later, in 1910, and was raised on Madison Street. When Attorney General Lefkowitz, at Governor Carey's request, appointed a deputy attorney general to investigate Nadjari's charges that Carey's attempt to displace him had been politically motivated, the choice was State Supreme Court Justice Jacob Grumet, who was born on Avenue D in 1900. And if any of these officials have to take a case to the state's highest court, the chief judge of the Court of Appeals, Charles Breitel, a comparative youngster, was born in 1908 on Avenue A.

There is a pleasant irony in the fact that a number of men who started out on the lower East Side have continued to play important government roles into their eighth decade of life, since, even after nominations on the level of assemblyman and state senator were available and after the Board of Aldermen—the forerunner of the City Council—ceased to be the virtually all-Irish preserve that it was early in the century, offices at the highest city and state levels came very slowly to those who had grown up in the downtown Jewish world. This was almost certainly not because "the Irish are natural leaders," to quote George Olvany, elected leader of Tammany Hall in 1924, who went on to say, "The strain of Limerick keeps them at the top. . . . The Jews want to be ruled by them." It undoubtedly reflected to a considerable extent the fact that, whereas nowadays the less than a quarter of New Yorkers who are of Jewish descent are such diligent voters that they often account for at least forty per cent of the electorate in Democratic primaries, early in the century the lower-East Side districts that were heavily Jewish had, on an average, the lowest proportion of registered voters of any area in the city. Whatever the historical reasons, the state's first (and, so far, only) Jewish governor, Herbert Lehman, elected in 1932, was a millionaire investment banker of German descent who came from a far different, uptown world. Lehman was also chosen, in 1949, as the state's first Jewish United States senator. It wasn't until 1956 that an alumnus of the downtown world, Javits, was elected to the Senate. And it wasn't until 1973, when Beame made it on his second try, that New York, the largest Jewish city in the world, elected its first Jewish mayor.

AN interest in seeing that the next generation gets the breaks is, of course, common to parents of all backgrounds, and two years ago, in the annual musical comedy put on by members of the Inner Circle, the association of City Hall reporters, Councilmen Steingut and Wagner and Assemblyman Stein were portrayed as boasting in unison, "On Daddy's name we have come far," to the tune of "Daddy's Little Girl" ("We are public officials and happy to be / We're Daddy's little

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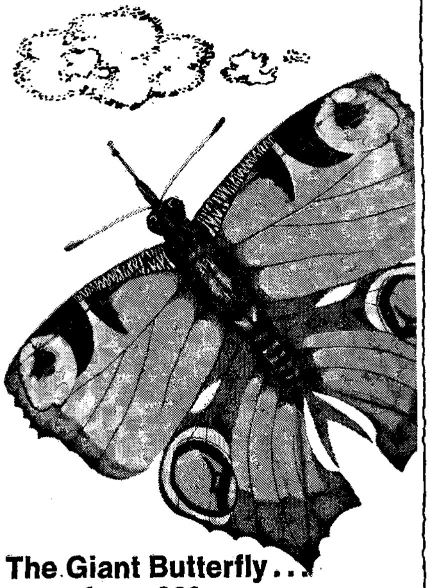

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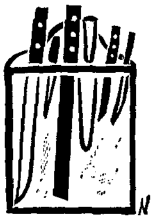
boys on high salary"), and telling the audience, "We're going to take over this town." Taking over this town, at least in the days before the Emergency Financial Control Board, would mean getting to be mayor, and the mayoral election isn't until next year. Carey said of the last, crowded mayoral campaign, "It's like the bulls running at Pamplona."



This year, however, the big stampede is for the Democratic senatorial nomination in the race against Buckley. Last fall, thirty-two-year-old Councilman Wagner came in third in a statewide poll of voters who were asked to choose between Buckley and each of a number of potential Democratic candidates. Young Wagner has indicated that he will probably wait this one out, although campaigning for the Senate runs in the family: his grandfather was elected to that body four times, and his father lost the 1956 race to Javits. Robert Steingut has other things on his mind this year, but Andrew Stein is expected to run, or perhaps is already running: in the past several months he has made six hundred appearances around the state. If an Assembly seat is worth a quarter of a million dollars, what price would be put on a seat in the United States Senate? Abraham Hirschfeld, the only announced candidate for the Democratic nomination so far, has said that he doesn't care how much the race costs. An immigrant from Israel who made a fortune here in the garage-construction business, Hirschfeld came in third in the 1974 Democratic senatorial primary. Bronx Representative Mario Biaggi, who came in fourth in the 1973 mayoral race, has indicated that he may well run; his office points out that if he were elected he would be the first Italian-American senator from the state. Manhattan Representative Bella Abzug is raising money for a senatorial campaign and has already made the pilgrimage to Albany, considered obligatory for statewide Democratic candidates, to call on ninety-year-old Daniel O'Connell, the Albany County chairman and the only county boss who can remember back to the palmiest days of Irish supremacy among the Democrats, when the favorite song at political gatherings was not "Sonny Boy" but "Danny Boy." Former Attorney General Ramsey Clark, who won the nomination in 1974 but lost the election to Javits, is said to be getting ready for another race. District Attorney Gold continues to be a likely candidate, and the President of the City Council, Paul O'Dwyer, who ran unsuccessfully for mayor in 1965 and lost the senatorial election to Javits in 1968, announced last month that he would probably run if he felt that he could be "a unifying influence."

With a prospective Senate contest featuring the same old faces or the sons of the same old faces, it was not surprising that, beginning last fall, there was a flurry of interest on the part of a few Democratic leaders in the possible availability of Daniel Patrick Moynihan, whose candidacy would fit in nicely with what some see as a resurgence of the strain of Limerick in New York, now that an Irish Catholic is back in the governor's mansion, and whose service in the General Assembly seemed to assure him solid support from local Jewish voters as well as from New Yorkers nostalgic for the days when Teddy Roosevelt was waving his big stick in their seventh-grade history books and everyone knew that America would never lose a war. Even if the Moynihan candidacy comes to nothing, it will have a place in local political history as a case study of how to win political friends although one has repeatedly broken the Eleventh Commandment of New York politics: Do not offend the voters of an ethnic bloc big enough to get up a demonstration against you on the six-o'clock news. Moynihan's candidacy, which he did not convincingly discourage in the first few days after his resignation from the United Nations post (the same afternoon his letter to President Ford was released saying that his desire to return to teaching Ethnicity in American Politics and American Ideology in Foreign Policy at Harvard must take precedence over all other endeavors, his lawyer announced that it was "a fair inference" that he would run for the Senate if there was "a ground swell of support," and Moynihan himself said he was "keeping the door open" for such a race), gathered strength even though over the years the Ambassador had affronted almost every conceivable bloc of New York voters, ethnic and otherwise, including a few that no other candidate had thought of. In 1965, when he made his only venture into elective politics, as the Irish entry on the obligatory balanced ticket of Paul Screvane for mayor, Moynihan for president of the City Council, and Orin Lehman for comptroller (they lost in the primary to an Abraham Beame-Frank O'Connor-Mario Procaccino slate, and Beame was then defeated in the mayoral election by John Lindsay), his opponents spent many happy hours passing out among local reporters selected excerpts from "Beyond the Melting Pot," betting that those who read them would not understand that it would be almost impossible to write such a book—a history of ethnic politics in this city, which Moynihan had written with Nathan Glazer—without including some observations that touchy local Italians, Jews, Irish, blacks, and Puerto Ricans could take offense at. To many blacks, of course, the name Moynihan has long been a code word for arrogant wrongheadedness in the white race, his most famous abomination in their eyes being his celebrated 1970 memo to Richard Nixon in which he proposed, in effect (and sensibly), that the Nixon Administration's intense preoccupation with militants in the black communities could stand some cooling down—but he expressed this prescription in the unfortunate phrase "benign neglect," which he attributed to Lord Durham, the reformist governor-general of Canada in 1838. It appears that he can no longer even blame Lord Durham for the phrase. Moynihan may, in fact, have alienated another small but unforgiving voting bloc, that of historical scholars, when he confessed casually to a *Times* reporter last winter that Lord Durham had apparently never said anything of the kind. "What I think I did," he told the reporter, "was to confuse it with the phrase used by Edmund Burke, 'salutary neglect,' about the American colonies."

A couple of weeks after Moynihan's resignation, the local political rules (essentially those of self-preservation), which his candidacy so spectacularly flouted, began to reassert themselves. "Let's stop it right now," said David Dinkins, the president of the State Council of Black Elected Officials. "We are adamant in our position that he is not acceptable." The same week, Carey, who had been portrayed by some Moynihan supporters as favoring the Moynihan race, announced that he would be neutral in the campaign for the senatorial nomination—having concluded, perhaps, that there was no pressing need for him to encourage the ambitions of another attractive Irish politician in the state. The Governor could change his mind, and so could local black leaders. The position of the blacks in city and state politics today is not much different from that of the lower-East Side Jewish community five or six decades back. Although blacks account for perhaps a quarter of the

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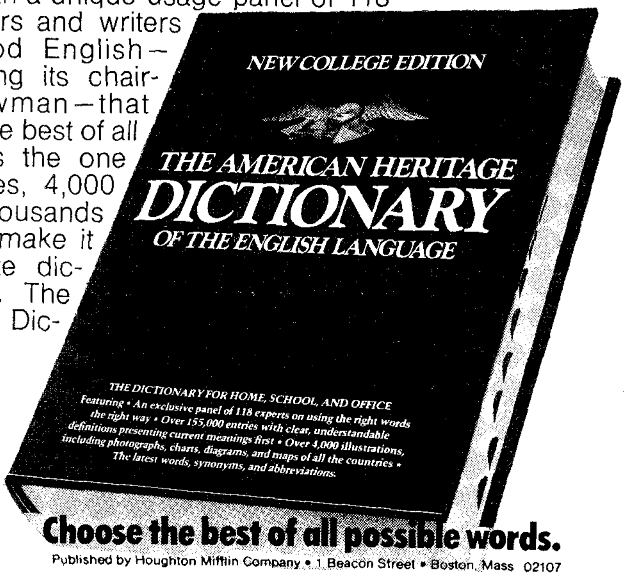

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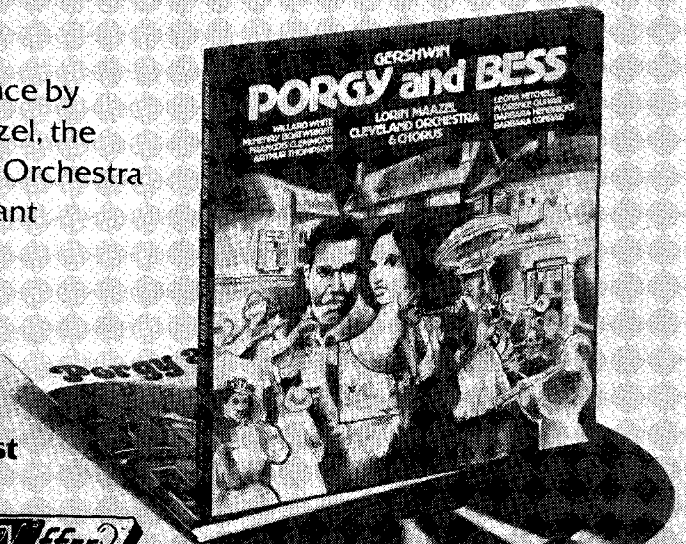

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city's population, the percentage of blacks who bother to vote is extremely low—which helps explain why there are no blacks at the highest levels of state and city government, and why such political power as the blacks have is heavily dependent on negotiated alliances with the leaders of other local ethnic blocs. Possibly with this fact of life in mind, the only black member of the city's Board of Estimate, Percy Sutton, was among the politicians who went to the World Council on Soviet Jewry in Brussels last month to express his outrage over Russian restrictions on Jewish emigration. Moynihan now declares that he will not enter the Senate race, but he, too, could change his mind. Or perhaps he will return to Washington by another route. His choice for the Democratic Presidential nomination, Henry Jackson, whose unwavering allegiance to Jewish causes has won him much support, financial and otherwise, in New York (the group whose concerns once barely attracted the attention of their closest neighbors now being a powerful national and, of course, international political force), has found that nearly everywhere he goes he gets his biggest hand when he asks, "Wouldn't it be wonderful to have Daniel Patrick Moynihan as Secretary of State?" Or, if the political script should turn out differently, Ronald Reagan has said that he would not rule out Moynihan as a member of his Cabinet. Meanwhile, the ground swell of support for a Senate race by Moynihan has not subsided. The columnists Evans and Novak, who regularly ascribe a "death wish" to New York Democratic leaders, trotted out the term again and also accused them of "madness" for not having insisted that Moynihan be a candidate. Sam Roberts, chief political correspondent of the *News*, reported that the former U.N. Ambassador had been assured of labor support after a secret meeting he had with officials of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. And early this month the *News* noted that forty-seven per cent of the New Yorkers whom it polled favored Moynihan's running. Just in case, a group of local blacks was reported last week to be getting ready to petition the City Council to rename 125th Street Benign Neglect Avenue. —ANDY LOGAN

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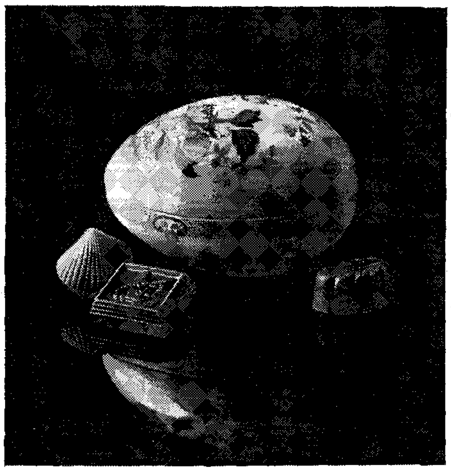

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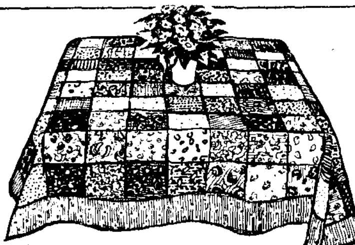

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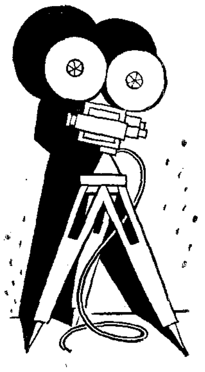

THE Claude Sautet film "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others" is infinitely preferable to such other recently opened films as "Salut l'Artiste," directed by Yves Robert, and "The Slap," directed by Claude Pinoteau, but they all have something in common: they seem to have been worked up out of nothing in particular, and they share the faint despondency of commercial projects. It used to be that American films looked machine-made compared to the more personal French imports; now it's the reverse. Jean-Loup Dabadie was co-writer on all three films and probably contributed to the creeping mediocrity—the shallow poetry of ordinary lives—that links them. I debated walking out on "The Slap," with its generation-gap misunderstandings and its captivating teenager (even though Isabelle Adjani performed the part with smiling ease), and I would have been happy to give "Salut l'Artiste" four stars for sincerity and compassion and make my escape. It's about the life of a wilted, second-rate actor (Marcello Mastroianni) who's also a second-rate person; his mistress sums him up when she says that he doesn't have presence, he has absence. This is meant to be not a joke but a tragic perception. "Salut l'Artiste" is a hollow pop film, with a little gas from undigested Antonioni.

Claude Sautet is such a princely craftsman and the all-star cast of "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others" is so physically attractive that I had no wish to leave, but I felt some resistance to the picture. I know this is unfair to Sautet, but it's the way I feel on those occasions (rare) when my attention is held by a story on the "family/style" pages of the *Times*. There's an element of the good host in Sautet's craft here: the lushly beautiful actresses, with their chromatically assembled dye jobs, seem to be at a party, and who wouldn't want to be there when the guest list includes Yves Montand (Vincent), Michel Piccoli (François), Serge Reggiani (Paul), Stéphane Audran (Catherine, Vincent's wife), Ludmilla Mikael (Marie, his mistress), Marie Dubois (Lucie, François's straying wife), Antonella Lualdi (Julia, Paul's wife), and Gérard Depardieu (Jean, a young boxer)? They're all playing average people, but that opulent cast list has more than its share of glamour; it's the menu for a fat-cat banquet.

Sautet doesn't tell a story here; rather, he orchestrates a slice of middle-class life. (On one level, that's what "family/style" does, too.) Vincent, the owner of a machine shop, François, a physician, and Paul, a writer, are old friends who are hitting fifty, and on Sundays they and their families get together. The picture, which shows us the three men's lives during a crisis when their friendship appears to be falling apart, is about aging and survival—about people trying to adapt to what they have become and to everything that happens that they can't control. It's all conceived musically; the dialogue might be lyrics, and the whole studio-made film moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. Sautet shoots in controlled, studio-lot conditions for the unified, pulsating effect. Jean Boffety's whizzing camerawork suggests that Max Ophuls is looking over Sautet's shoulder; the frequent car sequences (as when Vincent rushes from one place to another trying to raise money to save his business) are little scherzos. This is Sautet's sixth feature film, and before making his own films he was an assistant to several directors, and was a well-known screenwriter besides, but he was for a period a distinguished music critic, and possibly he works so well with Montand, who also appeared in his last film, "César and Rosalie," because Montand is a singer. Reggiani sings, too. (Many of his recordings have lyrics by Dabadie.) Piccoli, the son of two musicians, who has been married to the singer Juliette Gréco since 1966, has worked with Sautet often, and, like Montand, he expands in Sautet's films. Here he plays against his usual stylized, elegant cool, exposing it as tightness. The film is a French-Italian co-production, and that may explain why the three French friends of the title are played by actors of Italian background (Piccoli was born in Paris of Italian parents, and the two others in Italy), but probably these three also have the more physically expressive temperaments that the film's conception requires. They're Sautet's solo instruments.

Although "Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others" is adapted from a novel ("La Grande Marade," by Claude Neron, who also collaborated on the screenplay), it gives practically no sign of characterization, except for what the performers bring to their roles. Sautet's method is to reveal the characters' souls contrapuntally, through their everyday behavior, and we don't particularly register what is said. We're caught by the tone of voice—the loudness, the bellicosity—or by a twinge, or a catch in the throat. During the middle-age crisis—something like male menopause—that the film covers, the men are forced to look at what they've become, and we see what they see. We also see that they're still hesitating over choices made long ago—and stewing over lost possibilities. Sautet understands something that a lot of earlier moviemakers didn't: that as people get older their emotions may be as unresolved as ever. They may be giddy fifteen-year-olds under their sagging skins. In this post-Freudian tragicomedy of manners, the characters are still listening to old tunes in their heads, clinging to their obsessive desires even though they don't get what they hope for. They don't get what, on the basis of our moviegoing experience, we've come to expect, either. If the film "says" anything, it's that nobody knows what's right for anybody else, or can do anything about it if he does. The women, however, are so straight, illusionless, and determinedly honest that it's almost as though they were what the men would be if only the men were wiser and stronger. The film treats the women as so principled because it's primarily concerned with the men. And so the scenes between men and women are lifeless, or worse. When the doctor's errant wife, Lucie, tells him he's a cash register and leaves him, it would make enough sense if she indicated that his acquisitiveness and snobbery repelled her so much that she didn't want to go to bed with him. But the movie suggests that his moral defects wrecked him as a sexual partner. This is a little romantic fallacy that Hollywood, too, always loved—virtue and virility went together so neatly.

The stars, busily inventing humanizing details, provide the size and assurance that save the roles they play from being "little people." Depardieu, Europe's Robert De Niro, is hearty and pink-cheeked as the prizefighter-mechanic whom Vincent treats as a son; Depardieu plays a minor part, but, as with most of the others, you know you're seeing a star. And the more ordinary Montand acts, the larger and more Raimulike he becomes. His upper

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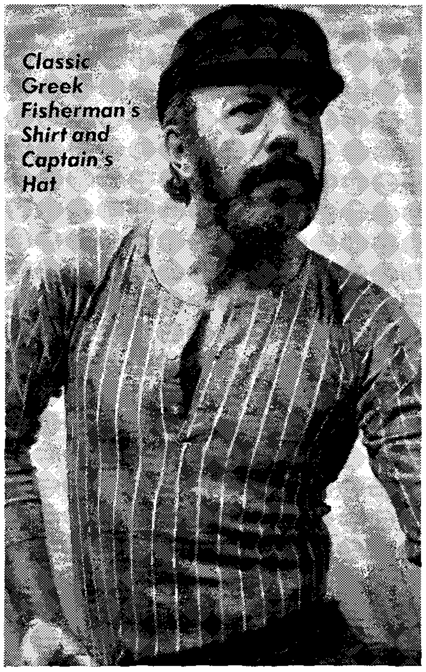

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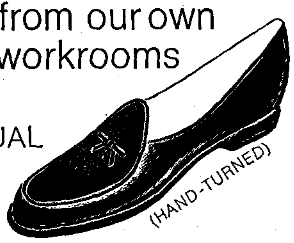

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lip is growing impressively long, and, like Jeanne Moreau, he has developed his own way of changing the emotional color of a scene; he can do it by drawing down that lip, or with a blink or just a second's painful awkwardness. These are the movie actor's infinitesimally small variants of bravura stage technique, and when Montand takes them out here he's showing his portfolio. We may be impressed by what a fine actor he has turned into, yet our assessment is impersonal. As this film, deliberately transient in mood, speeds along, we are meant to see ourselves up there and to care about the characters' everyday pain and pleasure—even about the bitterness of Piccoli's status-hungry doctor. Yet I found myself perceiving the distress signals—the vacant expressions, the sickly grins, the clouded eyes—without feeling involved. The film's discreet, gutted sensitivity is self-sufficient; it softens and takes the edges off. Montand's tender-gruff decency is too professionally touching, Reggiani's simple goodness is too winning, Marie Dubois is too level-eyed; everybody is too understandable. This film wears its humanity like a badge of commerce. I could be projecting, but I think there's more inexplicable dirty terror in people than this gracefully calibrated conception allows for. Montand's Vincent has pendulum swings of emotion, but even those are held in comfortable check; failure isn't failure here—it's "life." Observing the doctor's telltale tensions (smoking, smoking), the writer's wife's full-bodied, maternal love for her weak husband, and so on, I feel as if we in the audience were being pressed into membership in the society of the noble failed. In the best sequence, the doctor quarrels with his friends at Sunday dinner, and previously concealed hostilities emerge. It's one of the rare screen arguments in which all sides are convincingly weighted, and it suggests that we'll get a closer look at the myths that bind people in friendship. But the film is more concerned with how the rupture is healed. The appurtenances of French middle-class existence protect us too much here; they pad the falls. The very thinginess of the contemporary city life the film shows—the fast cars, the unobtrusive chic, the small cafés—seems to deprive us of any illumination.

Probably audiences will take this film as a tribute to human resilience. It presents the middle-class version of the indomitability of man—patching up your life, behaving as well as you can, and taking refuge in friendship. One

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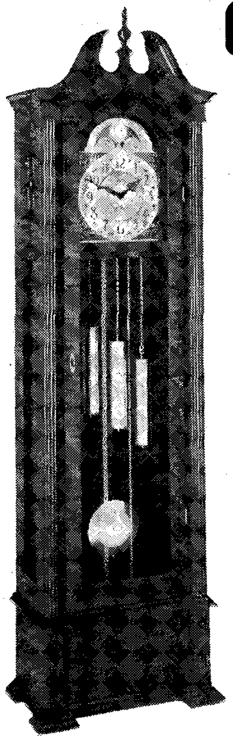

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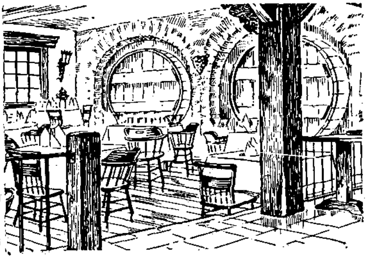

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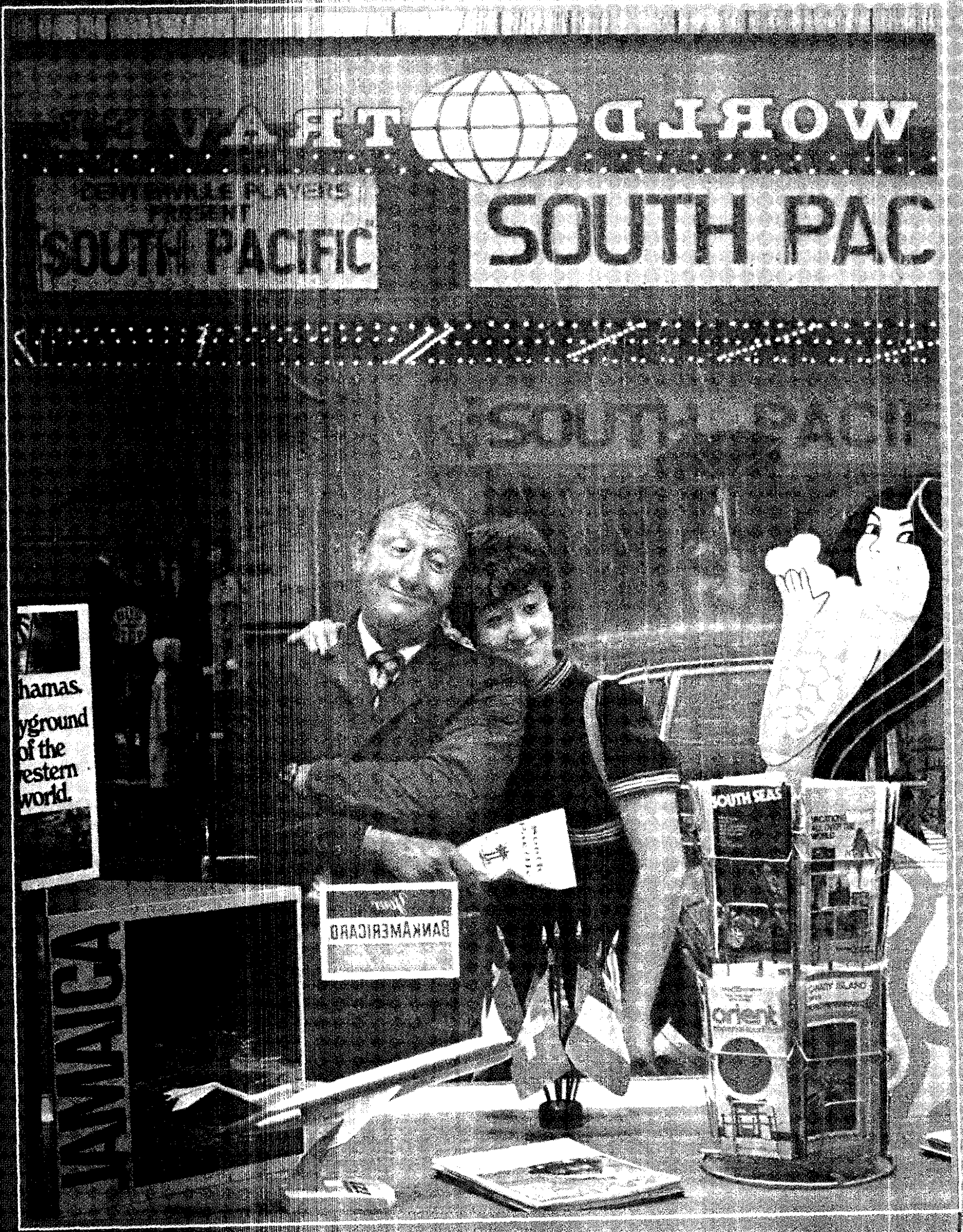
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can't fault this, exactly, and it's certainly not a happy view, but it's a blandly, mathematically tragic, almost congratulatory view. Sautet is a wizard at juggling and balancing a large cast; he keeps the incredibly complex "Dinner at Eight" situation spinning in thin air, and the smoothness of his technique has its own beauty. Yet he's like a classical composer writing a jazz symphony. He's got all the control and refinement—all the externals—but he can't find the insides. He's put his craft on the screen and left himself out.

THERE is no outside to "Inserts"—no world that any of the five characters belong to. The advertising campaign for this film is far more ingenious than the movie, which is like a kid's view of a Strindbergian conflict, crossed with a rip-off of Michael McClure's "The Beard." The action takes place on one set; the characters come in and out, and they shout as if they were on a stage. The author-director, John Byrum, is trying to make a movie, but his script is a long one-act play. His fantasy-conceit is that the set is a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once famous director, now shoots stag movies. Since Dreyfuss's acting isn't located in a recognizable world, as it was in "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz," or in a framework of illusion that we can accept for the moment, as in "Jaws," the claim that this blustering kid, waggling his head in imitation of John Barrymore, was a great man never takes hold. Dreyfuss struts about, as uncomfortable in his body as a high-school amateur; it's a booby-prize performance, by a major young actor. Byrum's notion is that The Boy Wonder's moviemaking genius burned out and that this is related to his present sexual impotence, which is cured in the course of the film by the earnest efforts of an aspiring actress, Miss Cathy Cake (Jessica Harper), who works on him lovingly because she thinks her exertions are being filmed. She has no reason for believing that the camera is turning by itself when they're in bed together, but then that's only one of many unconvincing plot devices—devices that don't add up to much, since the restoration of The Boy Wonder's virility doesn't, at the absurdist end, seem to mean anything in particular. The film finishes up by putting itself down.

This fantasy about a genius of the hand-held camera is like the ideas that a lot of students have for making movies. The picture should be more fun than it is, but Byrum hasn't worked out the motivation for the dialogue twists; he falls back on absurdism by necessity. And he falls down on his stunts. When The Boy Wonder shoots brief "inserts"—closeups—for his stag reels, you see the footage in black and white, but when he takes an "insert" closeup of Cathy Cake's genitals, the shot is discreetly omitted. You don't set up a device like this black-and-white switchover and then drop it at the crucial moment—not if you know what you're doing. Byrum is only twenty-eight, and this film was made (in England) on a small budget (around a half million). Still, The Boy Wonder's callow paradoxes ("Nothing pure, old sport, is ever simple," followed by "Nothing simple is ever pure") and the pearls of condescending wisdom that he drops are mere juvenilia. And Byrum likes his own worst lines so much that they're the ones he repeats. The picture loses whatever energy it has when Harlene (Veronica Cartwright), the marcelled star of The Boy Wonder's stag film, ODs. Even hampered by the poor sound recording, which makes her shrill and partly unintelligible, Veronica Cartwright (who started as a child actress, and played Rod Taylor's kid sister in "The Birds") goes way beyond the silly material. She flings herself into her role in the dissolute romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels—nervous, intense, vivacious, acting with her entire body. She's a grownup, quicksilver talent in a kid's show. —PAULINE KAEL

•

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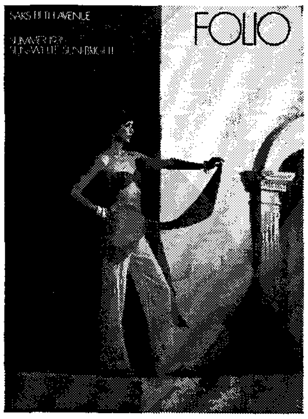

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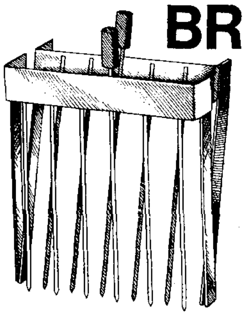

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LETTER FROM LONDON

March 3

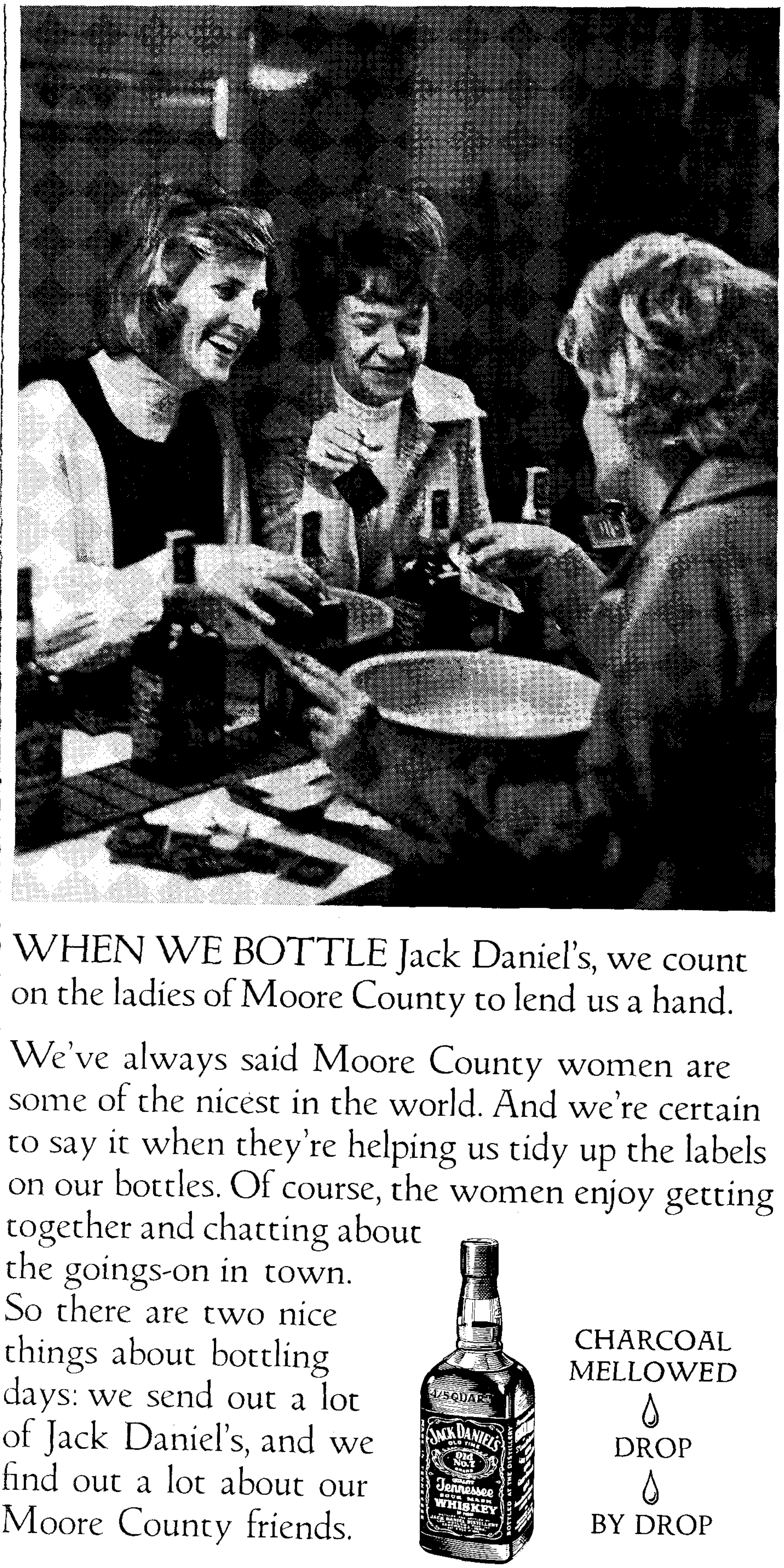
MONDAY night's interview with Alexander Solzhenitsyn, which took up the whole of the BBC current-affairs program "Panorama," has had the effect of a stone hurled into a drowsy pond, spreading circles of shock everywhere. People had hardly learned that he was in their midst—staying at a St. James's hotel, going like any tourist to Eton and Oxford—before he appeared on their television screens, somewhat changed from everybody's memories of him by the now long, curling beard that glinted youthfully chestnut, without a single gray hair, and by a positively cheerful brown checked suit. Michael Charlton, the interviewer, put his questions on a quiet, almost conversational level, and Solzhenitsyn's shattering denouncement of détente and the West's indifference was quiet, too. Only occasionally did his voice rise, as when he furiously demolished the frivolous, ashy emptiness of Bertrand Russell's "Better red than dead" with "Better be dead than a scoundrel!" In 1939, as he reminded us, this country had not thought along those lines, but "a people that no longer remembers has lost its history and its soul."

The first political reaction to his chilling words was yesterday's walkout from the Labour Party, after forty-five often tempestuous years, of Lord George-Brown, who had been Foreign Secretary and was Deputy Leader of the Labour Party under Harold Wilson until 1970, when he lost his seat in Labour's electoral disaster and removed his embarrassingly forthright personality to the House of Lords. He said that Solzhenitsyn's warning to the West that it was in danger of losing democracy had been the turning point for his growing uneasiness about what is happening in Britain. The Government's victory in the Lords over the extremely controversial charter for the press, included in its trade-union bill—legislation that could give power to the National Union of Journalists to discriminate against non-members and that has aroused alarmed opposition in Fleet Street and outside, too—finally convinced him that the Party is no longer concerned with the cherished freedom of the individual. So, after voting against the bill, he resigned. But people in all parties who have great affection for his warmth, his courage, and even his disarming, self-confessed liking for a drop too much now and then will certainly admire the man, and perhaps be made thoughtful by the protest. Many Conservatives think that the other political result of the Solzhenitsyn interview will be a great increase in public attention to Mrs. Thatcher's loud and plangent criticisms of the decline in the defense services.

THE long queues patiently edging their way into the Tate Gallery's magnificent Constable bicentenary exhibition seem to show that what the public nostalgically and deeply loves best and will flock to see is one man's view of the English landscape—the beautiful, unpolluted land of everybody's lost content, where it is nearly always summer and most of the day is afternoon. In the crush before the best known of what John Constable called his "six-footers"—the hay wain, the barge horse clumsily leaping a barrier on the towing path of the Stour, the boy lying face downward drinking from a stream with cornfields glittering in the heat beyond—there is sometimes a murmur of satisfaction, as though an old and dear friend had turned up looking as wonderful as remembered. Famous pictures churned out by the million in calendars and gifte-shoppe fancies come back into the eyes with a brand-new shock of delight. This is the fullest showing of Constable's work ever brought together, drawn from national, provincial, and private collections all over the world. It is arranged as a chronological exploration of what went on in the painter's life and head, illuminated by a splendid catalogue that is certainly the best buy of all the bicentenary publications. The airy freshness and sparkle of his canvases were in reality the result of endless struggle and laborious experiment. Some of the major works are hung opposite the equally vast but generally lower-toned full-scale studies that preceded them; these, in turn, were elaborated from tiny, gemlike oil sketches, which might have been worked up from drawings made years earlier. Several examples of his "skying" are in the exhibition—his name for the innumerable careful studies he made of clouds, with notes about time and weather attached to each. Constable was not a financial or critical success like Turner. He was insufferably patronized and lectured by the critics, including Ruskin, and by mediocre Academy colleagues. Often pressed for money to support his large young family, he had to accept tedious commissions to paint landowners' mansions. A Mr. Benyon-De Beauvoir requested him to change the cows in the picture into deer, as being more suitable to a gentleman's park, and he complied meekly. The exhibition includes the charming portrait of Constable's adored wife, Maria, who might sit for a perfect Elizabeth Bennet. After her death, in 1828, his view of nature became increasingly the stormy, desolate one of the great "Hadleigh Castle," from the Paul Mellon collection, and of his final version of Salisbury Cathedral's spire, needling up against apocalyptic heavens that appear to be about to shower fire and brimstone on the dean and chapter. His inscrutably smiling death mask is the last exhibit, like a calm but weary host bowing guests out from the banquet that he himself had adjudged a failure.

Many visitors were moving on the other day into the Tate's contemporary-art galleries to take a look at its recently exhibited purchase of Carl Andre's now celebrated rectangle of firebricks. Thanks to the sudden burst of inexplicable publicity directed by the press and television on this work (which seemed, to be truthful, no better or worse than a thousand objects that have been shown in a perfect blaze of public indifference), it started up a lively rumpus about what is art and what is not. Still more important at this moment, when the air is ringing with argument over the Chancellor's recently announced cuts in government spending, is the question: Should a national collection blow an undisclosed sum of the taxpayers' money on such a controversial purchase? To judge by all the fury and indignant letters to the *Times* (whose art critic was one of the few to stand up for the Tate's right to buy bricks if it wanted to), the majority opinion seems to be that it should not. At any rate, the attendant on duty in the gallery where the Andre was shown can never have seen anything like the steady stream of visitors—students, City gentlemen, old ladies up from the country to see Constable, young parents and their gleeful children—that were suddenly invading the normally peaceful place the other afternoon. When they found Mr. Andre's low, sad mound of bricks, most of the reactions were predictably hilarious or scandalized. Now, after a visitor threw a pot of blue dye over the exhibit, the Tate has wisely withdrawn it until the row is over. Or perhaps, as some irate Londoners hope, it has retired it into the cellars, where expensive mistakes of yesteryear are said to languish, as well as many beautiful works of art for which there is no room on the Tate's walls.

LAST Saturday, the National Theatre made its final appearance at the Old Vic, its home since 1963, before moving this month, at last, into the partly completed imposing complex of buildings that Londoners have been studying with interest for so long from Waterloo Bridge. However devoted the company becomes to its new possession, it will certainly miss the old place. What will happen to the old place now is still uncertain, though there are plans afoot to try and find the cash (even in these days when people's money does not pour out so readily) and a resident company to reopen it as a still living theatre. For many members of Saturday's audience, the occasion was an emotional one—the last night of the Old Vic as itself, a unique and greatly loved bit of London's theatre history that will never be repeated now that the state is the only begetter of such enterprises. It was a gala charity performance, in which a cast of stars of the National Theatre appeared in Val May's cheerful "Tribute to the Lady"—this being the stately name given by her long-suffering, devoted staff to Lilian Baylis, the extraordinary woman who was the Old Vic's acting manager from 1898 to 1912, and its lessee and director for the next quarter of a century, until her death in 1937. More than any of the brilliant people she gathered around her by a combination of incandescent faith (deeply religious, she invariably put the problems of her Old Vic to God and requested a speedy settlement, which always came, to everyone's surprise but her own), a shrewd instinct for picking the best people, and a certainty that they were all incomparably lucky to have the privilege of working there for practically no money at all, she deserved its last billing. In the rickety old house from which she launched out into a second venture, Sadler's Wells, she laid the firm foundations for the National Theatre, and for the English National Opera and the Royal Ballet as well. Everything was done on the shabbiest of shoestrings in those early days. By the time she died, she had been made a Companion of Honour and awarded an honorary degree by Oxford University. Her real triumph was that every play in the First Folio had been given at the Old Vic within ten years. The West End was coming down to the Waterloo Road, and the nights when, as Sybil Thorndike recalled in her memoir



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of Miss Baylis, there were "three boys and an orange in the gallery" were far away.

"Tribute to the Lady" was an artfully informal but in reality crackingly professional half reading, half theatrical performance on a stage empty except for a few chairs and a battered desk, which, we were informed, was Miss Baylis's own. The actors strayed on and off with scripts in their hands, alternately reading somebody's reminiscences and acting a little incident from the turbulent life with the Lady. The absence, through illness, of Laurence Olivier, who, naturally, was to have been the narrator holding it all together, was a sad disappointment. Albert Finney, the National Theatre's present Hamlet, stood in for him very agreeably. As Lilian Baylis, Peggy Ashcroft—uncannily transformed into that dumpy, formidable woman by a wig, a twist of the mouth (it was a slight deformity of which Miss Baylis was always acutely conscious), and a straddling walk—delivered her devastating lines with splendid comic effect. She was especially delightful giving us one or two of the weekly curtain lectures that the Lady, attired always in her precious Oxford cap and gown, would deliver to the audience, who loved them and her, though she might haul them over the coals for not coming to "King Lear" ("You've got plenty of tragedy in your own lives, haven't you? You ought to love him"), and would tell "you bounders" to pray hard that the rotten attendance on Mondays would be improved. Two of her boys appeared as themselves and brought the house down. John Gielgud and Ralph Richardson, with the perfect music and authority of their speaking of Shakespeare, suddenly told us what the Old Vic had been all about. It was a fine farewell party, which Lilian Baylis would have enjoyed immensely. From the audience, full of theatre people, the loudest, most affectionate cheer was for Dame Sybil Thorndike, a frail figure sitting in her wheelchair peering up at the young actress Susan Fleetwood enacting herself as she was back in the days of the First World War at the Old Vic.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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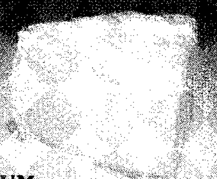

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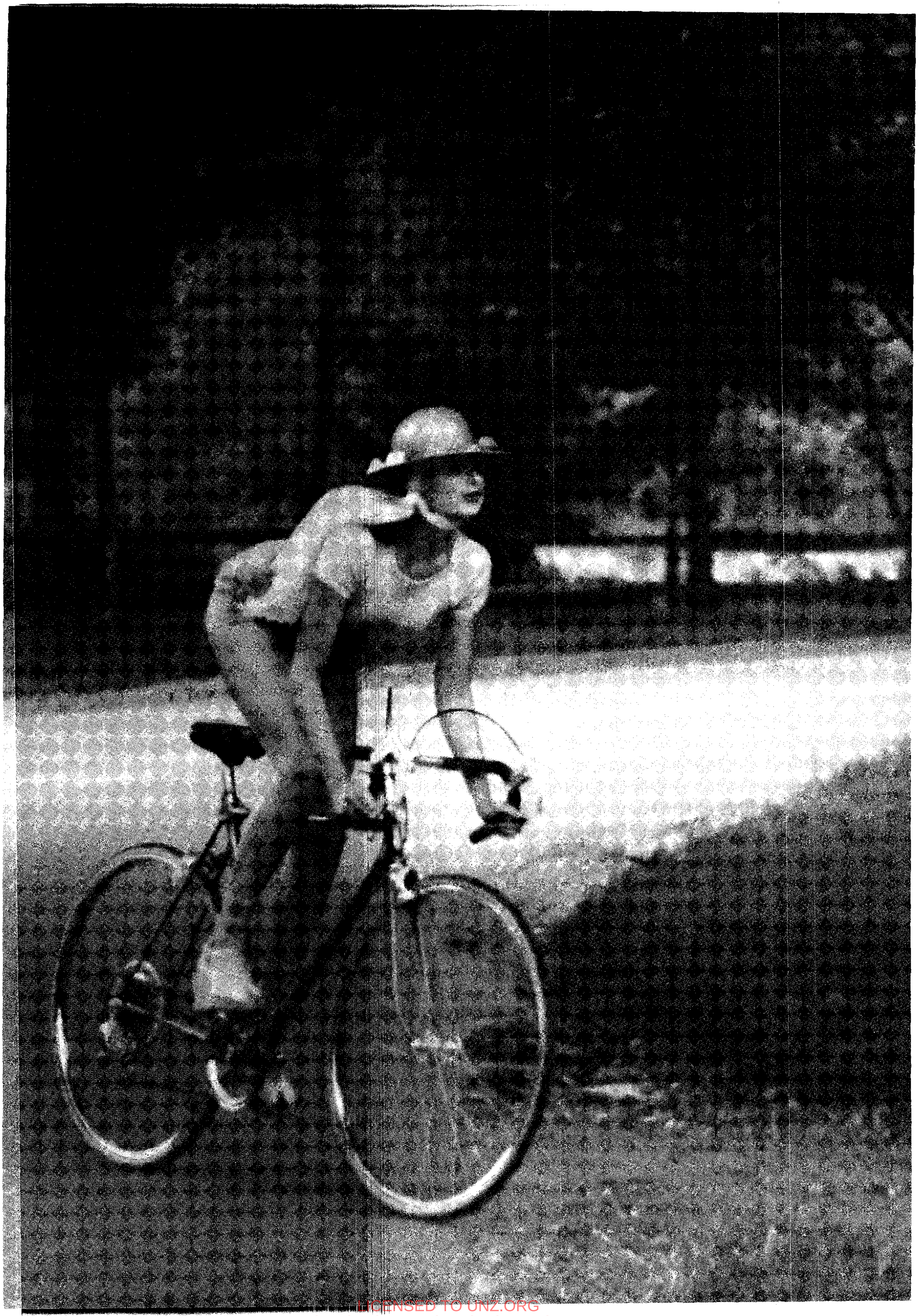

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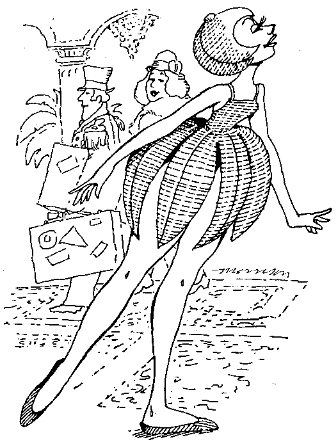

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JAZZ

New York Notes

MONDAY, MARCH 1ST: The first night of the first full week in the life of George Wein's revolutionary jazz club, Storyville. Named after his celebrated Boston club of the fifties, it is in a big, square, high-ceilinged basement on East Fifty-eighth Street, across from the Plaza Theatre, and it is revolutionary because the music changes every night and musicians are encouraged to sit in. The genealogy of New York night clubs is often obscure, so, for the record, here is Storyville's: It is part of Frank's Place, which is above it and is owned by National Restaurants, which also runs Lüchow's, Toots Shor's, the Steer Palace, Chicago, and the Riverboat. The Frank is not Sinatra but Shattuck, late of Schrafft's, another National Restaurants property. N.R. supplies the food, the napery, and the drinks, which are under two dollars. George Wein, who invented the music policy, pays the musicians (about fifty dollars a night), but, at his behest, they are chosen and contracted by Rigmor Newman, the head of Jazz Interactions. Her choices for tonight included Sonny Fortune on alto saxophone, Charles Sullivan on trumpet, Joanne Brackeen on piano, Clint Houston on bass, and Billy Hart on drums. Brackeen, who is in her thirties and is Stan Getz's regular pianist, works in the McCoy Tyner mode. Her playing—a powerful succession of semi-tonal single notes and landslide chords—is hard-bop baroque, as was the playing of the rest of the group. Fortune hovers between Charlie Parker and John Coltrane, and has a lyrical streak, and Sullivan is out of Dizzy Gillespie. Hart's drumming was so loud he obliterated whole half-choruses of Brackeen, which was unsportsmanlike and confusing, for he works with Getz, too, and is capable of delicacy and subtlety. But maybe the sound system, which is inordinately loud, is to blame.

MARCH 2ND: More hard-bop baroque, but less thunderous and leavened somewhat by a new young singer named Cheryl Alexander, who has a Sarah Vaughan attack and an operatic contralto. It was difficult to tell much else, for she labored with totally unfamiliar originals, sometimes scatting and sometimes singing unintelligible words. She was accompanied by Al Dailey on piano, Calvin Hill on bass, Greg Bandy on drums, and Carter Jefferson on reeds. They took their licks while she rested, and, as is the dreary fashion among musicians of the L.P. generation, they soloed at windbag length.

MARCH 3RD: The view at nine-thirty from the grand, four-abreast staircase that leads to Storyville: a sea of empty tables, eddying around the room's two great shouldering pillars, and dotted with perhaps twenty patrons. Where are the people who complain about high prices in jazz clubs (nonsense anyway; they're still comparatively low), and where are the musicians who complain about not having any place to sit in? The music tonight was three-fifths swing (Budd Johnson on tenor and soprano saxophones, Matthew Gee on trombone, Bill Pemberton on bass), one-fifth hard-bop (Harold Mabern on piano), and one-fifth bebop (Roy Haynes on drums). Soloists who interpolate swatches of other songs into their improvisations are generally bereft of inspiration, and there was a striking amount of interpolation tonight, to say nothing of the puzzling musicianly mirth that invariably greets such anthologizing. But there were diverting moments. Johnson played a raw, beseeching two-tempo rendition of "Body and Soul," and there was a decorous salute to "The Girl from Ipanema," in which Gee, a hoary Basie hand, sounded as if he were tip-toeing through the tulips. The sound system has been tamed; indeed, it is now clear that the room has first-rate acoustics.

MARCH 4TH: After he had been seated ten minutes, Alec Wilder, here to reconnoitre, said, "This place has the air of a dockside waiting room, and I have the feeling we'll all embark soon and travel to a very remote destination, perhaps to Ultima Thule." The music was again a stew of hard-bop, bebop, and swing. On hand were Charles Davis on baritone saxophone, Harold Ousley on tenor saxophone, Hal Galper on piano, Bill Crow on bass, and Panama Francis on drums. People have begun sitting in. Last night, Eddie Jefferson, the bop scat singer, did two Charlie Parker numbers, and tonight a trumpet player named Tex Allen installed himself halfway through the evening. He fanned every third note of the superabundance he attempted. Galper swarms up and down the keyboard; perhaps he was the life of the party when he was eight or nine and hasn't yet recovered. After three sets, a Wilder epilogue: "An all-Bruckner evening—not one gentle note, not one willing phrase."

MARCH 5TH: Dixieland—the pale white music that has come down from the marvellous polyphonic edifices of King Oliver and Jelly Roll Morton—has long been assumed by amateurs or semi-pros who, by and large, play it better than its surviving originators. Certainly there must be half a dozen such groups in New York who sound fresher than the Sam Sad band Storyville offered tonight. Max Kaminsky was on trumpet, Sal Pace on clarinet and tenor saxophone, Ephie Resnick on trombone, Chuck Folds on piano, Willie Wayman on base, and Ronnie Cole on drums. They played a sagging "Muskrat Ramble," a *bouncy* "Basin Street Blues," an aimless "Beale Street Blues," and a facetious "St. James Infirmary"—all despite Kaminsky's still affecting sweetness and directness and Pace's good Joe Marsala chalumeau passages. It was Friday, and two-thirds of the almost full house were young people.

MARCH 6TH: The place was packed to its handsome beams tonight. Patrons ended up behind the pillars, and the help moved at a blur. So, unfortunately, did much of the music. Rigmor Newman assembled still another hard-bop-bebop-swing group, and it consisted of Clifford Jordan on tenor saxophone, Ken McIntyre on alto saxophone, flute, and oboe, Benny Aronov on piano, Bill Pemberton, and Oliver Jackson on drums. Jordan is more supple than most of his hard-bop compeers, and one hears in his work a nice tension between Charlie Parker and Coleman Hawkins. McIntyre is bewildering. He is a Parker-based player, yet Pete Brown floats by, then Lennie Niehaus, then Ornette Coleman, and he ends his solos with grandstanding Cat Anderson squeaks. Aronov is an attractive and lightsome single-note pianist, but his brief solos had a retiring, parenthetical quality. Oliver Jackson was a disaster. His solos thrashed about, his accompaniment was obstreperous, and he dragged the beat.

No matter. The room, cheerful and jumping, was reminiscent of Basin Street and Birdland in their salad days.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Hawaii. It's called the Big Island so as to not confuse Hawaii with Hawaii. Anyway, this is where the Goddess of fire lives — in Volcano National Park. Look down and you'll see molten lava. Look up and there's snow-capped Mauna Kea. The Big Island just doesn't have beaches — it has them in colors: black, green and pearl white. Orchids? Fields of them. And no visit is complete without tasting island-grown Kona coffee and fresh roasted macadamia nuts.

Kauai. They say it has more beautiful distractions across its verdant valleys than you can count. Like the tropical version of the Grand Canyon, for example. Kauai is called the Garden Isle and if there's anywhere greener, let us know. Here too are beaches for two. Yes, this is where *South Pacific* was filmed.

Molokai. It's called the friendly isle and that it is. Lots of room, few folks. Look for an hour and you'll see more sheer beauty and less cars than believable. Fishing, hunting and relaxing are particularly good here. Enjoy a fantastic trip by mule-train while you're here.

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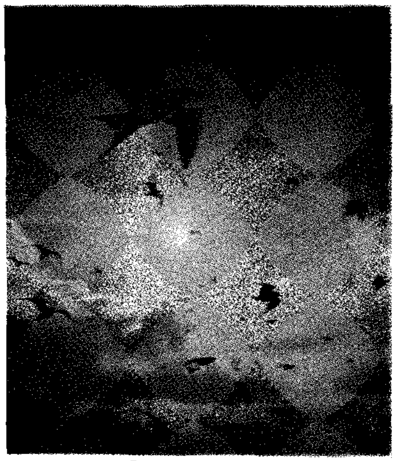
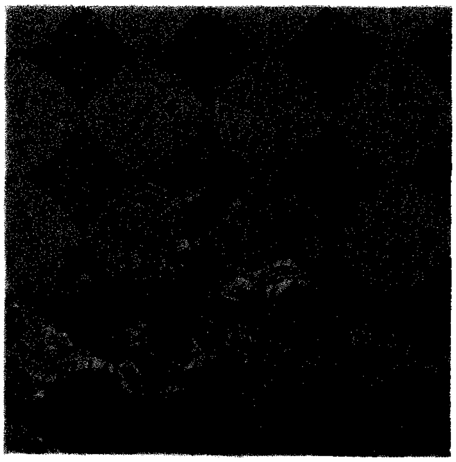


Look up

Look down

Look alive

Look us over



Look deep

Lookout

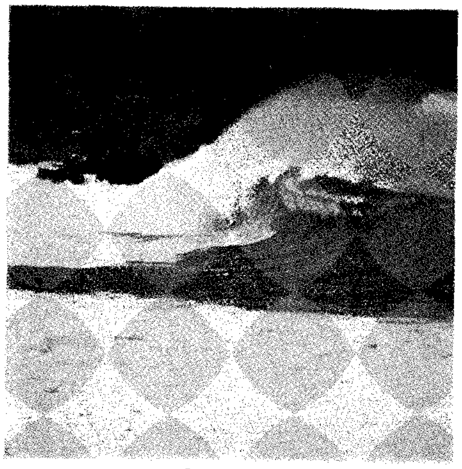
Look sharp

Look cool

Look-alike

Look quick

Look again



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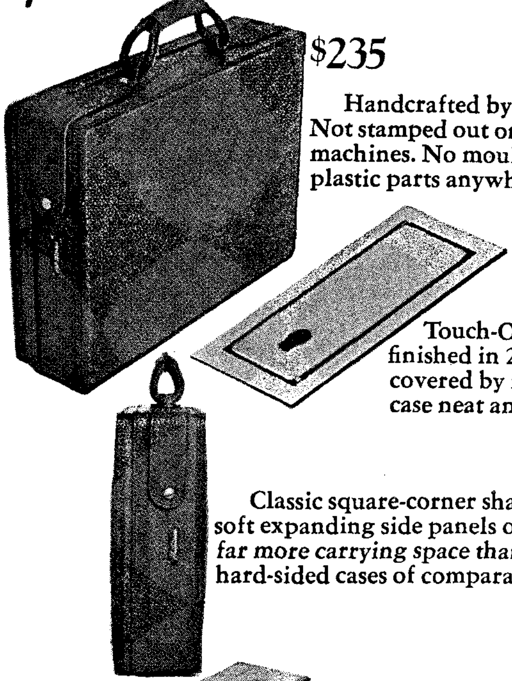

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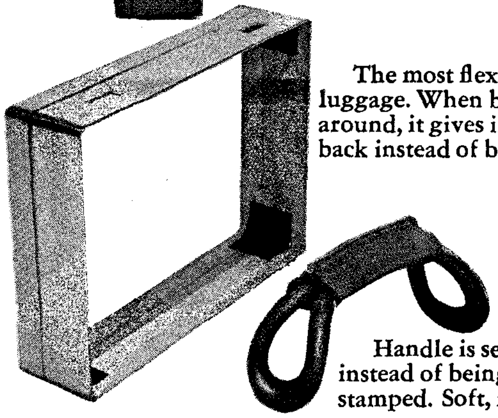

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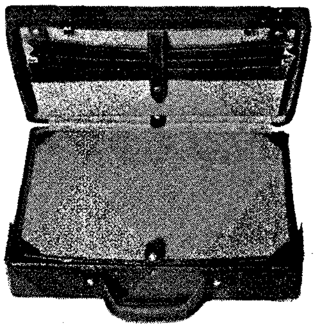

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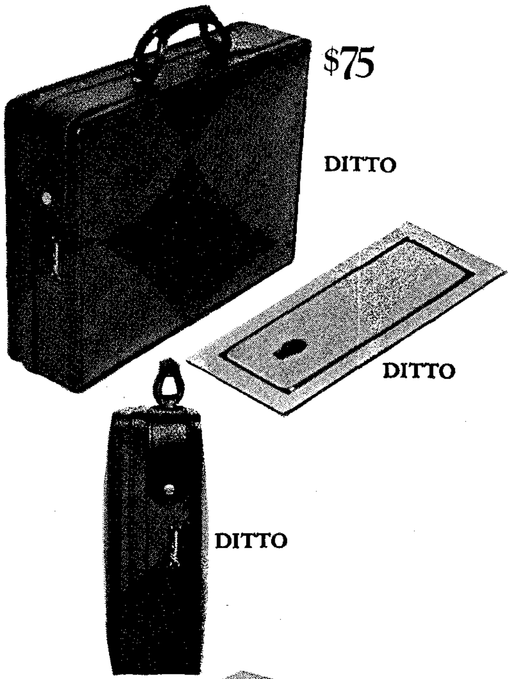

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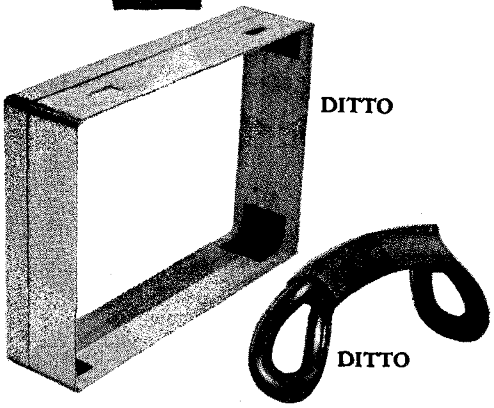

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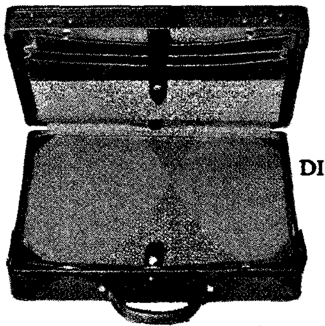

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THE RACE TRACK

Traffic Jam

FOR weeks, expensive, blue-blooded three-year-olds have been jostling for recognition at tracks around the country in the scramble for the Triple Crown. Last Saturday, the scene moved to Aqueduct for the Swift Stakes, the first Derby test hereabouts. It was a lively affair—National Flag won over Cojak by a snub nose, with Lord Henribee third—but it was hardly a clear pointer for the classics. A traffic jam at the start upset the runners' form so much that we'll need a rematch—the Gotham Stakes on April 3rd, say—to set things straight. Cojak was the villain. From the sixth post position, he swung into the pack at the break and knocked the five other contenders helter-skelter. Lord Henribee, the favorite, who hadn't raced since December, was quickest to recover, and Maple, who rode him, sent him breakneck into the lead. "He must have done that eighth of a mile in nothing flat," mused one observer. But at that pace six furlongs was too large an order for a horse who had been so long away from the track, and he finished three-quarters of a length behind the leaders. I hope the effort didn't take too much out of him, for he's a nice colt.

Earlier in the afternoon, Zen, who is a son of Damascus and was the talk of Saratoga last August before he developed shin trouble and went into retirement, came back to the races and rolled home by seven. His time for the six furlongs was 0:22⅘, 0:46⅖, 1:10⅖. National Flag's in the Swift was 0:22⅘, 0:45⅖, 1:09⅗. Which do you like?

LUCIEN LAURIN, the trainer who brought out and handled Secretariat, Riva Ridge, and other notables, resigned from the Meadow Stable last week. No reason was given, but it was stressed that he and Penny Tweedy, who took over the management of the stable several years ago from her father, the late C. T. Chenery, parted on the friendliest terms. (It's a fact, though, that the stable hasn't won many races since the heyday of Secretariat, in 1973.) Laurin is not leaving racing, however; he will continue to operate his public stable. Mrs. Tweedy lost no time in engaging Steve DiMauro as his successor. DiMauro saddled two Eclipse Award winners last year—Wajima, the best three-year-old colt, and Dearly Precious, the best two-year-old filly. Last weekend, he won a division of the Hialeah Turf Cup with Lord Henham, an Irish horse owned by the English bookmaker R. E. Sangster. One of the three-year-olds that DiMauro will be taking over at the Meadow is Romantic Lead, who beat Honest Pleasure in their first start last year.

HORSEMEN returning from Hialeah say that the meeting closed with the possibility that the track would not reopen—more bank troubles. It hasn't helped that attendance and betting were down again. A crowd of only 16,696 came out for the final card, betting a meagre $1,881,748. It was different the following day at the opening of Gulfstream Park, where a crowd of 21,025 turned out for the Donn Handicap and bet $2,245,659. Foolish Pleasure, of course, won it—but by only three and a half lengths.

THIS department would have liked to make it to Bowie last Saturday for the John B. Campbell Handicap, because the late Jack Campbell, who used to be the racing secretary there, was quite a person. From all accounts, Festive Mood, who won by a couple of lengths from Right Mind, was much the best horse in the race; Jolly Johu was third.

FOR THE RECORD: Seven years ago, Rudy Turcotte, then an apprentice, won on six of his eight mounts at Aqueduct one afternoon. The other day, Ron, his elder brother, won on six out of nine. Wonder when Roger, the youngest Turcotte jockey, will score.

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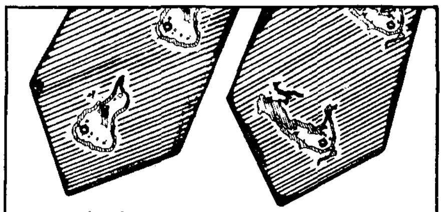

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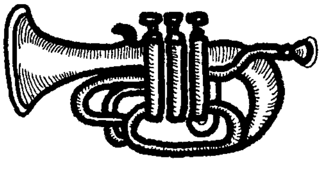
MUSICAL EVENTS

A Song to Grace Penelope



MANY operas have been woven around Penelope, and at least two of them merit a place in the repertory: Fauré's "Pénélope" and Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria." Fauré's opera still awaits an American staging. Three scenes of Monteverdi's were semi-staged at the B. de Rothschild Foundation for the Arts and Sciences, in New York, twenty years ago, and there have probably been fuller versions here since then. Last week, the piece was produced by the New York City Opera—an important presentation of a noble and beautiful composition. For "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" is at once a milestone in the history of opera and a musical drama that—provided the singers and the listeners understand the language in which it is performed—speaks directly across the centuries to modern ears. Monteverdi's expressed aim was directness, and the portrayal of human emotions in a manner that made men not just perceive but sympathetically feel them. He played a leading role in the early adventures of the new medium, opera, which set out to recapture the expressive power of Attic drama—the medium that soon dominated, and has continued to dominate, all other forms of musical composition. With the poets who provided his texts he was exigent, as Mozart, Verdi, and Richard Strauss were with theirs. Myth, romance, comedy (he wrote the first comic opera, "La Finta Pazza Licori"—lost, alas!), epic, and history he claimed in turn for opera. For the first two decades of its existence, opera's concern was almost entirely with Ovidian mythology: Apollo and Daphne, Orpheus and Eurydice, Cephalus and Aurora, Ariadne, and Andromeda were its dramatis personae (and Monteverdi's "La Favola d'Orfeo" was its highest achievement). During the next twenty years, heroines like Ariosto's Angelica and Alcina and Tasso's Erminia and Armida joined the company. (Monteverdi's dramatic works of the time—all but "Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda"—are lost.) Then, in 1641, Virgilian and Homeric subject matter appeared: Francesco Cavalli's "Didone," Monteverdi's lost "Le Nozze di Eneo con Lavinia," and his "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse." The following year, classical history was drawn on for the first time, in Monteverdi's "L'Incoronazione di Poppea."

Like "Poppea," "Ulisse" was composed for the Venetian public theatre. The central characters are two, not four, yet the subject is larger and the scope more ambitious. A score was discovered only in the late nineteenth century, in the Vienna National Library. It was published only in 1922. (A microfilm of the Vienna manuscript is in the Juilliard Library.) The music drama, as set out in that seventeenth-century copy score, unfolds in three spacious acts. Since Giacomo Badoaro's libretto is based closely on "The Odyssey," the gods have a large part to play; although Monteverdi's and Badoaro's chief concern is with the intensely personal scenes that surround Ulysses' homecoming, they never forget, nor can we, that this is the final episode of the Trojan adventure. By the close of Act II, the great bow has been bent and the suitors have been slain, but still there can be no rest for Ulysses and Penelope while the gods remain angry. And so, before the final duet of reunion, there is a divine council of Minerva, Juno, Neptune, and Jove, with a chorus sounding from the heavens and another from the sea. Then, in sharp contrast, a very human scene for Eurycleia, Ulysses' old nurse; and so the finale—where reconciliation is still impossible, on the plane of human psychology, until Penelope, who for so long has hugged hope to her that she can hardly relinquish it, even to embrace its fulfillment, learns at last to reopen a heart that for twenty years has been pent. Badoaro's adaptation and condensation of Homer for the lyric stage is a model of its kind. His chief change is to the characters of Eurymachus and Melantho: not a rude suitor and the saucy hussy who becomes his mistress but a young couple (she rather like Despina in the advice she gives her mistress) who in playful love scenes amid the graver passions provide contrast—like the Damsel and the Valet in "Poppea." His chief expansion is to Homer's lines in which Telemachus tells his mother that in Sparta "*Argive Helen* I beheld, whose charms/(So Heav'n decreed) ingag'd the Great in arms." In the opera, this becomes a full scene. Telemachus tells his mother at length, and ardently, how after one look in Helen's eyes he understood that for such a glance a ruined world was small price to pay. "Beltà troppo funesta," Penelope exclaims with a flash of sudden anger, and, remembering what Helen's beauty has cost her, she chides her son. (Very little of this scene remains in the City Opera version.)

Minerva aids both Ulysses and his son, and the gods help to determine their destiny. But Penelope is a woman alone. Only courage has sustained her. Halting Time, fickle Fortune, and importunate Love have been her adversaries, and they are symbolic personages in a prologue. After this prologue, the drama proper opens with Penelope's great lament: a long scene, the longest solo in the opera, sorrowful, reproachful, passionate, steadfast, sometimes declamatory, sometimes melodious, and punctuated by a refrain, "Torna, deh torna, Ulisse!," which leaps like a flame of longing and love. Penelope is at the heart of the opera.

IN 1607, Monteverdi's court opera "Orfeo" summed up all the styles available to a composer at the time. Thirty-four years later, after much madrigal experiment and the new developments of opera as a popular entertainment, his "Ulisse" did the same, with recitative declamation, ariosi, brief arias, invention in all the madrigalesque genres, canzonettas, duets, and ensembles—in every manner except the overelaborate. The mustering of these elements, the formal shaping of the scenes, is masterly, but the musical forms seem to have been molded by the dramatic pressures. (For example, a rondo is made of Penelope's steadfast refusal to her suitors' very individual pleas—until at last, driven beyond patience, she cuts short the rondo refrain and breaks into declamation.) Librettist and composer delight in bringing characters together—Ulysses and Minerva, Ulysses and the swineherd Eumaeus, Ulysses and his son—so that the confrontations may flow from dialogue into eloquent duet and then back to dialogue again. There are many characters. There is incident both supernatural and human. There are, as mentioned, scenes of lighthearted love to set off the profound emotions of heroine and hero. There is comedy at court with Irus the stuttering glutton. (He provides opera's first example of the heroic style parodied.) The gods are sharply characterized in their various utterances. There is spectacle in their aerial and submarine entrances. There is action in the scene of the bow and the slaying of the princes. Penelope's three principal suitors are vividly and distinctly etched. So are Eumaeus and Euryclea. All this richness surrounds a steady dramatic progress. Act I is based on two great monologues, for Penelope, and then for Ulysses, newly landed on Ithaca. Each of them is near to despair, not knowing that their trials are almost done. Step by step, amid scenes of increasing tension, the long-parted husband and wife move closer, until at the very last their voices join in a duet. (Musically, the symbolism of this final duet is beautiful: in successive entries one voice rises, the other descends, to the note D; in thirds, the two voices circle it, and then they close on a unison.)

THE City Opera uses a practical performing edition of "Ulisse" prepared by Raymond Leppard for Glyndebourne and first done there in 1972. This saves it the trouble of having to take any what might be called "creative decisions" of its own; Mr. Leppard's edition is one of proved effectiveness. Clearly written scores and tidy orchestral material showing just what is to be played and sung are available, and for a hard-pressed repertory company that is a boon. The City Opera has simply cut still further an already abridged edition of the score, and redistributed the two acts of the Leppard version as three, displacing the first Melantho/Eurymachus exchange from its original position, after Penelope's monologue, to the start of the new second act. Any detailed discussion of what Leppard did to Monteverdi and of what the City Opera, by its cutting and shuffling, has now done to Leppard is bound to be tricky and can perhaps be most clearly set out under three heads, representing Mr. Leppard's three main editorial activities: transposition, instrumentation, and structural alteration.

TRANSPOSITION: The Glyndebourne edition was to a large extent made for (or in dance parlance "on") the Glyndebourne cast. In particular, the role of Penelope was composed—the word is hardly too strong—for Janet Baker; it was freely transposed and rewritten in order to show her voice and her art in their fullest glory. That it achieved: Miss Baker's memorable Penelope, one of the great operatic performances of our day, could be deemed a justification in itself for all that Mr. Leppard had done. At the written pitch of the manuscript, Penelope is a contralto role, ranging from

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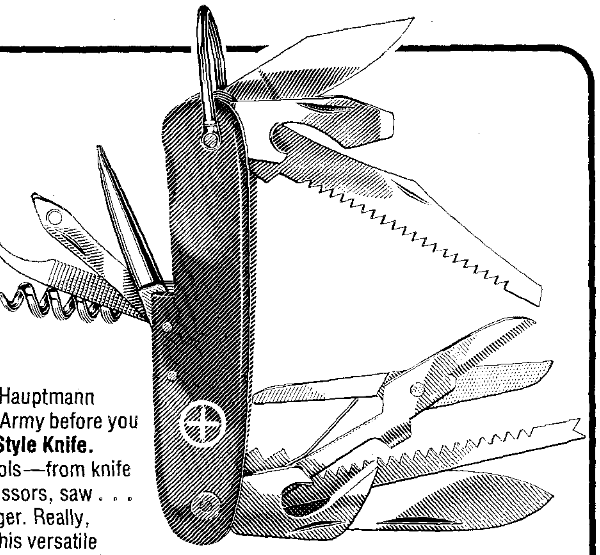

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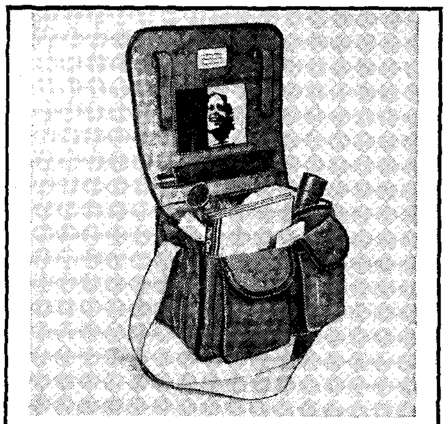

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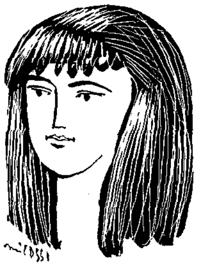
the B-flat below the treble staff to the C on it, rising a tone above that only for some emotional outbursts, and settling often on or around middle C. It would be difficult to find a Penelope who, held to that tessitura, would not begin to sound dull and heavy. I understand why Janet Baker cried out, and why at the State Theatre Frederica von Stade cries out, "Ecco l'arco d'Ulisse" an octave higher than shown in the original score. But then Penelope's phrase starts to climb, and Mr. Leppard gets into difficulties: in sustained octave transposition it would climb out of the mezzo range; a sudden octave drop would be awkward. So, having put those three measures up an octave, Mr. Leppard puts up what follows by just a fourth, recomposing Monteverdi's harmonic sequence. The role of Ulysses, though written in the tenor clef, centers on middle C, reaching climaxes on a few Gs above it, and therefore it lies comfortably for a baritone—especially a Pelléas baritone such as Richard Stilwell, who has sung the part at Glyndebourne and sings it now at the State Theatre. But if Penelope's line is lifted in the final duet, she will draw a baritone Ulysses too high. Mr. Leppard's answer there is to take Penelope up a fourth and Ulysses *down* a fifth. So their thirds become tenths and, instead of uniting on a unison, they remain an octave apart.

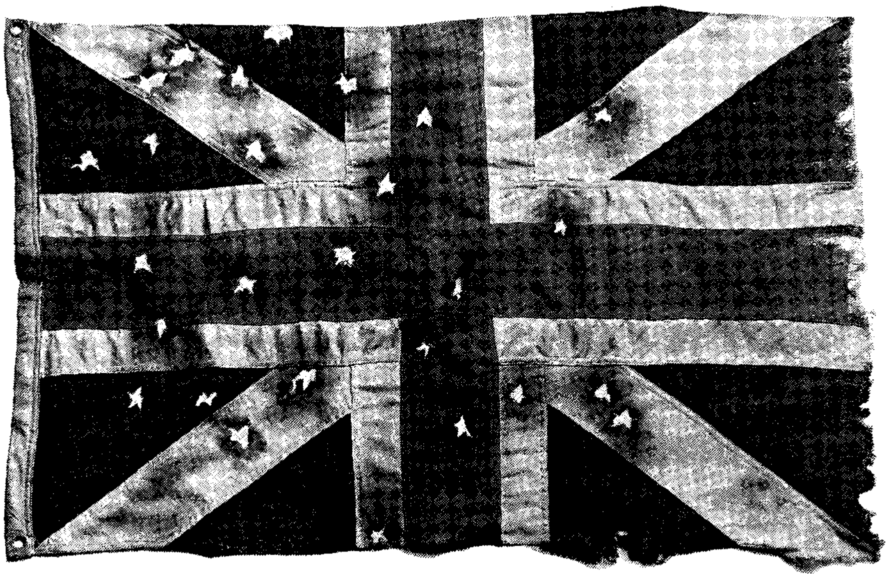


The principle of tactfully tailoring a role to suit some remarkable performer is unassailable. More dubious that of tailoring later casts to suit the *édition d'occasion* thus created. But in practice all is well at the State Theatre, for Miss von Stade fits perfectly into Janet Baker's role. She was engaged at Glyndebourne, as Cherubino, when "Ulisse" was revived there in 1973; many inflections, and her bold, open way of crying certain phrases, suggest that she listened attentively to Miss Baker's great Penelope. At the State Theatre, on the first night, the long monologue was curiously lifeless, because, I think, Miss von Stade sang it quite simply too slowly, and had not mastered the subtle tempo relations between sections that move and flow in response to Penelope's changing thoughts yet at the same time build a formal pattern. Thereafter, she was noble, eloquent, passionate, brave. Her lustrous voice rang out fearlessly, or glowed with tenderness. A slim, tall, regal figure, she stood like a Pisanello princess. She declaimed the text freely, and with fire. Mr. Stilwell made an ideal Ulysses. His timbre is distinctive yet hard to describe—not one of those richly resonated Italianate baritones of dark color, nor a big straightforward voice in the grand American tradition. The tone is forward, clean-cut, and agreeably grained; it focusses on the words, so that both words and sound are projected with uncommon vivacity. His physical presence, like his vocal, is alert.

INSTRUMENTATION: Seventeenth-century opera scores cannot just be played as they stand. The music of this particular "Ulisse" is by Monteverdi-Leppard, but that of any performance of the opera must be, to some extent, by Monteverdi-another, since the vocal lines are accompanied only by continuo instruments, and for this accompaniment the original score provides only a bass line. At the least, someone must decide whether the chords supplied above this line are to be major or minor, and there should be some prior agreement about which of the continuo instruments (harpsichord, harp, reed organ, wood organ, lute, archlute, etc.) are to play in any particular passage. Mr. Leppard has made these decisions, and then gone on to write out the continuo parts in detail. In the manuscript, fuller-textured music, in five parts, is sometimes prelude, postlude, or punctuation to the sung phrases but is never coincident with them, except in four measures when Irus cries "Son vinto" in his wrestling match, and at Ulysses' triumphant "Alle morti, alle stragi, alle ruine" at the end of Act II. (Generally, these "orchestral" passages were first set down as a bass line only; the staves for the upper parts were filled in later, in a different ink.) Mr. Leppard, like most previous editors of "Ulisse"—among them Vincent d'Indy, Luigi Dallapiccola, Nikolaus Harnoncourt, and Dennis Russell Davies, who submitted a score of Act I as his Juilliard doctoral thesis—has composed new orchestral accompaniment to a good deal of the singing, when it moves from declamation into lyrical metres. Some like it, some don't. I like some of it but think several passages too lushly Straussian to be acceptable. Beyond dispute is the fact that all this writing-out tends to stiffen the singers' declamation and straitjacket the accompanists. "Ulisse" came to Glyndebourne as the fourth in a series of seventeenth-century operas, all Leppard-adapted, and by then the performers of the company knew the style. Mr. Leppard himself conducted, and he is an adept at getting singers to declaim freely and continuo players to accompany as if moved only by the singers' breath and their emotions. Much of "Ulisse" no more needs a conductor than do a lieder singer and her accompanist. But in the State Theatre production, except when Miss von Stade and Mr. Stilwell were singing, one tended to feel bar lines where they should not be felt, and to be conscious of Mario Bernardi, on the podium, keeping the performance together—most ably and sensitively, but still as a link between singers and players who should be in direct contact. In practical terms, such direct contact calls for a more intimate house and for longer rehearsal than the City Opera can probably provide. Most charges made against Mr. Leppard's editions can be defended on practical grounds. They should nevertheless continue to be brought. Gluck-Wagner, Mozart-Strauss, and Handel-Prout were once similarly defended. Only by bearing the ideal in mind can the limits of the possible be progressively raised.

STRUCTURAL ALTERATION: The Vienna score is divided into three acts. The seven manuscript librettos that survive in Venice are in five acts, and only one division coincides with those of the score: Ulysses' slaying of the suitors ends an act (II of the score, IV of the librettos). Leppard's edition is in two acts, broken where the Venice Act II ends, after the reunion of Ulysses and Telemachus. The City Opera production is divided into three acts, but not those of the Vienna score; the slaying of the suitors, instead of bringing down the second-act curtain, is shifted to the start of Act III, and Act II ends with, and thus throws into prominence, a luscious aria that is not by Monteverdi at all but was composed by Mr. Leppard to build up Penelope's role. Any further discussion of the relation between Venice and Vienna would involve considering crossings-out and different-colored inks—and speculation. But, in practical terms, I believe that (outside the special conditions of Glyndebourne, where the long dinner interval favors a two-act structure) the three acts of the Vienna score form the most shapely and effective drama, and would urge the City Opera to adopt those divisions, as they easily could do when "Ulisse" is revived.

Mr. Leppard dropped one scene altogether—the second encounter of Melantho and Eurymachus—and oth-



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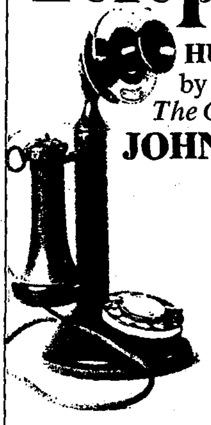

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erwise kept something of everything and just about nothing complete except Penelope's monologue and Irus' and Eurycleia's arias. (These arias, however, have been drastically shortened by the City Opera.) A measure-by-measure checking of his score against the original can be revealing. In the Vienna Act II, Scene 3 (Telemachus and Ulysses), for example, we find four measures by Leppard, then ten of Monteverdi's measures in, six out, three in, fifteen out, seven in, four out, four by Leppard, six of Monteverdi's in, nine out, eight in, nineteen out, three in, twelve out—and so into the father-and-son duet. (Mr. Leppard's own measures, it should in fairness be said, are here no more than appropriate and necessary flourishes to accompany scenic effects.) Each separate cut can perhaps be defended, but, here and elsewhere, the sum of them significantly alters the pacing of the scenes. Some of the cuts leave rhymes hanging in midair. Others spoil the bending-of-the-bow episode: the three suitors address themselves to that task with three elegant invocations, respectively to Cupid, Mars, and Beauty; Mr. Leppard retains only the third, which refers verbally to the others. Since Glyndebourne, he has restored two exquisite little madrigalian duets, for Ulysses and Eumaeus, which he omitted before. He should also let poor Pisander and Amphinomus have their invocations back.

The further cuts made by the City Opera are not happy. Since the divine council (or what Mr. Leppard left of it) has been omitted altogether, the early appearances for Neptune and Jove might as well be scrapped, too. Minerva, who seems at times almost an embodiment of Ulysses' resource and daring, a young Brünnhilde of his will, is the only essential Olympian; to bring on other gods for a moment in Scene 2 and then drop them is dramatically ineffective. In fact, since the main force of "Ulisse" lies in the human drama, the allegorical prologue might as well also be junked. Such cuts would diminish the work, but if for practical reasons it has to be shortened, then large clean cuts of complete scenes are preferable to the numerous mid-scene snicks.

THE production, first seen in Washington, in 1974, is mounted in a simple toy-theatre setting, by Douglas W. Schmidt, with wings and backcloth in navy blue, decorated with a silver pattern. Aerial machinery is reduced to a simple chariot that can move from side to side or up and down.

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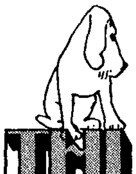

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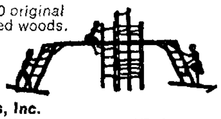

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(The baroque elaboration that Peter Hall and John Bury devised for the Glyndebourne première hardly lends itself to repertory use.) Ian Strasfogel's staging moves well. The characters are crisply defined. The menace at court and the mounting tensions are strikingly portrayed. The final tableau—a return to the starry skies in which the opera opened—is a bit cheap, and might be read as Mr. Strasfogel's comment on Mr. Leppard's orchestration. (In a similar vein, Colin Graham showered down golden spangle on the final duet of the Monteverdi-Leppard "Poppea.") Most of the singing is accomplished. Kathleen Hegierski's charming Melantho and Henry Price's keenly projected Telemachus are outstanding.

As always, after seeing and hearing and enjoying a Leppard "realization" I have mixed feelings. That his edition of "Ulisse" is the most effective available for use in a modern theatre, the easiest to bring off without much special study, I have no doubt. In some ways, it is also the most stylish; Harnoncourt, too, scores Monteverdi's arioso passages for singing strings, and he goes further, by composing brilliant trumpet obbligatos around the gods and threading a pastoral oboe line through the music of Eumaeus. But he doesn't make such disfiguring cuts. As an editor, he is not impelled by those imperatives—Keep things moving! Join things together!—which underlie some of what Mr. Leppard does. And he is more scrupulous about rewriting Monteverdi's lines. Yet it is the eminently performable Leppard editions that have brought Monteverdi and Cavalli to the stages of the world. And for that the world must be grateful.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

In his funeral oration for Julius Caesar, Marc Anthony asked the Roman populace to lend him their ears.

Now the provincial ministry of natural resources is asking successful moose hunters to hand in their jaws....

In addition to jaws, the ministry also wants the hunter's hide.—*Thunder Bay (Ont.) Chronicle-Journal.*

That'll slow 'em up! And a good thing, too.

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9 A.M.

Ch. 2—Not For Women Only. Hugh Downs hosts the conclusion of a discussion with program host Hugh Downs.—*TV listing in the Atlanta Constitution.*

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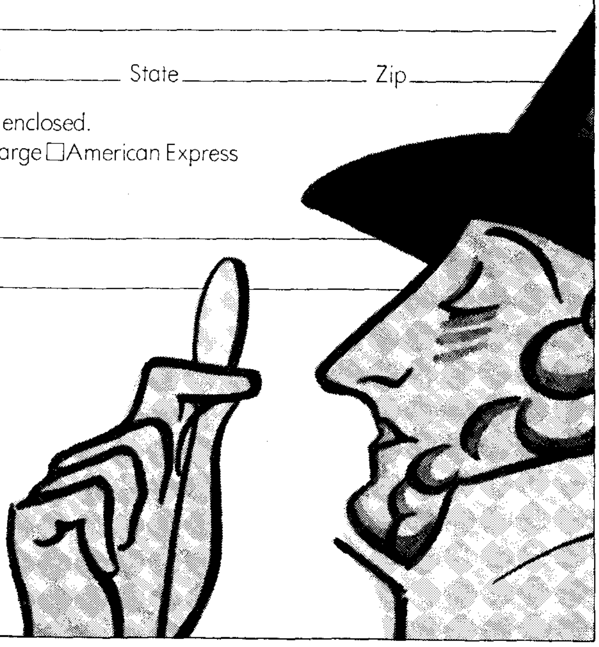

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

George and Anna, by Barbara Rees (Harper & Row). A crisp, bitter book about a mismatched English couple's attempts to give their lives meaning. George and Anna are fellow-officeworkers who have married at what the French call *l'âge viril.* Anna, who is short, fat, intelligent, and vague, quickly passes from efficient office apparatchik to grateful ex-spinster to super-chef and tidy wife to resentful mother to neglectful wife and mother, and, finally, to impassioned radical political dabbler. George, a timid and, before Anna, lonely soul, wants only peace. So, as Anna's moods shift, his shift accordingly, and he quickly adjusts his habits to hers. Unlike Anna, George loves the confinement of marriage and loves fatherhood, and has developed from his experiences as a young evacuee during the Blitz (the author suggests) a broad capacity for adjusting to all lapses in care and feeding. Miss Rees is a smooth, adroit writer, and her two characters (especially the husband) are nicely drawn, but the book suffers from an almost numbing humorlessness and a frequently confusing neutrality of tone.

GENERAL

Affirmative Discrimination: Ethnic Inequality and Public Policy, by Nathan Glazer (Basic Books). Professor Glazer (education and social structure, Harvard) believes that the federal government's demands for minority quotas in such fields as education and employment are neither just nor helpful. He also believes they are at odds with the sense of the Constitution and the spirit of American history, which recognize the legal standing of individuals and allow individuals to form religious or national-origin societies but do not allow such societies to usurp a representative role; i.e., the individual, not the group, holds office. Professor Glazer is convincing (and upsetting) when he describes some absurdities that have arisen from efforts to assure a statistical correlation between a designated minority's percentage rank in the population and its percentage rank in, say, a university department. His opposition to court-mandated racial-balance school-busing programs is persuasive, and he is also persuasive when he reminds us that people may really mean what they say: when so-called white working-class ethnics object to living near ghetto blacks, the whites are not unconsciously talking race prejudice but are realistically expressing fears of crime. Yet when Professor Glazer has concluded with all his realism and brilliance and has duly blamed the liberals, the media, minority-group zealots, college-textbook writers, and presumptuous judges, the reader may be left with an uneasy feeling of something unsaid or unsolved.

Growing (Up) at Thirty-seven, by Jerry Rubin (Evans). In the first two years of this decade, Jerry Rubin changed from a folk leader and a media cynosure into a lonely, confused, frightened man, dismissed by his former followers as "erstwhile" and "aging." This book traces the frantic pilgrimage he undertook to pull himself together, running through EST, gestalt therapy, bioenergetics, Rolfing, massage, jogging, health foods, t'ai chi ch'uan, Esalen, hypnotism, modern dance, meditation, Silva Mind Control, Arica, acupuncture, sex therapy, Reichian therapy, and More House—"a smorgasbord course in New Consciousness." Along the way, it recalls his complex-ridden youth in Cincinnati, the early deaths of his parents, and his recent coming to terms with those oppressive memories. It is an attractive book—candid, direct, funny, unaggressive, unpreachy. Among post-sixties memoirs, it does not have the poetry of, say, Michael Rossman's writings, but in its own naked way it is extremely well done.

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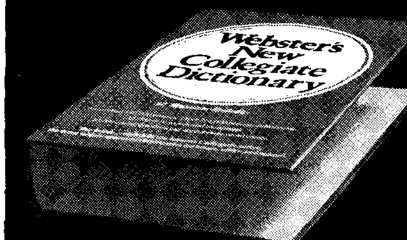
Basements in many of the downtown area businesses were flooded. Dakins sporting goods store reported the basement flooded and a supply of gunpowder destroyed.

In the parking areas lining the Kenduskeag River autos were strewn about as if a child had discarded so many matchbox toys. On the south side of the river a Volkswagen Scirocca was perched atop an Oldsmobile which was in turn caught on the tailgate of a station wagon. Its owner, William Beutel, an architect, said the car had only 11,000 miles on it. *—Bangor Daily News.*

It isn't the mileage that counts, it's the memories.



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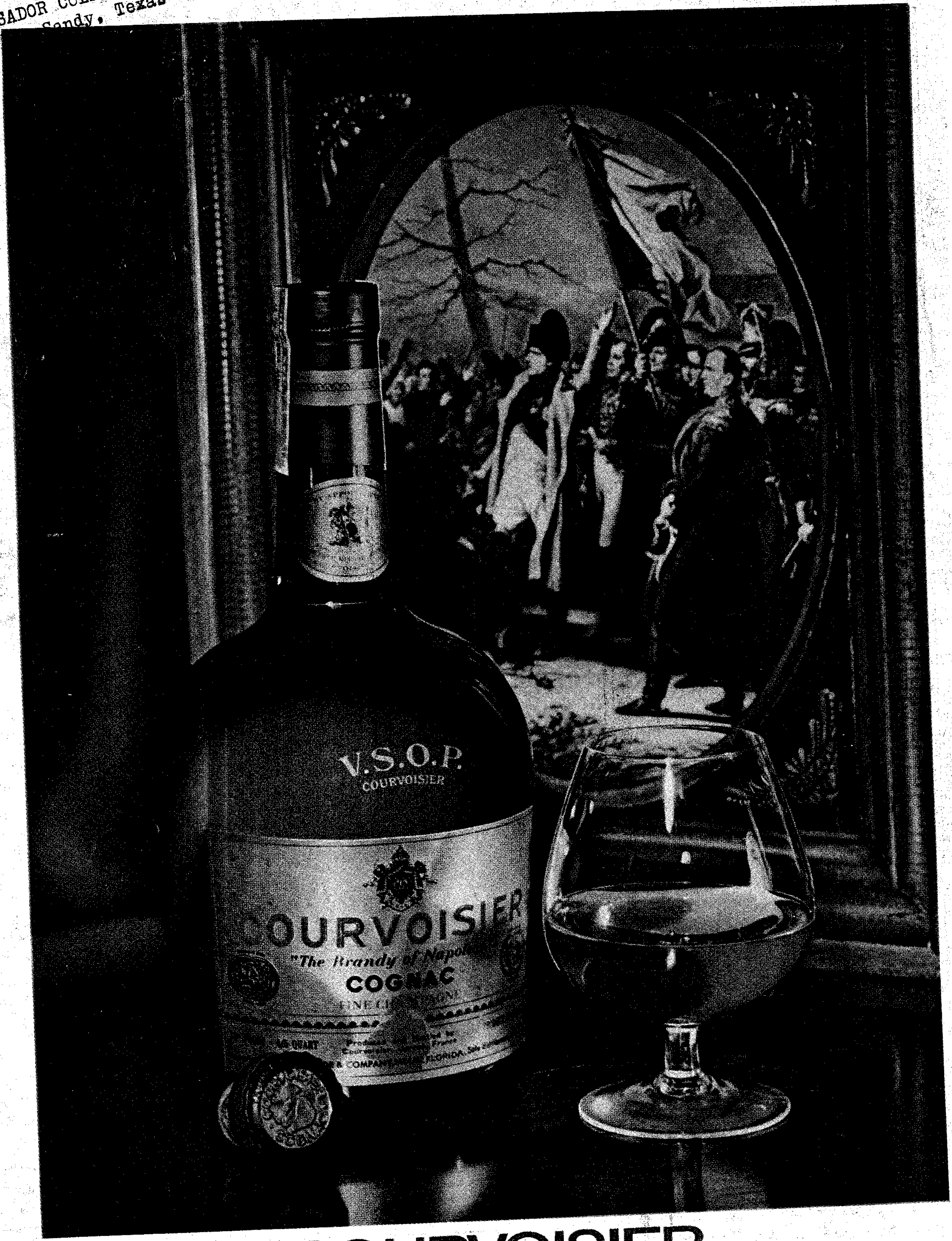
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